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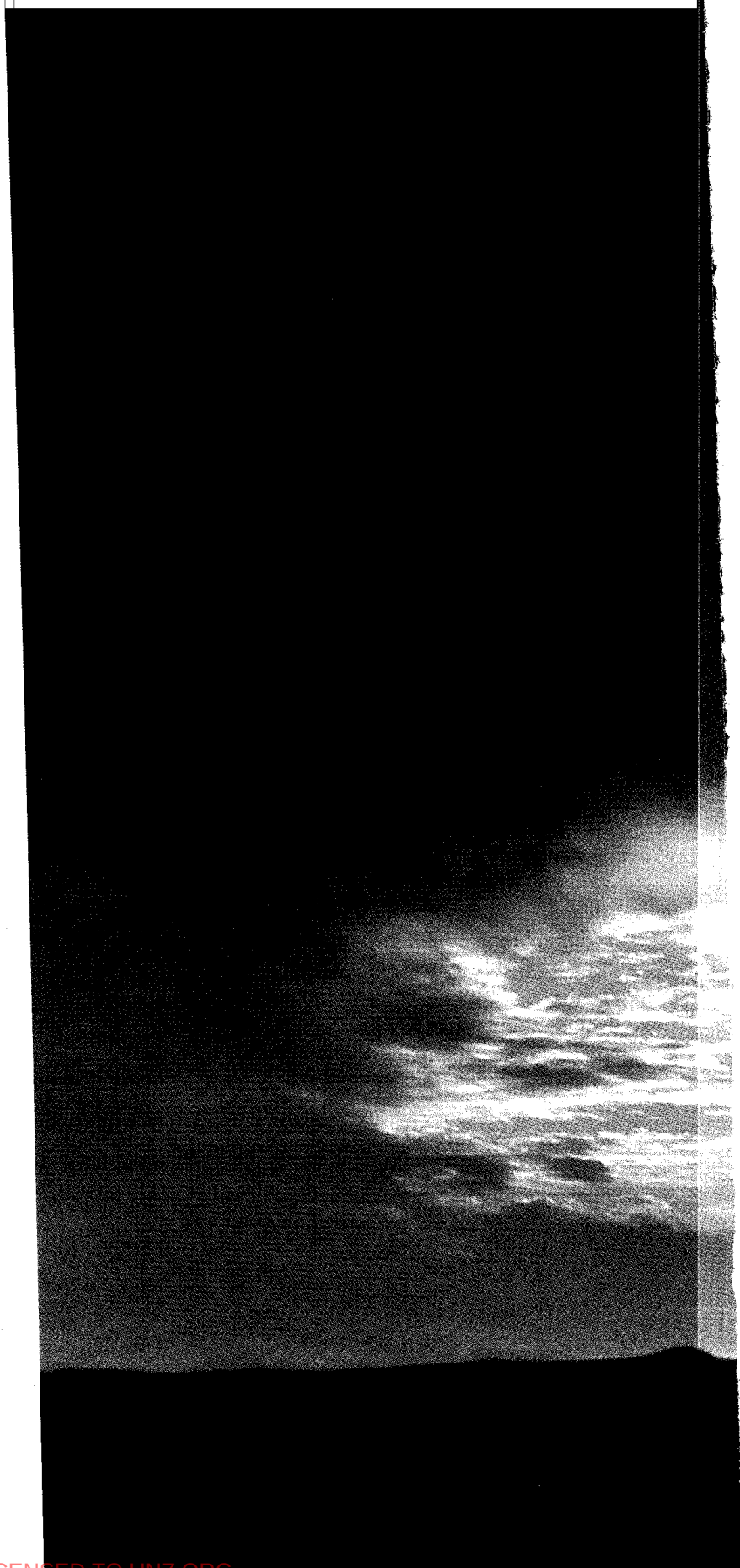
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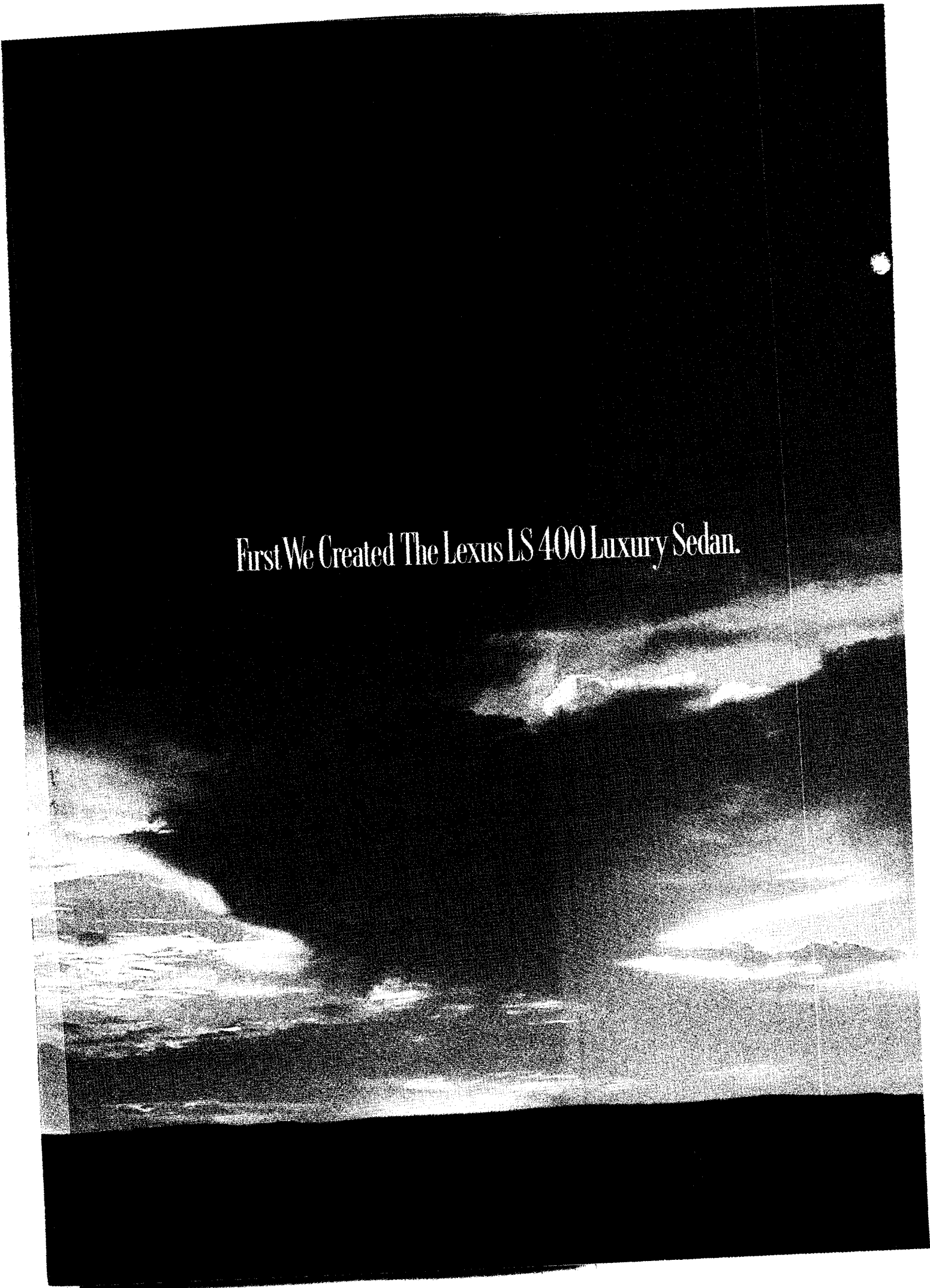
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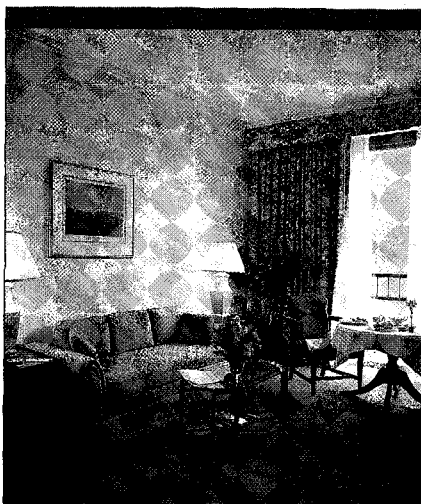




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TABLE OF CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 2, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN	6
THE TALK OF THE TOWN	25
"THE GRAMMA AWARDS" <i>Danny Shanahan</i>	30
"FORK" <i>Peter Saenger</i>	31
"CORNERED ON THE CORNER" (POEM) <i>Stephen Stepanchev</i>	32
"WHEN THEY WORK LATE" (POEM) <i>Elizabeth Macklin</i>	38
ANNALS OF SPACE (MAX FAGET AND CALDWELL JOHNSON) <i>Henry S.F. Cooper, Jr.</i>	41
IN FASHION <i>Holly Brubach</i>	70
THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND (EUROPEAN TURMOIL) <i>John Newhouse</i>	88
"DAYTIME MOON" (POEM) <i>Eleanor Ross Taylor</i>	98
BOOKS <i>John Updike</i>	102
COVER: <i>Devera Ehrenberg</i>	
DRAWINGS: <i>Bernard Schoenbaum, Sam Gross, Ed Arno, James Stevenson, Richard Cline, Leo Cullum, Edward Koren, Roz Chast, Robert Weber, Michael Crawford, Mick Stevens, Jack Ziegler, Edward Frascino, Glen Baxter, John O'Brien, Michael Mastlin, Warren Miller, Robert Mankoff, J. B. Handelsman, Charles Barsotti</i>	

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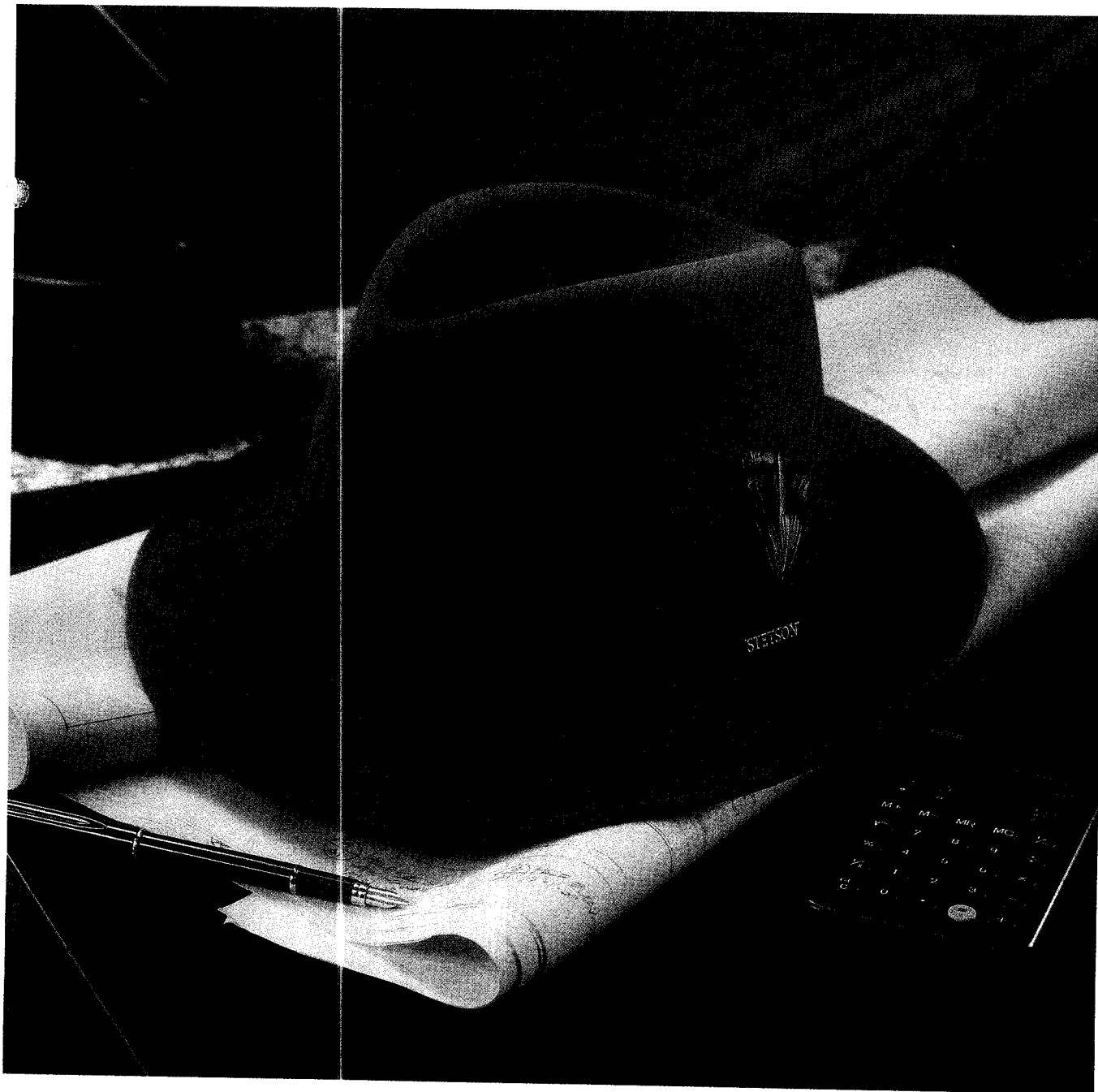
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

DURING his lifetime, the Ming- and Ching-dynasty writer Li Yu caused a fuss with his many bold plays and operas, but nothing he published raised as many eyebrows as the erotic novel "The Carnal Prayer Mat." Written in 1657 and brought out under a pseudonym, the book has been often banned (it is still proscribed in China), and its scandalous history invites comparisons with those of other ribald classics. With "Fanny Hill" it vies in indecency. Like "Justine" it is full of social criticism. What separates Li Yu's novel from Cleland's or de Sade's, however, is its humor: it is one of the funniest books ever written. Its hero, Vesperus, is a man of "amphibious" appetites, and he's willing to go to any lengths to satisfy them. Literally so in one instance: to increase his endowment he has strips from a dog's penis grafted onto his own.

We encountered Li Yu's book in May, and it gave us such pleasure that, guided by an old China hand, we have since been steadily devouring as many translations of Ching classics as we can. Last week, with "Dream of the Red Chamber," we reached the summit. Not only does this eighteenth-century tale of an aristocratic family's decline cap Ching-period literature, but it's also one of those books to keep in mind every time some overbearing educator asserts that Great Books and the Western tradition are coterminous. (WNYC-TV will be airing a thirty-six-part serialization of "Dream" starting September 30.)

Just as our unofficial reading course has ended, making us anxious for some other kind of China fix, a substitute has come along: the Taipei Theatre. Sponsored by the Taiwanese government, the theatre, at 1221 Sixth Avenue, opened a couple of weeks ago with a ritualistic stage dedication enacted by the Fu Hsing Opera Troupe. In the coming weeks, the facility will host a variety of cultural events, including concerts, art exhibitions, and performances by several puppet theatres. (Call 373-1850 for more specific information.)

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

- (Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)
- ANOTHER PERSON IS A FOREIGN COUNTRY**—A "site-specific" play by Charles L. Mee, Jr. Presented by En Garde Arts and directed by Anne Bogart. Previews begin Sept. 3. (Towers Courtyard, Central Park W. at 106th St. For information about tickets, call 274-8123.)
- FINKEL'S FOLLIES**—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. Directed by Robert H. Livingston. In previews. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)
- THE JERSEY GIRLS**—A play by Larry Manogue. Previews Aug. 27-29. Opens Aug. 30 at 8. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)
- THE MATCHMAKER**—Dorothy Loudon stars in a revival of the Thornton Wilder comedy. Opens Aug. 27 at 8, and runs through Sept. 22. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Kelly Bishop and John Cunningham in "Six Degrees of Separation"

SPARKY'S LAST DANCE—A play by Richard Lay. Previews begin Sept. 4. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 279-4200.)

THE TEMPEST—The season finale of Shakespeare in the Park. Performed, in Spanish, by Venezuela's Rajatabla company. Previews Aug. 27-28. Opens Aug. 29 at 8, and runs through Sept. 8. (Delacorte, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

OPENED RECENTLY

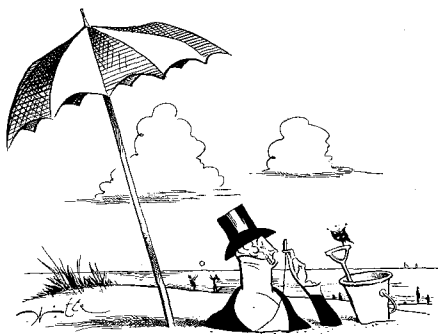
AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE SONGS OF KANDER & EBB—A musical revue, with Joel Blum, Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Terry Burrell, and Karen Ziemba. Andrea Green substitutes for Ms. Ziemba in certain performances. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

BODY AND SOUL—David Mitchell and Tom Delling have the leads in John Glines' gay romantic comedy. Mr. Glines directed. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 869-3530.)

BREAKING LEGS—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Vincent Gardenia and Joseph Mascolo play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tilling directed it. With Victor Argo, Larry Storch, Nicolas Surovy, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. Philip Bosco returns to the cast on Sept. 3; he replaces Mr. Mascolo. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

DAMON RUNYON'S TALES OF BROADWAY—A show conceived and performed by John Martello. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

THE GOOD TIMES ARE KILLING ME—The cartoonist Lynda Barry devised this memory play of words and pop tunes about a racially mixed neighborhood. At the heart of it is the friendship of two little girls, one white, the other black, who are delightfully portrayed by Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson. The undercurrent of serious comment on race doesn't



add much, but every humorous scene scores a bull's-eye. Also with Wendell Pierce and Holly Felton. Mark Brokaw directed. The show was seen this spring at Second Stage. (5/6/91) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—The Oscar Wilde classic. (Avalon Repertory, Broadway at 105th St. 316-2688. Closes Sept. 1.)

LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Roxanne Hart, Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, and Deborah Rush; directed by John Tilling. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

LOST IN YONKERS—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

MISS SAIGON—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

PAGEANT—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

PENN & TELLER ROT IN HELL—Seen recently on the Great White Way, the dynamic duo are now performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

RED SCARE ON SUNSET—If you're in the market for a lot of laughs (and a strange catharsis), you couldn't do better than this latest comedy of manners by the actor/writer/farceur Charles Busch—about a Hollywood personality whose paranoid anti-Stalinist fantasies turn out to be true. With this satire on politics, theatre, and sexuality, Busch creates a showcase for his own subtle talents and those of the actress Julie Halston. (8/5/91) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Closes Sept. 15.)

THE SECRET GARDEN—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Thornton Wilder's play, presented by the Jean Cocteau Repertory. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

SONG OF SINGAPORE—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent (led by the winsome and versatile Donna Murphy) cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging, amusing Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)

CITY OF ANGELS: Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers,

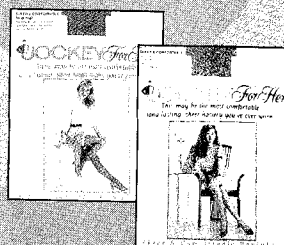


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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991 1/2:** This newly revised revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)... **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **ONCE ON THIS ISLAND:** An enchanting musical, set in the Caribbean, by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. Kelly Bishop now has the lead. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

DANCE

ONE of the best-designed dance studios in the city is located in a public junior high school, and one of the most well-regarded teachers of ballet in the city is a guest faculty member there. The school, on West 48th Street, is known as the Professional Performing Arts School (P.P.A.S.); its mission is to train children (who are chosen by audition) in dance, vocal music, and theatre arts, and to back up this specialized training with a rigorous academic curriculum. The dance program has been developed in partnership with the New Ballet School, the school associated with Feld Ballets/NY, and it was Eliot Feld himself who managed to tease master teacher Richard Thomas out of entrenched retirement. One day each week, Mr. Thomas works at P.P.A.S. with a class of preteen ballet students, who, despite varying abilities, share an unblinking seriousness about classic dancing.

We have visited the class twice so far this year—with an interval of some months between visits—and the second time we could see how much the students had absorbed from Mr. Thomas, and how much they actually adored him. At the conclusion of that class, they collectively presented him with a

gift: a stool, to allow him to eye their faults from a higher perch. He certainly doesn't make ballet easy for them, but then he wouldn't be Richard Thomas if he did. But though his gruff style is his own, his subject matter is not. Mr. Thomas studied with George Balanchine, Pierre Vladimiroff, Bronislava Nijinska, and Vincenzo Celli. He imparts Classicism as it has come down to him—via twentieth-century geniuses—from the Imperial Theatre School of the czars. "I'm teaching those principles to an American ballet class," Mr. Thomas told us at one point. "The shapes, the sizes, the colors of the bodies are so intriguing." He continued: "You know, God breathes on us one way or another; he breathed very strongly on Margot Fonteyn. But anybody can do ballet. It's not a matter of how you're built but of whether you have a brain. Ballet is science—geometry and physics. You may not be pleasing or beautiful in what you do, but that's a different issue. As I tell the children, you cannot name a great dancer who was dumb, though I've met a lot of famous ones who were."

The Dance Collection of the Lincoln Center Library for the Performing Arts plans to start recording Mr. Thomas's teaching methods on videotape sometime after Labor Day.

IN TOWN

PILAR RIOJA—Classical Spanish and flamenco dance. Included on the program are four new works: "Danzas" and "Danza Nueva," based on classical court dance, and "Soleá" and "Tener La Esperanza," which combine modern dance and flamenco. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Aug. 27 and Aug. 29-31 at 8; Aug. 28 at 2 and 8; Sept. 1 at 7; and Sept. 2 at 3.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW—Final performances of the season. Pilobolus Dance Theatre in two programs: Aug. 27-29 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Moonblind," "Televisitation," "Cedar Island," and "Day Two."... Aug. 30 at 8:30 and Aug. 31 at 2 and 8:30: "Untitled," "Pseudopodia," "Clandestiny," "Shizen," "Walkyndon," and a new, unnamed work. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

ON the city's jazz-club circuit, Monday is the night of the sure thing. Many clubs reserve the evening for what might be called the house band, reliable acts with a proven track record—Les Paul's trio at Fat Tuesday's, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra (formerly the Mel Lewis big band) at the Village Vanguard, the Monday Night Orchestra at Sweet Basil. For local jazz fans, it's easy to put off taking in these shows—you figure they're not going anywhere soon. But we happened to be standing in front of Sweet Basil on a recent Monday, while the band was tuning up, so we seized the moment.

The Monday Night Orchestra has been a fixture at the club for eight years; it was originally Gil Evans' band, and when he died, in 1988, his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, took charge. Evans père was a big-band innovator, with a prescient enthusi-

asm for rock (particularly Jimi Hendrix) and electronic instruments. As an arranger, he dissected compositions and reworked them into multiphasic, expressionist jam sessions. Miles Evans hasn't fooled much with the formula: the band continues to focus on, as advertised, "the music of Gil Evans." Many notable musicians have been associated with the group—David Sanborn is one famous alum—and the current lineup includes Gil Goldstein, Hiram Bullock, and Lew Soloff. The set we heard consisted of three tunes: Hendrix' "Little Wing" (a Gil Evans perennial), a Thelonius Monk composition, and a piece we didn't recognize. The arrangements were characteristically unconventional: each tune was a loose-limbed jazz-rock symphony, with tempo changes, overlapping themes, and ambush horn punctuations. Melodies were stated, disappeared, and came back in new forms. The group is propulsive, funky, and unabashedly electrified; in their hands, Gil Evans' music sounds as bold as ever.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ABILENE CAFE, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A reincarnated blues bar: the first Abilene led a low-profile life in the East Twenties until 1987; this one opened last year. The club, which is spacious, cheerful, and as plain as a brown paper bag, won't win any prizes for atmosphere, but it has all the ingredients of a good blues bar: cheap grub, a modest cover charge, and a non-trendy crowd.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call Mabel Godwin "a scandal." Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to the accompaniment of a snare and a standup bass. Ms. Godwin performs Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, cornettist Lee Lorenz leads the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band; on Mondays the Grove Street Stompers do their Dixieland thing; and Tuesdays through Thursdays belong to Al Bundy. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day.



John Epperson as Lypsinka
at the Ballroom

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate, and slightly decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. **LYPSINKA**—fresh from a gig in Los Angeles, and played, as always, by John Epperson—will be here through Sept. 8. The "Fabulous Lypsinka Show" is an evening of lip-synching and dancing that usually includes little-known numbers from Dolores Gray, Gisele Mackenzie, Julie Wilson, and Kaye Ballard, among others. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at nine; and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in conceit," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. This week, the **DON BENNETT** trio performs Aug. 28-29 (with guest alto sax player **JESSE DAVIS** joining them on the second night), and the **RALPH MOORE** quintet appears Aug. 30-31. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? **DIZZY GILLEPIE** is here Aug. 27-Sept. 1; Mark Morganelli and the Jazz Forum All-Stars play on Sept. 2; and the **MAX ROACH** double quartet comes in on Sept. 3. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone cries uncle. **TRISHA YEARWOOD** and **LIONEL CARTWRIGHT** appear on Aug. 28. The a-cappella outfit known as the **PERSUASIONS**, who will perform here Aug. 30-31, are elder statesmen of cool: they formed in the late sixties on a sandlot in Brooklyn and went on to prominence as keepers of the doo-wop flame. Today, the Persuasions sing in an easy, street-corner fashion. Performing on the same bill will be **ROCKAPELLA**, whose own a-cappella sets have been known to include "Zombie Jamboree," "Hound Dog," and "Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress," as well as some more predictable numbers like "Under the Boardwalk." All of the above is accompanied by some wonderfully cheesy jokes and a good deal of goofy, put-your-left-foot-in choreography. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—an unpretentious storefront café—Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic—devoted to such things as Irish stew and the *Irish Times*. There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (741-1600)—In Bemelmans' Bar, **KURT WIEING** presides at the piano through Aug. 30. **RONNY WHYTE** takes over as of Sept. 3. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal fans, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. **CLARK TERRY** is in charge of things on Sept. 1. Music from eight to midnight.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** is in residence Aug. 27-Sept. 1. Music after nine.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Young, loud, and rude. N.Y.U. students like it here, as do punks, weekend punks, and anyone with a taste for rough-and-tumble garage-rock music. There's not a lot to look at—except the band and your fellow-patrons. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays at midnight, and Saturdays at eleven.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—As uninviting a hole-in-the-wall as you're likely to find, this blues bar is dingy, depressingly lit, and located on a block out of a Gus Van Sant movie. In the world of blues, however, this spells authenticity, and the bands here are often worth the trouble. Music from ten nightly.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The bright, clean, pie-shaped downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the clamor indoors is far greater. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, and the waitresses sing/shout pop standards with risqué lyrics and fire off wisecracks across the room; patrons are encouraged to take the mike, too. Amy Engleberg and Gerry Diefenbach take care of business on Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, beginning at nine. Upstairs there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **GEORGE COLEMAN**, a fine tenor saxophonist who hails from Memphis, leads a quartet here through Sept. 1. The **DOROTHY DONEGAN** trio starts a week-long stand on Sept. 3. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

GONZALEZ Y GONZALEZ, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and chili-pepper clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An unpretentious second-floor jazz retreat. Singer **THEO BLECKMANN** and pianist **KIRK NUROCK** appear on Aug. 27; the **HOWARD ALDEN** trio performs on Aug. 28; the **LYNNE ARRIALE** trio comes in on Aug. 29; and the **JUDY BARNETT** quartet holds sway on Aug. 30. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. Bassist **DON PATE** performs here with pianists **WALTER BISHOP** (on Aug. 28) and **JOHN HICKS** (Aug. 29-31). Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid-back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counter-culture that somehow landed on Houston Street, of all places. The music is another story—much of the time, it exemplifies urban angst. Music after nine.

LAUTERBACH'S BROOKLYN BEAT, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—It's an improbable bar in an unlikely location, but Lauterbach's has spawned a scene of sorts—and the owners have a wall of press clippings to prove it. In its short life as a rock venue (it has a longer one as a neighborhood bar—the kind of place where Archie Bunker might feel at home), the club has become HQ for a tight little community of Brooklyn bands, a development that has apparently brought in enough money for the club's recent facelift. Still, it's not as though you need a tax to get in the door.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose occasional Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for

the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. **TERRY WALDO** is currently directing a program of "bordello music," with an ensemble that includes clarinetist Orange Kellin, trumpeter Bill Dillard, and vocalist Frozine Thomas. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondund-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a lot. A tribute to Cole Porter is in swing here through Aug. 31. The performers—vocalists **MARY CLEERE HARAN**, **TERRI KLAUSNER**, and **HELEN SCHNEIDER**, and pianist-vocalists **BRUCE W. COYLE** and **RONNY WHYTE**—offer plenty of familiar numbers, but those who come to hear a hit parade might be disappointed. What they will find is a number of Porter curiosities. Not all the material was worth exhuming, but the revue offers some strong performances and a fresh perspective on the composer, whose centennial is being widely celebrated this year. Singer **JULIE WILSON** begins a month-long engagement here on Sept. 3. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steakhouse, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to Howie Wyeth's Rag Time Trio, and Tuesdays are the property of **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS**, a band that relies on period instruments, old-fashioned felt-bannered music stands, and original-score arrangements to re-create the look and sound of a thirties swing outfit. Fridays are given over to Sam Ulano and his Dixielanders, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers. On Sept. 4 the Bob Litwak Group performs, with trumpeter Red Rodney. Show times vary.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The **NAT ADDERLEY** quintet comes in for a week beginning on Aug. 27. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** leads a trio as of Sept. 3. Tyner's playing, which alternates seamlessly from the thunderous and showy to the lyrical and understated, is only a part of the package. His partners—bassist **AVERY SHARPE** and drummer **AARON SCOTT**—are with him every step of the way. The highlight of a recent appearance here, in fact, was Sharpe's solo on "Monk's Dream." The Monday Night Orchestra is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, and a dance floor with a circa-1975 mirrored disco ball. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B. Shows at nine and eleven.

TATOU, 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144)—**PATRICIA KAAS** has been getting a lot of attention for her recent record, "Scène de Vie." The twenty-four-year-old French singer, who's the daughter of a coal miner, was discovered by Gérard Depardieu. She's already sold a couple of million records in her motherland, collected many of its top recording honors, and, not surprisingly, been compared to Edith Piaf. Kaas has a nice, smoky voice, but for Stateside listeners "Scène de Vie" may seem a little thin at times; it's full of synthesizer pop and self-consciously cool jazz—the kind where all the band members snap their fingers. Kaas will be here on Aug. 28.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that has become an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is a little slicker and a lot roomier than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. **C. J. CHENIER & THE RED HOT LOUISIANA BAND** appear on Aug. 29; the **HACKBERRY RAMBLERS** hold sway on Aug. 30.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. The **MARY OSBORNE** trio is in session through Sept. 1. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA**. Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Music at ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. **RUFUS REID** and **KENNY WERNER** will be here through Aug. 31; a trio consisting of **JOHN BUNCH**, **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, and **JAY LEONHART** starts up on Sept. 3. Music from eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"I CAN almost see," said the short, pretty lady standing a mere fifteen feet from the China Club stage. The cast of "The Commitments" was about to perform "Mustang Sally" live, just as they do in their new movie. The pretty lady had only one problem. Matt Dillon was standing directly in front of her and she came up only to the middle of his back.

"Which one is Paul Simon?," asked the sweaty young woman seated atop a Port-O-San just off Central Park's Great Lawn. "The one dancing round in the robes, or the little guy that won't budge from behind that tree?"

Live and in person ain't always all it's cracked up to be. Ask the record honcho at China Club who couldn't believe that people don't automatically get on line for a buffet dinner. "It's a big table, man," said the hungry journalist in no mood for either a lecture or queuing up, "and it's all full of serving spoons." Or the model in the slip dress who got three Madras poured down her back while "The Commitments" director Alan Parker thanked us all for showing up. "My feet are soaked," she cried to her date, giving her pair of re-trendified Birkenstocks a squish.

It was easier to spread out for Mr. Simon, but sight lines and accommodations were a lot worse. At least two thousand late arrivals had a better view of the Metropolitan Museum than of the huge temporary stage. But most were content to listen, except for the woman on the footstep-checker-board blanket with the smashed Eli Zabar bag. "I wanna go," she snapped. "It'll look better on HBO. Where are my shoes? I can't find my shoes." After much searching in vain ("Retrace your steps," one of her friends cracked), she left barefoot.

Those expecting to attend future rock events in New York, take note: get there early and keep your toes covered at all times.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—
PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"**SARRASINE**"—A music-theatre work presented by Gloria, a British troupe. Written by Neil Bartlett, with music by Nicolas Bloomfield. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Sept. 4 at 8. Through Sept. 15.)



Harry Lieberman at the Museum of American Folk Art

ART

A VIDEO triptych by Thierry Kuntzel is on view at MOMA through September 2, and it is among the best works so far presented by the museum's valuable and very uneven "Projects" series. Kuntzel, who lives in Paris, is a formal, contemplative videographer; his project at MOMA is titled "Winter (The Death of Robert Walser)," after the Swiss author, who, we learn, "in his earliest writings, foretold his slow, quiet death in the snow." Kuntzel's "Winter" piece, part of a cycle of "Seasons," consists of a large central image flanked by two "empty" rectangles, all projected directly onto a wall, in a space made rather tomblike for the occasion. The central image is of the neoclassically near-perfect figure of a young black male model, translucently sheathed, who seems to be either dead or asleep. His image was recorded by a camera programmed to execute, four times over, the path of an infinity symbol. During this slow voyage of the electronic eye, the viewer's own eye is drawn ever closer to the body's surface, where features and skin textures emerge and recede into the abstract realm of video snow. The two "empty," or snow-filled, video panels in turn sustain various afterimages and assume mistily figurative associations.

But the incestuous relationship between the figurative and the abstract is only one element of Kuntzel's epic, metaphysical theme. Mortality is, of course, another, and is addressed with surprising poetic immediacy. Not only does Kuntzel, with a bow to Nicolas Poussin, invoke the more obvious points, such as the cyclical nature of all things, but he takes us further, to the illusory and aesthetic nature of mortality. The model's figure is heroically proportioned—brimming with life—and yet death is its most convincing role. Kuntzel's "Winter," in all its snowy, milky-gray lyricism, and for all its near-minimalist sim-

plicity, made us wonder about what it was we were seeing, made us review some freeze-dried thoughts about faith and doubt.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Walter Annenberg, who made a name for himself as the publisher of *TV Guide*, turned down a billion-dollar offer for his modern-art collection and chose instead the nobler path of philanthropy by bequeathing it to this museum several months ago. The gift of the collection, which had been perhaps the finest grouping of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings still in private hands, sets a standard of excellence for future patrons of the arts. The exhibition begins with some exquisite small works by Fantin-Latour, followed by two rooms, devoted to Monet, van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne, that would be the pride of any museum. These rooms include some of the collection's finest works, such as Monet's "Poppy Field, Argenteuil" (1875), Gauguin's "The Siesta" (1892-94), and Cézanne's "The House with the Cracked Walls" (1892-94), all of which were purchased by Annenberg in 1983 from his sister Enid Haupt. Farther on are some very good early-twentieth-century works, including Picasso's haunting "At the Lapin Agile" (1905), an important but somewhat overwrought Vuillard, a beautiful Matisse, and a very pretty Bonnard; these works, however, are not up to the same level as the great Impressionist ones. Through Oct. 13. ... A hundred and fifty sculptures, drawings, and decorative objects by Paul Manship (1885-1966). This retrospective of the American sculptor is accompanied by a show exploring the sculptural processes of lost-wax casting and patination. Through Sept. 1. ... NOTE: The museum's roof garden, planted with nine sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Nudes," a show of fifty photographs by Lee Friedlander taken over the past twelve years. Through Oct. 8. ... In the "Projects" space is a video installation by the French film theorist and video artist Thierry Kuntzel, titled "Winter (The Death of Robert Walser)." Through Sept. 2. ... Ad Reinhardt's single-color abstractions from the late fifties and sixties are often considered to be the Nordic lodestars of minimalism. With this retrospective, MOMA, for one, has certainly built a powerful case for such a judgment, and, in its inimitable way, has tried to bring the gavel down on that view as well. It is a very intense and occasionally eerie exhibition. Its concluding sequence, for instance, is a bright room filled with twenty of the artist's black-on-black paintings, arranged in a rhythmically stentorian fashion in which luminous nuances—Reinhardt's infinitesimal gradations of tone and his latent imagery, most notably the nearly ubiquitous cruciforms—have been all but obliterated. The impact is terrifically jolting, like a door slammed shut or a gunshot fired in the concluding scene of a play. But in a strange way it is also anticlimactic. Before getting to this last, black room, viewers have slid through a sort of Wonderland rabbit chute of rooms in which colors first appear in natural abundance, then are gradually distilled, and finally are apotheosized into firmaments of blue, then red. In terms of pure, retinal drama, the high point of the show occurs during the transition from earth to Heaven, as it were, in a room given to half-tones and seemingly disembodied clarion notes against taupe, mauve, and puce-colored grounds, and in the segue from this room into one that is very suddenly, very astrally blue. It is a breathtaking moment, both disorienting and exhilarating. Visually, if not polemically, the hot spot of the show is right there. Through Sept. 2. ... A small show of posters, catalogues, ads, and magazine covers by the Swiss graphic designer Herbert Matter (1907-84). ... NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Aug. 30-31, from 6 to 10. At 7:30, in their final performances of the summer, musicians from the Juilliard School play works by Erik Satie. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until early 1992.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Over the past decade it has become a near-cliché to invoke John Baldessari's influence as a teacher. As if to assault paradox—and, perhaps, ironically to embrace Baldessari's pedagogical reputation—this retrospective has been organized into eight loosely chronological, didactically labelled rooms, each of which is further equipped with its own printed, loose-leaf, lesson-cum-exam-question page. In Room 1, for example, we pluck a page with the heading "Lessons on Art and Art Making" and, looking at the wall, find "Wrong," a 1967 word-and-image painting that consists of a silk-screened picture of a man standing in front of a tree on a suburban street. "Wrong," we read, "breaks the rule that one should never take a picture of someone in front of a tree because it will look as if the tree were growing out of the person's head." It's interesting how much Baldessari eventually picked up from his ex-students and others. If the lessons of the first two rooms provide virtual blueprints for the likes of David Salle, Richard Prince, and Jenny Holzer, the last rooms declare that important teachers never stop learning. Tips from Salle, in particular, are quite obvious by the close of this show, but—more unexpectedly—so are the effects, it seems, of shaped canvases by the abstract painter Elizabeth Murray. Through Oct. 20. . . . "American Life in American Art" presents nearly a hundred and seventy twentieth-century paintings and sculptures from the museum's permanent collection. . . . The long-neglected decorative artist Hunt Diederich (1884-1953)—a contemporary of Elie Nadelman, whose work Diederich's faintly suggests—was born in Hungary, the son of a Prussian cavalry officer and a proper-Bostonian artist. After some schooling in Switzerland, he came to the States to live with his maternal grandfather, the painter William Morris Hunt; then he went out West to become a cowboy. His *animalier* sculptures, cowboyish and not, were a hit in Paris at the 1913 Salon d'Automne, where "Greyhounds" was bought by a Baron Rothschild. This high-pitched curriculum vitae—amplified by sojourns in Fascist Germany, and a crippling injury caused by a fall from scaffolding—seems to have affected his thinking. In 1947, he sent out anti-Semitic material by mail in envelopes marked "with compliments from Members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters." He was expelled from the institute, and died not long after, while working on a bas-relief for the A.S.P.C.A. headquarters in Manhattan. Diederich's art is fanciful and filigreed: wrought-iron fire screens, trivets, and candlesticks, for instance, with fox and ibex motifs. Bravo to the Whitney for this rediscovery. Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM DOWNTOWN, 33 Maiden Lane—"Constructing American Identity." This exhibition, organized by fellows in the Whitney Museum's Independent Study Program, attempts to explore the unspoken political agendas of art exhibitions by recalling three historic shows of American contemporary art: one from the 1939 World's Fair, which embraced democratic values by combining social-realist and abstract painting; a traveling exhibition of the Abstract Expressionists, from 1958-59, which portrayed America's boundless individualism during the Cold War; and a show of Pop art from the 1964 World's Fair, which communicated consumer affluence and the merger of culture with the marketplace. The current show does not attempt to re-create the exhibitions, but instead includes works from the Whitney's collection by artists who were represented in these shows, along with lengthy wall texts, fascinating period quotes by the artists and their critics, and occasional magazine articles and advertisements. The written material ranges from several articulate quotes from Robert Motherwell about the antibourgeois spirit of artists leading bourgeois lives—a paradox that has come to be seen as the Catch-22 of late modernism—to an ad for the Leo Castelli

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gallery that shows a map of Europe being conquered by the gallery's artists. The ad celebrates cultural imperialism with all the bright-eyed optimism that characterized America's Valhalla early sixties. The exhibition is a bit of a curatorial disaster, and it's further dampened by minor paintings and prints, particularly in the case of Pop art. But as an illustrated essay this display brings some current art-historical thinking to an audience that might never read an article on the subject. Through Aug. 30. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM AT PHILIP MORRIS, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.—"Drawing Acquisitions, 1980-1991." There's not enough room in this dreary little gallery space to properly assess the drawings the Whitney has acquired over the

JUNIOR ENGINEERS



"Ask two friends to lift you by your arms and legs; you will feel pulled in tension like a bridge cable," reads a placard in the garden of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, where twenty junior-high-school students have erected a thirty-six-foot suspension bridge using plumbing pipe, polyester rope, and garden hose. Companion placards explain compression and suspension through similarly calisthenic analogies. The bridge, whose materials are red, blue, green, and yellow, serves as the elegant embodiment of these newly explored principles.

Supervised by the Salvatori Educational Center on the Built Environment, a group that teaches disadvantaged city kids math and science through building, "A Bridge to Learning" will be on view through October 13. It was created during a sultry July fortnight during which students from junior high schools in Manhattan and the Bronx met daily to sand and prime piping, pour concrete foundations, dig out the tiny "lake" that the bridge straddles, and landscape a rocky waterfall. "Everything we used came from a hardware store," said project designer and supervisor Dayro Zapata. "The idea was to show the kids that they can get and use these materials easily."

On the cooler, cloudy late-July day of the unveiling, a sudden sunburst illuminated the bridge just as its engineers had coaxed a Lionel train into action across it. City transportation commissioner Lucius Riccio and Board of Education director of art education Renée Darvin promptly snipped the ceremonial ribbon, and the kids were treated to hot dogs and mounds of ice cream. "The biggest surprise was that the people from other schools were nice," said one student, leaving the museum on the arm of a fellow-builder.

past decade. There are, nonetheless, a number of thoughtfully selected works here, often displayed in revealing juxtapositions. The taste is not always for the obvious representative work but sometimes for the difficult and revealing one. The juxtaposition of an exquisite Arshile Gorky and a turbulent Philip Guston speaks reams about Surrealism and personal mythology. There are topnotch works by Richard Artschwager, Cy Twombly, and Stephen Mueller; a quintessential Eva Hesse; but a merely O.K. Jean-Michel Basquiat. Sometimes the resonance is with works not in the show. Such is the case with a beautiful, birthlike flower image, in charcoal, by Georgia O'Keeffe, which might reveal even more if it could be viewed beside a related work by Francesco Clemente. Through Sept. 5. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—After a one-week shutdown, the museum reopens Sept. 4 with a continuation of its "Quattrocento" exhibition of a few dozen early-Renaissance panel paintings from Italy. The works are all small and most of them are minor, but they cogently present the history of the quattrocento, giving a sense of its rich spread throughout northern Italy. The show begins with a charming trecento "Last Supper," attributed to Vitale de Bologne, that exhibits archaic perspective, and a marvelous triptych by Maso di Banco, one of Giotto's most gifted pupils, that in one panel depicts an elongated Christ on a blood-spattered Cross. Flemish influence is evident in a tender portrait of St. Jerome by Donato dei Bardi, and the voluminous lit-velvet drapery of Venice is represented by a depiction of St. James Major by Carlo Crivelli. A curiously stormy world view is presented by the Marchigian Lorenzo d'Alessandro da San Severino, and a mysterious sense of time standing still haunts a little "Venus and Mars" attributed to Palma Vecchio. That work, dated circa 1515, is the latest in the show. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The Way to Independence," a show of more than five hundred artifacts that deals with the upheaval endured by three generations of Hidatsa Indians and their eventual relocation to a reservation called Independence. Through Nov. 3. . . . Thirty-five large-format color photographs of endangered North American fish, including lampreys, mud minnows, shiners, and trout. Through Sept. 22. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage" is a show of more than seventy pieces of furniture, glass windows, lights, and other decorative objects spanning sixty years of the architect's career. Through Oct. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Friday evenings until 8.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"The Here and the Hereafter: Images of Paradise in Islamic Art." This modestly scaled exhibition, organized by the Hood Museum of Dartmouth College, views Islamic art from the perspective of paradise, a central tenet of the belief system. Paradise is promised to the faithful, and its image therefore pervades Islamic decorative objects. The exhibition includes manuscripts, textiles, steel, and ceramics, but the most compelling items are the rugs. Two of them depict formal gardens: one is massive, with trees branching off of a field of interconnected canals; the other has a solid deep-blue center representing a pool. There are also some fascinating textiles, including a piece of embroidery of a heavenly gate surrounded by a fairly abstract although succulent bed of red flowers. It was made in Uzbekistan and was used to wrap more valued textiles. The exhibition includes works that span a broad range of Islamic history and that were made by culturally diverse Islamic peoples, but this is not a study in Pan-Islamic art. The show is a teaser, presented in an essentially restrained installation designed by the gimmick-meister Charles Moore. Through Sept. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Since its founding, in 1897, by the three Hewitt sisters, whose goal was to elevate taste in America, the Cooper-Hewitt has accumulated a marvellous, if rarely displayed, library of the decorative arts. "A Design Resource" is a rotating sampler of nearly a thousand objects drawn from the collection: old tarot cards, tapestry fragments from a few millennia ago, architectural drawings, gilt furniture mounts (including a representation of a tiny pair of human feet), locks, button samples, lace, chairs of every date and style, ornately beaded boxes, and Viennese tableware. The installation, while a little deconstructively tricky upstairs, flows quite well, and many of the contrasts are entertaining. How can you not love an exhibition that juxtaposes a nineteenth-century oirdcage in the shape of a chapel, an Egyptian funerary boat from the Middle Kingdom, and ornate copper food molds? (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Painting a Place in America: Jewish Artists in New York, 1900-45." Jewish painters and sculptors have certainly made contributions to the history of twentieth-century American art, but this is a weak idea for an exhibition, and no great historical insight is gained by the segregation. What the viewer is left with is primarily an impression of second-rate, labored art—the essentially boring heaviness of urban social realism, as typified by the Soyfer brothers and provincial abstraction. But there are some delightful discoveries in the show, including a witty, Cubistic 1915 portrait of Marsden Hartley by Ben Benn, and a mythical, Old World circus scene by Benjamin Kopman, with shades of Chagall, Ensor, and Marc. Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Paint, Powder, and Leaf: Selections from the Historical Society of Early American Decoration" showcases nearly a hundred decorated objects, from tin coffee-pots and cannisters to wood chests and iron fire screens. Regional styles from Maine, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania are represented. Through Sept. 15. . . . A show of twenty-four quilts with floral themes, all prize-winners from this spring's Great American Quilt Festival. Through Sept. 15. . . .

Forty-five narrative paintings by Harry Lieberman (1880-1983). The exhibition explores the sources of the artist's imagery, based on the lore of his Hasidic heritage in Poland. Through Sept. 22. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In the exhibition "Illustrating Nature: The Art of Botany," the New York Botanical Garden's collection is represented by ninety-five watercolors, pen-and-ink drawings, books, and dried plant specimens. Through Oct. 20. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—In New York as we remember it from about the time Charles Follen McKim's Pennsylvania Station was demolished, in 1963, small children tended to have a lot of ersatz McKim, Mead & White buildings pointed out to them. Almost anything that had a cornerstone and looked very grand and vaguely Palladian could maybe, just maybe, be attributed to that illustrious firm. In this matter, our teachers, too, were often mistaken. A show of sixty drawings, photographs, and prints of New York structures built at the turn of the century by the architectural firm should help to set the record straight. It might also make you want to bawl. The deliberate destruction of distinguished buildings, even of relatively new ones, is hardly a recent phenomenon in this town. The only moral of this exhibition is that we probably ought to make a big point of loving the McKim, Mead & White creations that we've still got. These do include the Brooklyn Museum; the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the Morgan Library; Columbia University's Low Library and most of its central quad; what is now the Bronx Community College campus; the Metropolitan, University, Century, and Colony clubs; the Bowery Savings Bank, at the corner of Bowery and Grand; the better parts of

Bellevue Hospital; the buildings at 680 Park, 972 Fifth, and 7-11 East 73rd Street; and the Washington Square arch, which is currently, we're relieved to note, being restored. Through Sept. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents of Dissent," a show of books, posters, handbills, and journals from China, Tibet, the Soviet Union, the United States, and other countries. Included are the first English translation of "The Gulag Archipelago," the "Black Book of Polish Censorship," and posters by the collaborative group Guerrilla Girls. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room.) . . . A display of recently acquired rare books and manuscripts, including Joseph Conrad's manuscript for "The Secret Sharer" and Washington Irving's for "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Through Oct. 12. (Berg Collection.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI GARDEN MUSEUM, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Road, Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88), one of the twentieth century's singular talents, designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his sculptures. It contains a wide range of his work—from the early surrealist biomorphic sculptures to several types of stone carvings—and documentation of his prodigious public art. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with the artist's works. Through Nov. 30. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)



José María Sicilia in "New Spanish Visions," at the Queens Museum

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadow Park—"Imágenes Líricas: New Spanish Visions." An astonishingly rich and ambitious art world has sprung up in post-Franco Spain, with seven brand-new museums devoted, at least in part, to living artists; a spirited major international art fair; an impressive array of exhibitions and collections; and a network of dozens of thriving, serious art galleries. This exhibition presents eight artists who the curators believe are the most interesting to have emerged in this newly opened environment. However, the works, which do not conform to any one trend, suffer by and large from an academic cosmopolitanism, even as they express unique qualities of Catalan, Moorish, or Spanish culture. José María Sicilia, the most widely noted of the batch, is a gifted painter who seeks to represent the fleeting and the abstract, but all too often his works seem programmatic. Juan Usle is perhaps even more gifted with a brush, but his quest for self-expression, like that of the more lyrical Juan Carlos Savater, who plays Dove to Usle's Ryder, is without issues or viewpoint. Perejaume is the most playful artist here. His neo-conceptual collages of paint and postcards play with image and abstraction, reproduction and art, in entertaining, if somewhat familiar, ways. And his postcard rack, which is filled with mirrors instead of vacation memories, intelligently examines issues of landscape, place, and representation. Through Sept. 8. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"AFRICA EXPLORES: TWENTIETH-CENTURY AFRICAN ART"—The great African sculpture that modernist artists and European collectors valued and that shaped our idea of African art is relegated in this show to the final room, where it serves as a startling epitaph for traditions that no longer exist. The exhibition is an attempt to reverse the commonly held belief that contemporary African art is in the doldrums. Although only some of the work is successful, the show is always provocative and often entertaining. The material is organized into five categories—"traditional," "new functional," "urban," "international," and "extinct"—which are used to distinguish, for example, paintings made as "signs" from those made as "art." Perhaps the most inventive works are the Pop coffins of Ghana's Kane Kwei. One, made to transport a taxi-fleet owner to his final resting place, is in the form of a Mercedes-Benz; another resembles an onion. There are lively comparisons here, such as that between Magdalene Odundo's elegant, very modernistic long-necked ceramic vessels and traditional ritualistic statues whose quirky figuration seems somehow related. Painting, a relatively new form for the continent, seems to have reached its most inventive level in Zaïre, with the naïve pictographs of Albert Lubaki and the charming political narratives of the self-taught Chéri Samba. Through Dec. 29. (Center for African Art, 54 E. 68th St. Open daily, except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.)

"LETTERS"—Letters have been used in literature for those poignant, vulnerable moments when a character reveals his or her deepest feelings. But in real life, letters can be used against the writer to a variety of ends, from naughty fun to outright sadism. All the works here—most of which are irreverent—incorporate letters. In a collage consisting of a number of Connie Chung's letters and autographed photos, Jeffrey Vallance has a good time with his subject, tracing her rise from local newscaster to national celebrity through her thank-you notes and the evolution of her hairdos. In a handwritten letter that may be real or a total fabrication, Sean Landers tells a Zurich art dealer how desperately he needs money the dealer owes him from the sale of art works. The artist threatens to display the letter publicly—a threat he here carries out—until payment is made. Ernst Caramelle is represented by a monumentally sadistic but evidently fictional letter in which he provides lurid details of the sexual fun he is having with the wife and daughter of the letter's recipient. The one work that fails to raise a chuckle is the one in which privacy is indisputably violated, where fiction gives way to fact. The work is credited to Larry Clark and consists of a series of letters and photos sent to the artist by a former prisonmate over a period of five years. The writer hopes the artist will help him get back on his feet, but the letters go unanswered. Instead, they wind up in an exhibition. Through Aug. 30. (Burgin, 130 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—This show of so-called art furniture focusses on the work of eighteen practitioners of the craft. The artists have gone to great lengths to entertain the eye with what one presumes are intended to be witty collectibles, and if their works were more soulful they could be to interior decoration what garden follies are to architecture. The pieces, however, are death by luxury—the playfulness of funk ceramics deadened by an addiction to the most garishly exotic woods and crafty tomfoolery. One of the practitioners, Wendell Castle, made some truly interesting high-style furniture in the sixties, many in plastic, but in recent years, as we see here, he has indulged his appetite for ultradecadent conversation pieces whose most interesting characteristics are the components lifted from Biedermeier and Ruhlmann. Perhaps there is social commentary somewhere in the show, but it is uncertain how ironic the objects are intended to be. The only resonant piece is a droll Castle cabinet of three tenuously balanced storage boxes supported by a swooning ladder. It is also notable for its sly modesty. Through Sept. 21. (Joseph, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Labor Day.)

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NORTHWEST AIRLINES 

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARY ELLEN MARK: 25 YEARS" arrives in bookstores any day now. The monograph (published by Bulfinch Press) includes a useful essay by Marianne Fulton, the senior curator of the International Museum of Photography at the George Eastman House, in Rochester; Fulton also organized the exhibition that this book accompanies, a retrospective that will travel all over the country for the next three years, beginning September 6 at the International Center of Photography Midtown.

As this book proves, Mark is a genuinely humane photographer, one whose commitment to people with difficult and nonconformist lives is not suspiciously voyeuristic and is definitely not a matter of "slumming." Mark's photographs of the effects of poverty on people's lives, and her portraits of individuals who are in confinement for various reasons, are strong because they are all different. She doesn't try to generalize, but instead makes careful and respectful images of individual subjects. Not all the pictures in this book, however, are sociological. There's her 1969 lyrical portrait of Federico Fellini, for instance, or an intense shot of Brando with a beetle on his bald head (from 1977), as well as a heterogeneous selection of other pictures.

The last section of the book, titled "Indian Circus," offers a generous and exemplary grouping of circus images. So many photographers have taken on the subject of the circus that it is rare to find new works that add to what has already been done. Mark's photographs do. From the first image in the section—of an exquisitely beautiful young female contortionist—to the last, this body of work has mystery, difference, clarity, and magic.

JOHN SEXTON / SEBASTIÃO SALGADO—Many of the photographs here are so derivative that while they aren't really copies, they feel eerily as if they were. Most of all, Sexton's work is reminiscent of the photography of Ansel Adams, who inspired, taught, and employed him. Adams' influence is a well-known aspect of Sexton's work, and it screams out as a subject of this show. Here we see photography echoing photography, not as part of the Duchampian tradition but as a continuation of another tradition. How odd that something so obedient seems, in a way, so radical, so egoless. / Forty black-and-white photographs of the oil-well fires in Kuwait. Both shows through Sept. 1. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE MET—A personal and engaging summer exhibition from the permanent collection. All five of the photographers represented work in very different ways: Andrew Bush captures someone driving in a car, isolated and deep in a private world, while René Sultre uses the metaphor of a brick wall to create a visualization of his own father's death. Larry Sultan also delves into his family (and its dynamics), with his stills of old home movies and recent portraits of his parents. Philip-Lorca diCorcia's photos are strong in their suggestion of loneliness and alienation. And from Sally Mann there are gracefully complex photographs of kids hanging around. These five visions make for a show rich in both narrative implications and textures of feeling. Through Sept. 8. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to

5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

GROUP SHOW—An exhibition full of wonderful photographs, more than half of them from the twenties and thirties, by both well-known and more obscure photographers. A sophisticated level of connoisseurship is evident in the choices that have been made here, and there's no theme to the exhibition at all; this show is all about the pleasure of looking at pictures and the satisfaction one can get from the experience. Through Sept. 20. (Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Labor Day.)

SHORT LIST—**LEE FRIEDLANDER**, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9, through Oct. 8); **WAYNE GEIST** and **ORAH MOORE**, Step, 66 Crosby St. (opens at 1, through Aug. 29); **NIC NICOSIA** and **BETTINA RHEIMS**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Aug. 30).

MUSIC

WE enjoy visiting Bargemusic. One takes the IND to High Street or the I.R.T. to Clark, walks down to the Fulton Ferry Landing, beside the Brooklyn Bridge (the walk is a little shorter from High Street), takes a seat in a comfortable chair, looks out at water and skyline, and sways gently while expert musicians play attractive, conservatively but intelligently planned programs of chamber music. The swaying, in case anyone is queasy, is pretty slight: on a very windy day, someone very prone to seasickness might be a little uncomfortable, but we think of the rocking as a pleasant part of the atmosphere, and feel improbably far from the city's noise as we listen. The performers are often well enough known from their activities at Merkin, the 92nd Street Y, or Lincoln Center, but Bargemusic is (by design) anchored to one side of the normal publicity/critical circuit, and perhaps that helps the atmosphere, too. The current batch of concerts (August 29-30 and September 1) is typical: a Brahms trio, Shostakovich's piano quintet, and a Handel passacaglia arranged for violin and cello. Nai-Yuan Hu, Mihai Lee, Mark Peskanov, Ronald Thomas, and Marcus Thompson are the artists. The fall series, which is about to begin, includes on its roster several participants whose work we have enjoyed: the violinist Ik-Hwan Bae, who is Bargemusic's artistic director; the pianist Joseph Villa, whose trio we have often admired; and the guitarist David Starobin, who has done so much recently to expand his instrument's repertoire.

IN TOWN

BORIS SLUTSKY—The pianist's program includes Chopin's Second Sonata, the third movement of which—the well-known funeral march—brings to mind Oscar Wilde's observation, "After playing Chopin, I feel as if I had been weeping over sins that I had never committed, and mourning over tragedies that were not my own." (Yamaha Communication Center Show Room, 142 W. 57th St. Aug. 28 at 1. No tickets necessary.)

DAN-WEN WEI—The pianist performs Chopin's Second Sonata, Schumann's "Fantasiestücke," Haydn's F-Minor Variations, and a rarely performed work by Liszt: his "Fantasy on Two Themes from Mozart's 'The Marriage of Figaro.'" This last was left unfinished by Liszt (though he did perform it in 1843 in Berlin, presumably improvising the missing material), but was eventually completed and published by Busoni, in 1912. The themes in

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MUSIC—Cont'd

question are Figaro's aria "Non più andrai"—which opens the work quietly, as if from a distance, and returns at the end with brilliant figuration—and Cherubino's "Voi che sapete," which Liszt elaborates, with gradually increasing complexity, in the fantasy's central section. (Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St. Aug. 29 at 6:30. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 246-1100.)

BARGEMUSIC—Presenting chamber music by Handel, Brahms, and Shostakovich. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 29-30 at 7:30 and Sept. 1 at 4.)

NAUMBURG ORCHESTRA—Jens Nygaard conducts an all-Mendelssohn program: the "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture"; the Symphony No. 3 (the "Scotch"); the E-Minor Violin Concerto, with soloist Arturo Delmoni; and an obscure concert aria from 1834, "Infelice," sung by soprano Judith Pannill. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Sept. 1 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—The opening performance of a new production of **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA**, Frank Loesser's vintage-1956 Broadway musical about problematic liaisons in the California wine country, which made history by expanding its genre to nearly operatic proportions. The cast includes Elizabeth Walsh, Karen Ziemba, Elaine Bonazzi, Louis Quilico, Burke Moses, Lara Teeter, and Arthur Rubin; conducted by Chris Nance. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Sept. 4 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

HAMPTON SUMMERFEST—Aug. 30 at 8:30: Robert Kapilow conducts the Festival Orchestra in works of Johann Sebastian Bach and a piano concerto by Johann Christian Bach (featuring Ilana Vered). Tanya Stambuk joins Ms. Vered to perform Lutoslawski's "Variations on a Theme of Paganini," for two pianos; and Jeffrey Biegel fills out the ensemble for a three-piano arrangement of Stravinsky's "Petrushka." (Southampton High School, 141 Narrow Lane, Southampton. For information about tickets, call 1-212 772-0450.)... Aug. 31 at 8:30: Pianist Horacio Gutiérrez performs works by Mendelssohn (his "Variations Sérieuses"), Schumann, Liszt, and Ravel. (Jewish Center of the Hamptons, 44 Woods Lane, East Hampton. For information about tickets, call 1-516 324-9858.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

CLAUDE BOLLING BIG BAND—World Financial Center Plaza, Battery Park City. Aug. 28 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

JAZZ CONCERT—Nancy Wilson, Billy Eckstine, Jimmy Smith, and Freddie Hubbard. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Sept. 1 at 5 and 9.)

SHABBA RANKS—With Coco Tea and Crystal. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 1 at 7:30 and midnight.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—Aug. 27-28 at 8: Michael Bolton... Aug. 29 at 8: George Thorogood & the Destroyers, with Johnny Winter... Sept. 1 at 8: Diana Ross... Sept. 3-4 at 7: The Allman Brothers, with Blues Traveler. (1-516 221-1000.)

RIVERSIDE PARK ARTS FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season. Aug. 31: Pé-de-Boi... Sept. 1: Barry Harris and Kenny Barron. (Ronduda, W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin. Performances at 4 and 6. No tickets necessary.)

SEAPORT FOLK FESTIVAL—Aug. 31 at 6:30: Shawn Colvin, Cliff Eberhardt, and Greg Brown... Sept. 1 at 8: Mumbo Gumbo and Mary-Chapin Carpenter. (Fireworks follow this concert.)... Sept. 2 at 5:30: The Roches, David Roche, and Chris Smither. (Pier 16,

South Street Seaport, East River at Fulton St. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK SALSA FESTIVAL '91—Some highlights: José Alberto and his orchestra and Jossie Estéban y Patrulla 15. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. Aug. 29 at 9.)... El Gran Combo, Orquesta de la Luz, Oscar D'Leon, Grupo Niche, and Los Hermanos Moreno. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Aug. 31 at 8.)... Sergio Vargas; Los Hermanos Rosario; Millie, Jocelyn y Los Vecinos; and others. (Palladium. Sept. 1 at 9.)... Orquesta de la Luz, Tito Nieves and his orchestra, and José Alberto and his group. (Club Broadway, Broadway at 96th St. 864-7600. Sept. 1 at 10.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—Vs. the Houston Astros, Sept. 2 at 1:40 and Sept. 3-4 at 7:40.

YANKEES—Vs. the Texas Rangers, Aug. 26-28 at 7:30... Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, Aug. 29-30 at 7:30 and Aug. 31-Sept. 1 at 1:30.

GIANTS—Vs. the San Francisco 49ers, Sept. 2 at 9 P.M.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; starting Aug. 28... At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays, at 1:05. Through Sept. 2... At Atlantic City Race Course: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. Through Aug. 31... **TROT-TING** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8, Tuesdays at 1, and Sundays at 6... At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

CHAMPIONSHIP— TENNIS

U.S. OPEN—The best players in the world will be on the courts at the U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadow, through Sept. 8.

For information about match times and tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

DOG TRICKS—Hundreds of canines will demonstrate their athletic prowess in Central Park by competing in a running race that includes hurdles, obstacles, and a slalom course. Rover needs no special training and needs to pay no entry fee; all he needs is the will to win. (Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 31, from 10 to 3. No tickets necessary.)

WIGSTOCK—A modern-day Woodstock, in which the performers are in drag and everyone wears wigs. Also billed as "more fun than Christmas." (Union Square. Sept. 2, from 2 to 8. No tickets or invitations required.)

OUTDOOR ART—The sixtieth annual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be held on two weekends: Aug. 31-Sept. 2 and Sept. 7-8, from noon to sundown. Prizes will be awarded in such categories as Art for Children, Graphics, Photography, and Oils.

WALKS, SEPT. 1—At 11: A tour of Hell's Kitchen, the former home of cattle pens, slaughterhouses, glue factories, breweries, mobsters, and other undesirable elements... At 1: A hike around Flushing, which until the World's Fair of 1939 was a sleepy little neighborhood. (Both walks are sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For information and reservations, call 265-2663.)

MEMORANDUM—Labor Day is Sept. 2. The annual parade starts at 11 A.M. from Fifth Ave. and 44th St. and continues uptown to 72nd St.



Louis Quilico at New York
City Opera

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Slacker" (directed by Richard Linklater).

Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).

Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French), with Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and Jeanne Moreau.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 27: A festival of John Waters films. From Aug. 28: The 23rd International Tournee of Animation.

Theatre 5: "An Angel at My Table" (†).

Theatre 6: "Trust" (†).

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-717)

Aug. 26: Theatre closed.

From Aug. 27: A festival of documentaries and short films from Latin America.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6000)

Theatre 1: "Barton Fink" (Joel Coen), with John Turturro and John Goodman.

Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

Theatre 3: "Barton Fink."

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 1th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).

Theatre 2: "Defenseless" (Martin Campbell), with Barbara Hershey, Sam Shepard, and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 3: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 29: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey. From Aug. 30: "The Pope Must Die" (Peter Richardson), with Robbie Coltrane, Beverly D'Angelo, and Herbert Lom.

Theatre 5: "Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, Emma Thompson, Campbell Scott.

Theatre 6: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).

Theatre 7: "Dead Again." (Branagh).

CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (24-3363)

"Eating" (†).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (29-6799)

Theatre 1: "The Miracle" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Doctor" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 27: "Terezin Diary" (Dan Weissman), a documentary. From Aug. 28: "One Hand Don't Clap" (Karey Dutt), with Lord Kitchener and Calypso Rose.

Theatre 4: "Doc Hollywood" (†).

Theatre 5: "True Identity" (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Charles Lane.

Theatre 6: "Everybody's Fine" (Giuseppe Tornatore, in Italian).

Theatre 7: (Matinees only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only) "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich).

CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

Through Aug. 29: "Voyeur" (Alex van Warmerdam).

From Aug. 30: "Festival of Animation 1981."

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (250-8000)

Theatre 1: "Regarding Henry" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Annette Bening, and Mikki Allen.

Theatre 2: "Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man" (Simon Wincer), with Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson.

Theatre 3: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

Theatre 4: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

Theatre 5: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

Theatre 6: (Matinees only) "Bingo" (Mat-

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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	26	27	28	29	30	31
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

thew Robbins); and (evenings only) "Mystery Date" (Jonathan Wacks), with Ethan Hawke, Teri Polo, and Brian McNamara. **GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Doctor" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Aug. 29: "Pure Luck" (Nadia Tass), with Martin Short and Danny Glover.

From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: (Matinees only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only)

"Thelma & Louise" (†).

Theatre 2: "True Identity" (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Charles Lane.

Theatre 3: "Doc Hollywood" (†).

Theatre 4: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Regarding Henry" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Annette Bening, and Mikki Allen.

Theatre 2: "Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, and Emma Thompson.

Theatre 3: "Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man" (Simon Wincer), with Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Aug. 29: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French), with Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and Jeanne Moreau.

SUTTON I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Doc Hollywood" (†).

Theatre 2: "True Identity" (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Charles Lane.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"City Slickers" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 29: "Double Impact" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).

Theatre 2: "Mobsters" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Pure Luck" (Nadia Tass), with Martin Short and Danny Glover.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Defenseless" (Martin Campbell), with Barbara Hershey, Sam Shepard, and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 2: "Barton Fink" (Joel Coen), with John Turturro and John Goodman.

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, and CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "The Doctor" (†).

Theatre 2: "Naked Tango" (Leonard Schrader), with Mathilda May, Fernando

Ray, Esai Morales, and Vincent D'Onofrio. Theatre 3: (Matinees only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only) "The Miracle" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Bingo!" (Matthew Robbins).

Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Commitments" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, and Emma Thompson.

Theatre 2: "Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man" (Simon Wincer), with Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Story of Boys and Girls" (Pupi Avati, in Italian).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Aug. 29: "Regarding Henry" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Annette Bening, and Mikki Allen.

From Aug. 30: "The Pope Must Die" (Peter Richardson), with Robbie Coltrane, Beverly D'Angelo, and Herbert Lom.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, and Emma Thompson.

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 29: "Double Impact" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).

Theatre 2: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "True Identity" (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Charles Lane.

Theatre 2: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 3: "The Yen Family" (1988, directed by Yojiro Takita; in Japanese). From Sept. 4: "Swan Lake—The Zone" (1990, Yuri Ilinenko; in Ukrainian).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "Paris Is Burning" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man" (Simon Wincer), with Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson.

Theatre 2: "Double Impact" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Jungle Fever" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 29: "Pure Luck" (Nadia Tass), with Martin Short and Danny Glover. From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Truly, Madly, Deeply" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Dark Backward" (Adam Rifkin), with Judd Nelson, Bill Paxton, Wayne Newton, Lara Flynn Boyle, James Caan, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 3: "My Father's Glory" (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Clémence.

Theatre 4: "Truth or Dare" (†).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, and Emma Thompson.

Theatre 2: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

Theatre 3: "The Commitments" (†).

Theatre 4: "Defenseless" (Martin Campbell), with Barbara Hershey, Sam Shepard, and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 5: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Commitments" (†).

Theatre 7: "Doc Hollywood" (†).

Theatre 8: "Pure Luck" (Nadia Tass),



"Bingo!"

"Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French), with Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and Jeanne Moreau.

SUTTON I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Doc Hollywood" (†).

Theatre 2: "True Identity" (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Charles Lane.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"City Slickers" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 29: "Double Impact" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).

Theatre 2: "Mobsters" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Pure Luck" (Nadia Tass), with Martin Short and Danny Glover.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Defenseless" (Martin Campbell), with Barbara Hershey, Sam Shepard, and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 2: "Barton Fink" (Joel Coen), with John Turturro and John Goodman.

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, and CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "The Doctor" (†).

Theatre 2: "Naked Tango" (Leonard Schrader), with Mathilda May, Fernando

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

with Martin Short and Danny Glover.
Theatre 9: "Double Impact" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 29: "Mobsters" (†).
 From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).
Theatre 3: "True Identity" (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Charles Lane.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
 Through Aug. 29: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
 From Aug. 30: "The Pope Must Die" (Peter Richardson), with Robbie Coltrane, Beverly D'Angelo, and Herbert Lom.
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's Fine" (Giuseppe Tornatore, in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 29: "Tatie Danielle" (Etienne Chatiliez, in French), with Tsilla Chelton. From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).
Theatre 3: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 4: "Regarding Henry" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Annette Bening, and Mikki Allen.
Theatre 5: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).
Theatre 6: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Pure Luck" (Nadia Tass), with Martin Short and Danny Glover.
LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Pastime" (Robin B. Armstrong), with William Russ and Glenn Plummer.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Barton Fink" (Joel Coen), with John Turturro and John Goodman.
Theatre 2: "Barton Fink".
LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"My Mother's Castle" (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamaca.
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Doctor" (†).
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Commitments" (†).
LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Uranus" (Claude Berri, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, Michel Blanc, Gérard Desarthe, Gérard Depardieu, and Daniel Prevost.
Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
Theatre 3: "Paris Is Burning" (†).
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.
LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man" (Simon Wincer), with Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson.
Theatre 2: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 3: "Regarding Henry" (Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Annette Bening, and Mikki Allen.
Theatre 4: "Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, and Emma Thompson.
Theatre 5: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 6: "Doc Hollywood" (†).
METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 29: (Matinées only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only) "Pure Luck" (Nadia Tass), with Martin Short and Danny Glover. From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).
Theatre 2: "Defenseless" (Martin Campbell), with Barbara Hershey, Sam Shepard, and Mary Beth Hurt.
OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "True Identity" (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Charles Lane.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Boyz N the Hood" (†); and "Double Impact"

(Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "Defenseless" (directed by Martin Campbell), with Barbara Hershey, Sam Shepard, and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 4: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).
Theatre 5: "Hot Shots!" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen, Cary Elwes, Valeria Golino, and Jon Cryer.
Theatre 6: (Matinées only) "Bingo!" (Matthew Robbins); and (evenings only) "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, and Lori Petty.
EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"True Identity" (Charles Lane), with Lenny Henry, Frank Langella, and Charles Lane.
EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man" (Simon Wincer), with Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson.
Theatre 2: "Body Parts" (Eric Red), with Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 3: "Mystery Date" (Jonathan Wacks), with Ethan Hawke, Teri Polo, and Brian McNamara.
LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, and Emma Thompson.
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Mobsters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 29: "Double Impact" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From Aug. 30: "Child's Play 3" (Jack Bender).
WEST SIDE CINEMA 1 AND 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich).
Theatre 2: "Doc Hollywood" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
 Through Aug. 27: "The Godfather" (1972, directed by Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
 Aug. 28-29: "The Godfather Part II" (1974, Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.
 Aug. 30-31: "The Godfather Part III" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Andy Garcia, Diane Keaton, and Talia Shire.
 From Sept. 1: "The Wild Child" (1970, François Truffaut; in French); and "Small Change" (†).
FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
 Aug. 26: "Horror of Dracula" (1958, Terence Fisher), with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee; and "The Curse of Frankenstein" (1957, Fisher), with Cushing and Hazel Court.
 Aug. 27: "Robinson Crusoe on Mars" (1964, Bryon Haskin), with Paul Mantee and Vic Lundin; and "Crack in the World" (1965, Andrew Marton), with Dana Andrews, Janette Scott, Kieron Moore, and Alexander Knox.
 Aug. 28-29: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953, Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig; and "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver" (1960, Jack Sher), with Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow, and June Thorburn.
 Aug. 30: "Young Frankenstein" (†); and "The Nutty Professor" (†).
 Aug. 31-Sept. 3: "The Mad Magician" (1954, John Brahm), with Vincent Price, Mary Murphy, and Eva Gabor; and "House on Haunted Hill" (1959, William Castle), with Price, Carol Ohmart, and Richard Long.
 Sept. 4: "Strait-Jacket" (1964, William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson; and "Shanks" (1974, Castle), with Marcel Marceau.
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 Aug. 26: "Masculine Feminine" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "A Married Woman" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Méril, Bernard Noël, Philippe Leroy, and Roger Leenhardt.

Aug. 27: "The Eagle" (1925, Clarence Brown; silent), with Rudolph Valentino, Louise Dresser, and Vilma Banky; and "Sparrows" (1926, William Beaudine; silent), with Mary Pickford.
 Aug. 28: "Dark Victory" (1938, Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Now, Voyager" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.
 Aug. 29: "The Wrong Man" (1956, Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Dial M for Murder" (†).
 Aug. 30-31: "Gone with the Wind" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
 Sept. 1: "The Tenant" (1976, Roman Polanski), with Polanski, Isabelle Adjani, Melvyn Douglas, Jo Van Fleet, and Shelley Winters; and "Knife in the Water" (1962, Polanski; in Polish).
 Sept. 2: "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965, Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner; and "The Man Who Never Was" (1956, Ronald Neame), with Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame, and Robert Flemmyng.
 Sept. 3: "Testament of Orpheus" (1959, Jean Cocteau; in French); "Blood of a Poet" (†); and "Orpheus" (1949, Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
 Sept. 4: "Blazing Saddles" (†); and "Silent Movie" (1976, Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Aug. 26 at 2:30 and Aug. 27 at 6: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974, directed by Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney, Lauren Bacall, and Ingrid Bergman. . . . Aug. 26 at 6 and Aug. 27 at 2:30: "Les Rendez-vous d'Anna" (1978, Chantal Akerman; in French), with Aurore Clement. . . . Aug. 29 at 2:30 and Aug. 30 at 6: "The Clockmaker" (1973, Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort. . . . Aug. 29 at 6 and Aug. 31 at 5: "Rails" (1921, Lulu Pick; in German); and "Das Stahlhüter" (1935, Willy Zielke; in German), a documentary. . . . Aug. 30 at 2:30 and Aug. 31 at 2: "Lady on a Train" (1945, Charles David), with Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . Sept. 1 at 2 and Sept. 3 at 6: "Number Seventeen" (1932, Alfred Hitchcock), with Leon M. Lion, Anne Grey, and John Stuart. . . . Sept. 1 at 5 and Sept. 3 at 2:30: "Rome Express" (1932, Walter Forde), with Conrad Veidt, Esther Ralston, and Harold Huth. . . . Sept. 2 at 2:30: "Early Spring" (1956, Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese), with Chika Awashima. . . . Sept. 2 at 6: "Oh, Mr. Porter!" (1937, Marcel Varnel), with Will Hay, Moore Marriott, and Graham Moffatt.
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A series of Western films. Aug. 27-28 at 1: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969, Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, Jason Robards, and Charles Bronson. . . . Aug. 29-30 at 1: "Little Big Man" (1970, Arthur Penn), with Dustin Hoffman and Faye Dunaway. . . . Aug. 31 and Sept. 3 at 3: "The Cowboys" (1971, Mark Rydell), with John Wayne, Roscoe Lee Brown, and Bruce Dern. . . . Aug. 31 4:30 and Sept. 4 at 2: "Bad Company" (1972, Robert Benton), with Jeff Bridges. . . . Sept. 1 at 2: "Uzuna's Raid" (1972, Robert Aldrich), with Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison. . . . Sept. 1 at 5: "High Plains Drifter" (1973, Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR., STATE OFFICE BUILDING, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 29 at 6:30: "Sparkle" (1976, Sam O'Steen), with Irene Cara and Lonette McKee; and "Chuck Berry: Hail! Hail! Rock and Roll" (1987, Taylor Hackford). . . . Aug. 30 at 1 and 3:40 and Aug. 31 at 7: "New Jack City" (Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes, Ice-T, Judd Nelson, and Van Peebles; and "Malcolm X: El Hajj Malik El Shabazz" (1974). . . . Aug. 30 at 6:30 and Aug. 31 at 1: "Dances with Wolves" (1990, Kevin Costner), with Costner, Mary McDonnell, Graham Greene, and Rodney A. Grant.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE—Based on the autobiography of the New Zealand novelist and poet Janet Frame. The film covers the first forty years or so of the writer's life—she was born in 1924—and takes close to three hours to tell the story. When it's all over, you feel that you know far too little about Janet Frame and far too much about the film's director, Jane Campion. The movie (which was made as a three-part miniseries for Australian television) is a succession of odd, mannered tableaux, more or less in the style of Campion's 1990 art-house hit, "Sweetie." The compositions emphasize the peculiarities of Janet's appearance, especially in her childhood and awkward adolescence; she has a stiff, frizzy mop of bright-orange hair, and her teeth are badly decayed. The Janet Frame we see in this film doesn't seem to have an inner life, and without that she has no life at all. Even the most dramatic events in her life are treated so flatly and elliptically that we're unable to respond; time after time, we find that we can't orient ourselves in crucial scenes, because the director hasn't bothered to establish the characters or the setting. Writers' lives are weird enough without being subjected to this sort of willful disruption of their emotional continuity. Campion's perverse exercise in biographical filmmaking deserves a new title: "My Incomprehensible Career." Janet is played by three actresses: as a child, by Alexia Keogh; as a young teenager, by Karen Fergusson; and, as an adult, by Kerry Fox. Screenplay by Laura Jones. —T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Angelika Film Center.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks' comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteenth century; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks' celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehearsed, they just seem desperate. The picture was a hit, though. Also with Dom DeLuise, Harvey Korman, Slim Pickens, David Huddleston, Alex Karras, Liam Dunn, George Furth, and John Hillerman. From a story by Andrew Bergman, who worked on the script with Brooks, Richard Pryor, Norman Steinberg, and Alan Unger. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4.)

THE BLOOD OF A POET (1930)—Jean Cocteau's first film is an enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown, composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Here is Cocteau's own interpretation: "The poet's solitude is so great, he so loves what he creates, that the mouth of one of his creations lives in his hand like a wound, and that he loves this mouth, that he loves himself in short, that he wakes up in the morning with his mouth against him like a pickup, that he tries to get rid of it on a dead statue—and that this statue begins to live—and that it takes its revenge, and that it sets him off upon awful adventures. I can tell you that the snowball fight is the poet's childhood, and that when he plays the game of cards with his Glory, with his Destiny, he cheats by taking from his childhood that which he should draw from within himself." The first time you see this film, you're likely to find it silly, autoerotic, static, absurd, and you may feel cheated after having heard so much about it. But though it may seem to have no depth you're not likely to forget it—it has a suggestiveness unlike that of any other film. Almost twenty years later, in "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes that he touched on here. Music by Georges Auric. Cinematography by Georges Périnal. In French. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3.)

BOYZ N THE HOOD—The writer and director, John Singleton, is a twenty-three-year-old graduate of the U.S.C. film school. This movie, his first, is a classically constructed—and

therefore rather predictable—coming-of-age drama about young black men growing up on the mean streets of south-central Los Angeles. The picture conveys a vivid sense of the dangers, both physical and emotional, of day-to-day existence in this ravaged urban environment. Even the quietest domestic scenes are charged with a kind of battle-front tension: there's always the ominous metronomic beat of police helicopters in the background, and sudden sputters of gunfire seem to intrude on every moment of calm or reflection. It's a war zone, and its inhabitants—the people on the front lines—mostly don't have the luxury of planning long-range survival strategies: they're too busy reacting to the immediate, unremitting daily threats. Singleton's evocation of real people's struggles to find some measure of peace and sanity in these grim urban circumstances is heartfelt and often moving, and the movie provides a welcome corrective to the dehumanizing sensationalism of the local-news version of inner-city life. But the young filmmaker's professionalism and precocious self-assurance sometimes work against his best instincts. Singleton's plot is disappointingly conventional; it obeys screenwriting-class rules. The experience he's dealing with here deserves something more than the tidy dramatic structure that he has imposed on it. We get glimpses of what the movie might have been in the complex, magnetic performance of Ice Cube, a rap star (formerly of N.W.A.), who plays a neighborhood gangster type named Doughboy. Also with Cuba Gooding, Jr., Larry Fishburne, Nia Long, Tyra Ferrell, and Angela Bassett. —T.R. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

CITY SLICKERS—This feel-good comedy, directed by Ron Underwood from a script by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is a depressingly efficient piece of Hollywood product. The hero, Mitch Robbins (Billy Crystal), is a thirty-nine-year-old New York family man who's going through a killer midlife crisis. His wife (Patricia Wettig) gets so fed up with his moping that she virtually orders him to take a vacation with his buddies Ed (Bruno Kirby) and Phil (Daniel Stern); Ed, a daredevil, macho type, has arranged for them to spend two weeks on a real cattle drive out West. Mitch's wife looks him in the eye, and says earnestly, "Go and find your smile"—and, ninety minutes later, there it is, a grin as big as all outdoors. His pals pick up the odd nugget of wisdom along the trail, too. The movie alternates predictable tenderfoot gags (sore behinds, stampedes, and the like) with long, ludicrous passages of group-therapy-on-the-range. Jack Palance, as Curly, the trail boss, manages some dry, macabre

comic effects, and the animals are good—they're interesting to look at, and they don't make bad jokes. You can't help sympathizing with the cattle; by the time the movie is over, you know what it feels like to be part of the herd. Also with Helen Slater. —T.R. (6/17/91) (Angelika Film Center, Plaza, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

THE COMMITMENTS—Alan Parker's film is a loose, friendly musical comedy about the brief career of an Irish soul band. The Commitments are the brainchild of an energetic young music enthusiast named Jimmy Rabbitt (Robert Arkins), who lives in a poor Dublin neighborhood. He puts together a ten-piece group that learns, eventually, to play precise and spirited versions of soul classics in the Memphis style. The music of the Commitments isn't original, but that doesn't prevent it from being enormously entertaining; the band's hard-won proficiency charms us. Parker concentrates on the day-to-day details of rehearsals and performances; he seems to revel in the complexity of the group's musical, emotional, and sexual interactions, and he does full comic justice to the petty irritations of life in a band. The movie gives us a vivid picture of Dublin's poverty and urban blight, but it's more interested in capturing the rhythm of the characters' wit than in showing us how oppressed they are. What holds the Commitments together is a combination of Jimmy's ingenuity, their common pleasure in making music, and the daily challenge of responding to their fellow band members' provocations with quick, profane humor. The kids' verbal sparring is another kind of music—maybe the true sound of Dublin soul. Until the last half hour, when the direction gets a little pushy, the picture has an offhand, unassuming grace. Most of the Commitments are played by young Dublin musicians who answered a casting-call advertisement. They're a vivacious and spontaneous crew: Andrew Strong, Angeline Ball, Maria Doyle, Glen Hansard, Kenneth McCluskey, Félím Gormley, Dave Finnegan, Dick Massey, and Michael Aherne. The only professional actors among them are Bronagh Gallagher and Johnny Murphy (as the group's guru, a fiftieth trumpet player known as Joey the Lips). Colm Meaney does a very funny turn as Jimmy's Elvis-worshipping dad. The screenplay is by Dick Clement, Ian La Frenais, and Roddy Doyle, from Doyle's novel. The songs are great—chosen, with unusual intelligence, from the repertoires of Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, and other soul giants. —T.R. (8/26/91) (Beckman, Chelsea Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

DIAL M FOR MURDER (1954)—Those who like drawing-room murder and cold, literate, gentlemanly skulduggery will find this ingenious and almost entertaining. Ray Milland is the suitably suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors, so the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. (A mystery darker than any propounded in the film: Why did Hitchcock persist in using actors as unattractively untalented as Robert Cummings?) Grace Kelly is very beautiful here, in a special, pampered way. From Frederick Knott's play, just slightly adapted by the author; music by Dmitri Tiomkin. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 29.)

DOC HOLLYWOOD—The cast is amiable, but the movie is routinely ingratiating. Michael J. Fox plays a plastic surgeon en route from Washington, D.C., to Beverly Hills, who crashes his '56 Porsche Speedster in Grady, South Carolina, "the squash capital of the South." There he learns about life beyond



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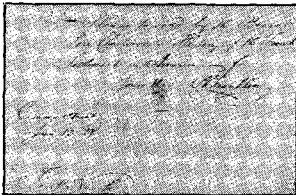
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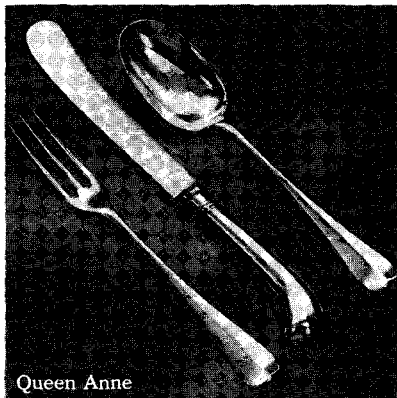
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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

liposuction. Grady is a TV-bred baby boomer's fantasy. At times, it's like Mayberry with breasts, peopled with likable eccentrics and down-home beauties—including a smart, sexy gal who plans to stay put (Julie Warner) and a live wire who's aching to get out (Bridget Fonda). At other times, it's a racially corrected version of the cultured Dixie in PBS's "The Civil War": Fox's ornery medical superior (Barnard Hughes) recites poetry, and the 58th Grady Squash Festival features a special screening of Buster Keaton's "The General." Fonda gets to ply her ticklish erotic rascality, and Woody Harrelson, as an inexplicably smoldering insurance agent, jolts every scene he's in with aberrant comic energy. But there's a jerry-built climax and a prolonged, tiresome post-climax. And the hero's odyssey is too easy. He turns out to be a small-town boy himself; the whole movie is just a case of Fox getting back to where he once belonged. Michael Caton-Jones directed; Peter Seaman, Jeffrey Price, and Daniel Pyne wrote the script, from Laurian Leggett's adaptation of "What?... Dead Again?" by Neil Shulman, M.D.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and West Side Cinema.)

THE DOCTOR—Although it's sure to hook some viewers who want to see the medical establishment get knocked, this is no exposé—it's yet another story of identity crisis in the professional class, a fraternal, if not identical, twin of "Regarding Henry." William Hurt plays the surgical golden boy who develops a case of galloping humanity after he's diagnosed with throat cancer; Christine Lahti and Charlie Korsmo play his neglected wife and son; Elizabeth Perkins is the life-force who inspires him (she's suffering from a Grade IV brain tumor); and, in matched parts, Mandy Patinkin is a callous Jewish doctor (Hurt's longtime partner) and Adam Arkin is a saintly Jewish doctor (who shows Hurt correct values). The director, Randa Haines, and the screenwriter, Robert Caswell, titillate the audience with a barrage of doctors' jokes and then try to prove that the cynical professionalism of hospital staffs is no laughing matter. In effect, the movie goes from comic shtick to problem-drama shtick, and fuses them. Hurt's performance is the type usually described as "accomplished," but what exactly does it accomplish? It's a careful embodiment of a clammed-up individual; not a hint of zest or dirt or soulfulness seeps out. Based on "A Taste of My Own Medicine," by Ed Rosenbaum, M.D.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Gramercy, Cinema I, and Loews Paramount.)

EATING—All the action in Henry Jaglom's film takes place at the fortieth-birthday party of a Southern California woman named Helene (Lisa Richards), and all the characters—thirty-eight of them—are women. None of the women at this party—with the exception of Helene's mother (Frances Bergen), who represents the values of an older generation—can eat without guilt; several of them have clinical eating disorders, for which they hate themselves. Jaglom films them in his usual group-therapy style; the camera remains fixed as characters lob banal confessions and accusations at each other. This is meant to create the illusion of raw emotional truth, but the bulimics' ball Jaglom throws here isn't much of a party, and it's bad therapy, too. Whatever Jaglom may have intended, his film winds up trivializing its theme and humiliating its subjects. He's advertising the movie as "A Very Serious Comedy About Women and Food," but its "serious" message is glibly offensive, and there's nothing funny about it.—T.R. (5/20/91) (Cinema Village 12th Street.)

EUROPA EUROPA—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an elite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938,

on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness; as translator and mascot, he accompanies the German soldiers on their march through Russia. By the time he is initiated into the Hitler Youth, he has already run through several identities, and has proved himself capable of playing his roles with conviction and enthusiasm. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. She shows us the thoroughness of Nazi terror in the pained expression of a teen-age boy who doesn't dare allow himself to be seduced. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Lincoln Plaza.)

101 DALMATIANS (1961)—One of the few Disney animated features that please adults as much as children, this action comedy has loads of waggish charm. The plot is out of a horror film. As Cruella De Vil prepares ninety-nine young Dalmatians for the kill so she can make dogskin coats, you can't help thinking, "The Silence of the Pups." By telling the story from the perspective of Pongo and Perdita, parents of fifteen dognap victims, the Disney team turns it into a light-fantastic parody: a dog's-eye (or child's-eye) view of storybook Britain. Humans are "pets," and a country-wide canine corps takes over when agencies like Scotland Yard fail. Cruella has been justly celebrated for her Tallulah-from-Hell flair (Betty Lou Gerson contributes an arsenal of Bankhead-like snarls). But Pongo is every bit her match. He's a gallant, resourceful animal with surprising pockets of slyness and gaiety, and the crisp, virile voice of Rod Taylor. Headed by a blustery sheepdog colonel, a Kipling-esque trio of barnyard soldiers aid Pongo and Perdita. The small army of pups form a lovable composite character and a constantly changing sight gag. Trekking through a blizzard-blasted landscape, they're a cross between a canine caterpillar chain and a coal-flecked snowdrift. Bill Peet wrote the smart script, from Dodie Smith's book; Wolfgang Reitherman, Clyde Geronimi, and Hamilton S. Luske directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Cinema 3rd Avenue. Matinees only. ... ¶ Guild; through Aug. 29. ... ¶ Metro Cinema; through Aug. 29, matinees only.)

JUNGLE FEVER—The central event in Spike Lee's new movie is the love affair of Flipper (Wesley Snipes), a married African-American architect from Harlem, and Angie (Annabella Sciorra), an Italian-American office temp from Bensonhurst. Once Lee has set up the interracial relationship, he seems to lose interest in it; Flipper and Angie hold the stage only long enough to ignite the fears and hatreds of their communities, and when the fuse is lit their job is done. The movie's approach to its characters is stubbornly, and perversely, external; we never have the sense that we're getting inside anyone's skin (white or black). Everything in this picture is pitched at the level of public utterance. Lee's dialogue has the rhetorical tone of daytime-television talk shows; even in the most intense, emotionally charged domestic scenes, there's an alienating self-consciousness in the way the characters express themselves—they always look as if they had an ear cocked for audience response. This rhetorical barrage gives the picture a peculiar, halting rhythm: individual scenes have force and momentum, but the movie as a whole seems stalled, inert, uncertain where it's headed. And Lee's attitude toward interracial sex is shockingly puritanical; it's as if he were afraid that any hint of eroticism would constitute an endorsement of Flipper and Angie's affair. The scenes that deal with Flipper's crackhead brother, Gator (Samuel L. Jackson), have more energy than anything else in the picture; this subplot is tangential to the central



Peter Boyle in
"Young Frankenstein"



It's a howling shame that Mel Brooks and Gene Wilder stopped collaborating just when they were getting great together. "Young Frankenstein" (playing August 30 at Film Forum 2), their 1974 lampoon of mad-scientist shockers (Brooks directed from a script they co-wrote), remains Brooks'—and Wilder's—most appealing movie. Filled with high-camp slapstick and gut-busting sick jokes and sex plays, it also boasts a kind of sturgeon-like elegance. Brooks lovingly preserves devices and characters of classic horror films, from sinister castle keepers and lynch-mob neighbors to vertiginous sets and spooky lighting. Then he makes explicit what audiences knew all along: that the monsters are potent heroes and everyone else is hypocritical or hysterical.

Wilder plays the title role with feverish genius—a modulated yet no-stop nervous undulation. This Americanized neurologist, the original Ir. Frankenstein's grandson, insists that med students pronounce his name "Fronkensteen" and denies that his ancestor's discoveries interest him. But when a newly discovered will lures him back to Transylvania, he happens on a book called "How I Did It," and proceeds to duplicate grandpa's efforts with schoolboy fervor. Leaving behind his fastidious fiancée, Madeline Kahn (who returns later for a hilarious climax), he connects with an array of supporting clowns, most notably Teri Garr, who's blessedly feathery as his game assistant, and Peter Boyle, who imbues the Monster with a slow-blooming slyness. Gene Hackman contributes an incognito, deadpan tour de force as the blind hermit who tries to serve the Monster soup, and there's a terrific surprise musical set piece. If the team had stuck together and saved the Teutonic sets, they could have followed up "Young Frankenstein" by making low-comic mash out of "Young Werther."

theme, but it has some shape and dramatic coherence, and it actually builds to a climax. The interracial affair just dawdles to an underdramatized parting, and we feel nothing, emotionally, the movie has separated the lovers from each other, and from us, long before. Also with Lonette McKee, John Turturro, Anthony Quinn, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, and Frank Vincent. The inventive cinematography is by Ernest Dickerson. Some fine new songs by Stevie Wonder grace the soundtrack.—T.R. (6/17/91) (8th St. Playhouse.)

THE MIRACLE—A beautiful new film by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Company of Wolves"). The setting is the coastal town of Bray, which is a short train ride from Dublin. Two teen-agers, Jimmy (Niall Byrne) and Rose (Lorraine Pilkington), spend most of their days wandering along the seaside promenade and making up stories about the people they run into: taking off from the human material that presents itself to them, the kids trade verbal riffs with the gleeful competitiveness of jamming musicians. One day, they spot a mysterious-looking blond woman (Beverly D'Angelo), and Jimmy becomes obsessed with her. He pursues her, in Bray and in Dublin, with an ardor that's partly sexual and partly something else—a feeling so muddled and inchoate that he can't put a name to it. Jordan turns this simple story into a clear, complete vision of experience: everything we see (and hear) flows into everything else, with an unpredictable rightness. The imagery draws on some pretty outré sources, and the climax—the miracle of the title—is a daring, flamboyant gesture. But Jordan manages to unite everything—the florid imagery, the dark emotional undertones, the flaky comedy, the astonishing physical beauty of the Irish seacoast—into a single, unbroken mood, a smooth arc connecting the past and the present, the familiar and the unforeseen. Also with Donal McCann. The cinematography, by Philippe Rousselot, is extraordinary.—T.R. (7/15/91) (Village East Cinemas... ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue. Evenings only.)

MOBSTERS—When Christian Slater, as young Lucky Luciano, tells Meyer Lansky (Patrick Dempsey), Bugsy Siegel (Richard Grieco), and Frank Costello (Costas Mandylor) that it's time to play "with the big boys," he's delivering the statement of purpose for this bloody bore of a Mob travesty. It's an excuse for the latest crop of media-spawned personalities—the male equivalent of starlets—to invade the heavy-duty genre of the gangster film. They don't come up to Cagney's spats. The witless script, by Michael Mahern and Nicholas Kazan, and the goosed-up direction, by Michael Karbelnikoff, present the antiheroes as angels without dirty faces. These Jewish and Italian thugs bring an ecumenical spirit as well as modern business organization to the founding of the Syndicate. The moviemakers regard this as quite an accomplishment. With F. Murray Abraham, Michael Gambon, Lara Flynn Boyle, and the set-devouring Anthony Quinn.—M.S. (Manhattan Twin, and National Twin... ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Aug. 29.)

THE NAKED GUN 2½: THE SMELL OF FEAR—Leslie Nielsen plays Frank Drebin, a middle-aged police lieutenant whose lethal weapon is utter obliviousness. This movie—like its predecessors, the 1982 TV series "Police Squad!" and the 1988 film "The Naked Gun"—has the look of cheap, hasty television action drama. It's oblivious of production values, narrative sense, and all the higher, finer aspects of the human spirit—of everything, that is, except the impulse to spray us with jokes and knock us out of our chairs. The director, David Zucker, has a defiantly cheesy style. For him, nothing's ever too trashy or worn out to be used again; what he practices is, in the truest sense, pulp comedy. There's a hint of an environmental theme in the plot of "NG 2½," but Zucker and his co-writer, Pat Proft, never allow it to slow down the picture's relentless barrage of slapstick, movie parodies, outrageous double-entendres, and cracked musical production numbers. And Leslie Nielsen is inspired. He plays Drebin as a straight arrow who's finally letting go, giving in to his repressed impulses: he sings, he dances, he loves, he shoots to kill. Nielsen combines B-movie earnestness, exuberant mugging, and a trouper's slightly desperate cheerfulness: he turns this rather alarming

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

character into a sweet, ebullient lunatic—albeit one who's hell on innocent bystanders. Also with Priscilla Presley, Robert Goulet, George Kennedy, Richard Griffiths, and O. J. Simpson.—T.R. (7/29/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews Festival.)

THE NUTTY PROFESSOR (1963)—Jerry Lewis in a Jekyll-and-Hyde story that provides him with one of the best gimmicks of his career: as Julius Kelp, he's a shy, clumsy chemistry professor, a simp with specs and rabbit teeth, but when he drinks his formula he turns into a brash, domineering hipster singer named Buddy Love—i.e., a cartoon of Dean Martin. Lewis has reconstituted his former team but now plays both halves, and working within this format he has some scenes that can hold their own with the classic silent comedies. The picture is very erratic, and it's too long and repetitive; Lewis, who also directed and wrote the script (with Bill Richmond), has always had trouble knowing when to drop something. But he had the good taste to cast Stella Stevens as the heroine; with her just faintly infantile sexiness, she's a remarkably curvy and pert straight woman. Lewis plays the hapless Julius for childlike pathos, and Buddy for hollow-man Las Vegas loathsomeness; yet in his TV appearances in the years that followed he moved even closer to Buddy Love—even down to singing loudly and off key, and being aggressively maudlin as he milked the audience for approval. With Kathleen Freeman, Howard Morris, Henry Gibson, and Les Brown and his band.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 30.)

PARIS IS BURNING—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate image and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. Edited by Jonathan Oppenheim.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Film Forum, and Lincoln Plaza.)

ROBIN HOOD: PRINCE OF THIEVES—A dull, dutiful trek through the legend of the bandit of Sherwood Forest, who stole from the rich and gave to the poor. Watching this picture is about as much fun as paying taxes, and far less stirring emotionally. We never feel that anyone involved in making this multimillion-dollar, two-hour-and-twenty-one-minute spectacle had any real affection for the story. The screenplay, by Pen Densham and John Watson, is a mishmash of halfhearted dramatizations of episodes from the legend and equally halfhearted nods to contemporary attitudes. If the movie had an exuberant spirit—as the 1938 "Adventures of Robin Hood" with Errol Flynn, had, in near-maniac overabundance—we'd be more inclined to overlook the script's incoherence. But there's not much joy in evidence here. The direction, by Kevin Reynolds, is stolid and impersonal, and Kevin Costner seems miscast as Robin; he's not a forceful enough actor for this role. The merry men are an unmemorable lot; even Little John (Nick Brimble) and Friar Tuck (Michael McShane) don't make strong impressions, because they haven't been given anything interesting to do. (In this

version, Little John *loses* his famous battle with Robin in the stream.) The audience seems to perk up only when Alan Rickman, as the villainous Sheriff of Nottingham, is on the screen. He gives a florid, theatrical performance—there's real glee in his malice. Also with Morgan Freeman, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Christian Slater, Michael Wincott, and Brian Blessed (who's so vivid in his brief scenes as Robin's father that we wish the movie were about him instead).—T.R. (7/1/91) (Cinema 3, and Criterion Center.)

SMALL CHANGE (1976)—François Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; starting Sept. 1.)

TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY—The killer cyborg who was played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the original "Terminator" (1984) has returned—only this time he's the hero. The first film, which was written and directed by James Cameron, is one of the genre-movie classics of the eighties: a lean, witty science-fiction movie without great pretensions to significance. The sequel, also written (with William Wisher) and directed by Cameron, is far less satisfying. The picture is full of spectacular action sequences and dazzling special effects, but the narrative doesn't have the snap of the original's: it's lumbering and monotonous, and it carries a heavy-handed anti-nuke message. The old, Schwarzenegger-model Terminator (the T-800) has been superseded by a more advanced model, the T-1000 (Robert Patrick), who is sleeker and more versatile. T-800, who represented the ultimate in destructive technology in the first film, seems almost human here: compared to T-1000, he's a vulnerable guy (or guyoid). The whole movie is based on the insane conceit that Arnold Schwarzenegger is the *underdog*. That's a stretch. Also with Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong, and Joe Morton. Effects by Stan Winston and many, many others.—T.R. (7/29/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THELMA & LOUISE—The heroines, played by Geena Davis (Thelma) and Susan Sarandon (Louise), are a couple of Arkansas women who set out for a weekend in the mountains and wind up speeding through the Southwest, on the run from the law. (Louise has murdered a man who tried to rape Thelma in a roadhouse parking lot.) The movie, written by Callie Khouri and directed by Ridley Scott, is designed to keep pushing the women farther and farther out there—past the point of no return, into the vanishing point of a vast Western landscape, and, finally, over the edge of the world. It's a pretty shameless outlaw fantasy; the feminist justification that the script provides for the heroines' behavior doesn't make their actions any less preposterous. But you can recognize the crudeness of the movie's narrative devices and still have an awfully good time. There's an exhilarating ease and intuitiveness in the way Davis and Sarandon work together, and the camera lingers on them as if it couldn't get enough of them. Scott's direction gives the story a pleasantly dreamy quality: when Thelma and Louise are on the road, the movie has the look of a mirage, a jeweled shimmer that keeps us half hypnotized. He turns Davis and Sarandon into outlaw princesses, and they're so vivid and likable that they carry us past the plot's most obvious contrivances; a little disbelief seems a small price to pay for being allowed to remain in their company. Also with Harvey Keitel, Brad Pitt, Christopher McDonald, Michael Madsen, Timothy Carhart, and Stephen Tobolowsky. The luminous cinematography is by Adrian Biddle.—T.R. (6/3/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Worldwide Cinemas....) **☛ Murray Hill Cinemas. Evenings only.**

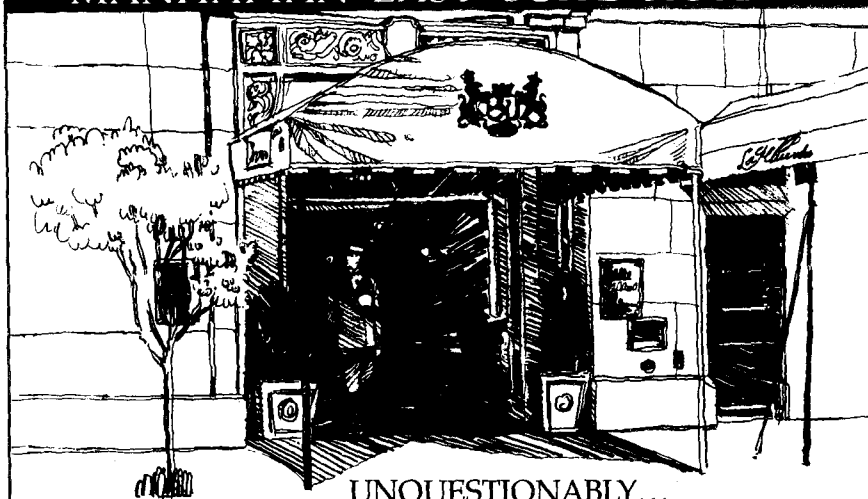
TRULY, MADLY, DEEPLY—A lovely, original comedy about a young woman, named Nina (Juliet Stevenson), who is obsessed with the memory of her dead lover. The writer and

director, Anthony Minghella, establishes an unusual, delicately varied mood, and the film moves gracefully from a realistic mode into a fantastic one. One night, Nina's lover, Jamie (Alan Rickman), reappears in her flat, and his presence seems perfectly natural to us: he has emerged from a setting that is already charged with the heroine's feelings for him. Once he's back, she has to confront, in the most concrete way, what it would really mean to live the rest of her life with a dead guy as her significant other; the movie is less a ghost story than a weird kind of domestic comedy. Minghella draws us into a fresh and startlingly humane vision of modern urban life; the details of the heroine's way of living always seem to point beyond themselves, and there's an emotional unity to everything we see. Minghella writes dialogue that sounds casual but somehow takes us straight to the heart of his work's larger concerns, and he directs the actors beautifully. Rickman is unexpectedly romantic here, and very funny besides. And Stevenson gives a radiant performance: she doesn't have a false moment, or a boring one, in the whole picture. Cinematography by Remi Adefarasin.—T.R. (5/6/91) (Quad Cinema.)

TRUST—This independent film by the young writer and director Hal Hartley ("The Unbelievable Truth") takes place entirely in a white, middle-class neighborhood in a forlorn-looking Long Island town. His Long Island is a bleak, featureless, neither-here-nor-there milieu. It's a place where anything can happen and almost nothing does—where parents and children, living together in tight quarters, torment and negotiate with each other just to create some drama for themselves. In Hartley's world, moody ex-cons and earnest high-school girls are the only really interesting people around. This picture tells the story of the strange relationship—part romance, part tutorial, part vaudeville act—between a pair of suburban losers, Matthew (Martin Donovan) and Maria (Adrienne Shelly). He's a thirtyish, chain-smoking depressive who lives with his widowed father (John MacKay). She's an adolescent bimbo who, when she announces to her family and her boyfriend that she's pregnant, discovers that this persona isn't going to be much use to her; she decides that she has to change her life. The story moves by surprising leaps, with the rhythm of the main characters' erratic, uncertain progress toward an awareness of possibilities beyond their limited, cramped experience. Hartley is alert to the absurdities of their situation; he keeps the film's tone dry, and makes the threatening, pervasive nothingness of the milieu grotesquely funny. His style is a risky blend of formal abstraction and dramatic realism, and it demands resourceful actors. Donovan has a gangling, dishevelled charm, and his bummed-out line readings are superbly timed; and Shelly brings off Maria's transformation from teen-age temptress to serious young woman with extraordinary ease. Under Hartley's direction, they seem to be inventing an acting style for a brand-new genre: the existentialist comedy of manners. Also with Merritt Nelson, Edie Falco, and Gary Sauer.—T.R. (8/12/91) (Angelika Film Center.)

TRUTH OR DARE—Madonna was at her best on "Saturday Night Live," when she played herself for laughs as a pop temptress who puts out for her fans. But in this maddeningly prolonged, self-important, semi-documentary backstage look at her Blond Ambition tour, she plays not just for laughs but for shocks, tears, leers, and, most of all, for adoration. Her way of being truthful and daring is to allow the young director, Alck Keshishian, to depict her as a twenty-four-hour diva who mothers her backup performers and as a scantily clad Statue of Liberty standing up for free expression. The bits of her stage show (shot in 35-mm. color; the rest is in 16-mm. black-and-white) seem ludicrous when she describes them as part of "an emotional journey." The movie has been so over-reported that the celebrity bits with Warren Beatty, Kevin Costner, and Sandra Bernhard, and the friction among members of Madonna's biological and stage families come off as the retold story. There's no joy left to seeing Madonna do what you've already read about. The movie is all calculation, no revelation—unless you count the calculation itself as a revelation.—M.S. (Quad Cinema.)

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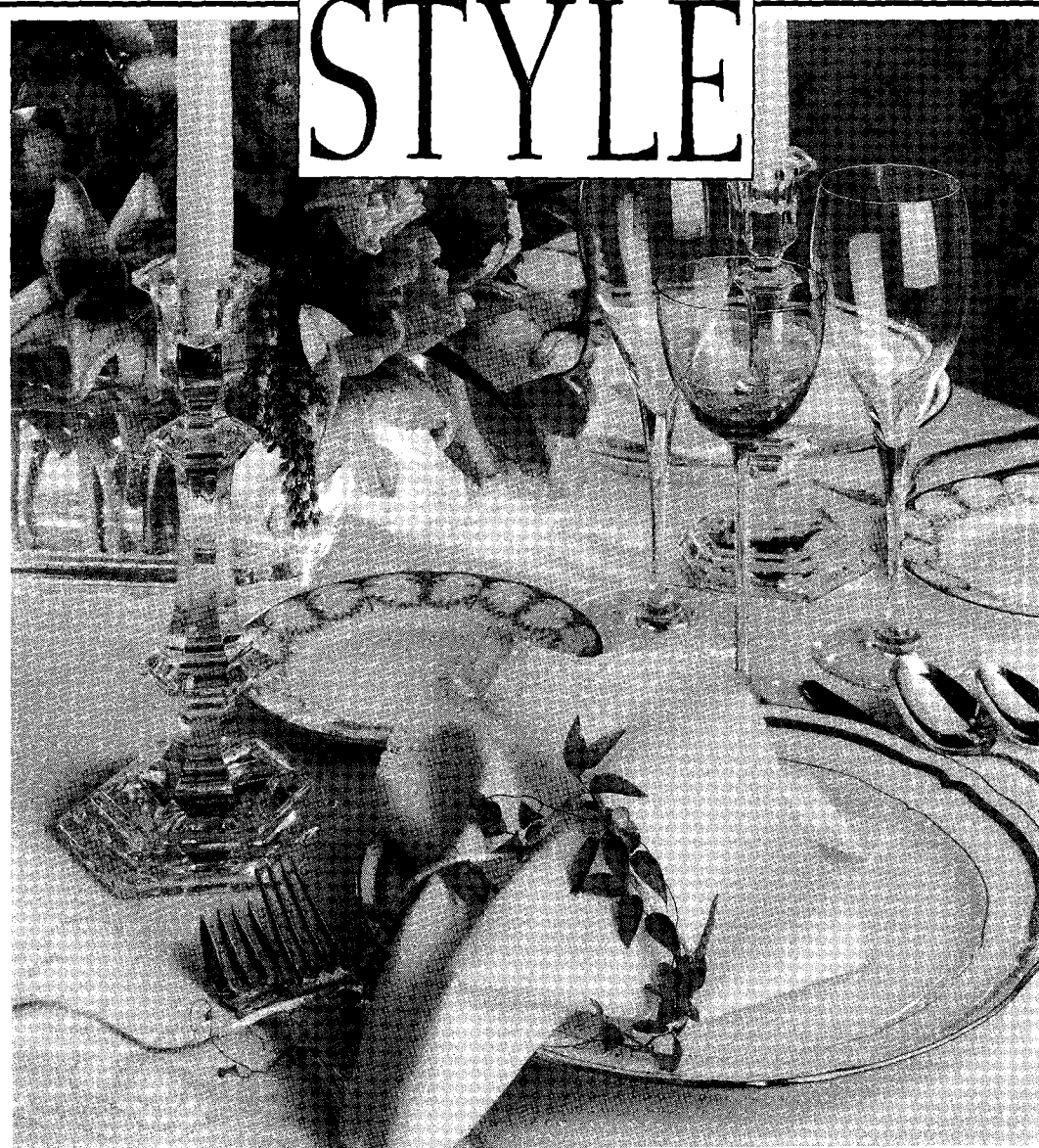
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A JOURNALIST friend writes: After waking one morning last week to big, dismal headlines about the military coup d'état in the Soviet Union, I thought about a Russian officer I know named Vladimir Smirnov. We met a couple of months ago at the Hotel Moskva, where deputies are quartered when the Supreme Soviet is in session; Colonel Smirnov represents a constituency in southern Russia. He is a short, slender man in his mid-forties, with clear blue eyes, a hint of gray at his temples, and the wiry muscles of a gymnast, which in fact, he was as a boy. He is also one of the best fliers the Soviets have—a test pilot, entrusted with late-model bombers.

Colonel Smirnov interested me because, as a member of the Supreme Soviet, he opposed nearly everything his superiors in the high command of the Soviet military wanted. Along with several other officers in the legislature, he advocated a much smaller Soviet armed force, perhaps half its present size. He thought that it should be composed entirely of volunteers, instead of conscripts. He felt that the country could safely rely on its stock of nuclear weapons to deter any rational aggressor, and he wanted the Soviet Union to become part of a league of democratic powers allied against any irrational aggressors that might come along. He thought that the country should bid a quick and peaceable farewell to those of the republics which wanted to secede.

Even more striking than his political views, though,

was the route he had taken to reach them. When Mikhail Gorbachev came to power, six years ago, Smirnov was a model junior officer in the eyes of the kinds of generals who planned last week's coup. He belonged to the Communist Party and, sensibly, kept any qualms about the system to himself. *Glasnost* had not only given him a chance to express his doubts. It had changed his thinking.

"You have to understand that military men live their own lives," he told me. "They live on their own supply system, fenced off from civilian life to a certain degree. When I found out more about the life of the people who are feeding and clothing the Army, who sacrifice everything to prevent war, then I began to understand that our old dogmas are just empty lies."

One of the signal events in his political evolution was the publication in the Soviet Union, a few years back, of George Orwell's "1984." The Colonel's voice rose a couple of notches in intensity when I asked him about the impression the book had left on him. "It was simply shocking how much it reflected our life, how much our life had in common with it, despite the fact that it was written—when?—

in 1949 or so," he said. He remembered concluding from it that "the Army is a bulwark of any totalitarian system," he said. "The maximum militarization of society is simply necessary for that kind of system."

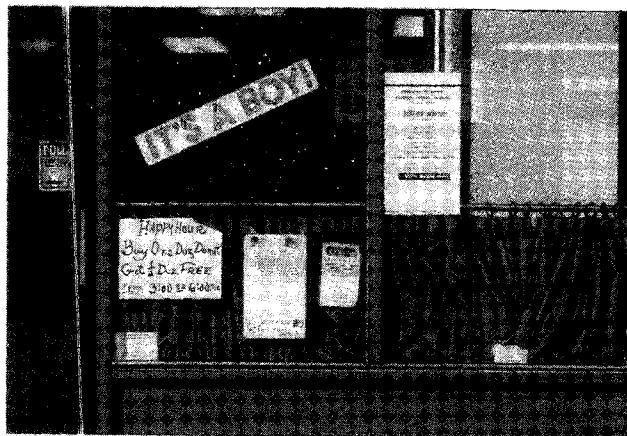
Colonel Smirnov believed that most of his comrades in the middle and lower levels of the officer corps had travelled a similar road. He was quite pleased that a near-majority of them, as best he could calculate, had voted for Boris Yeltsin in the Russian Presidential elections. "It shows that the Army has chosen democracy," he said.

Watching the television coverage of tanks rolling through Moscow's streets on that first day, I wanted to believe that he was right, and that sooner or later the members of the State Committee on the Emergency Situation would find that their troops had turned against them. I wanted to believe that, whatever else the committee might accomplish, it could not undo the changes wrought by *glasnost* in the minds of the Soviet people—could not make Colonel Smirnov forget that he had read "1984."

A couple of days later, watching the coverage of tanks leaving the city, and thinking about all the problems still ahead for the Russians, I kept looking for Colonel Smirnov. I was hoping that he would show up on CNN, grinning and bearing witness to the power of ideas.

Fresh Air

LIKE any start-up magazine, *Smoking Singles*, the more-or-less monthly, has been evolving with each issue, making one strategic move after



another to establish its niche. Susan Forney, the founding editor and publisher, is still in there running the show, still defining *Smoking Singles'* forward-looking agenda, which she explained in her inaugural column, last fall: "*Smoking Singles* exists... first, to allow single smokers to meet through our personals pages; and, second, to promote good humor, human liberation, and personal responsibility among our readers, whether or not they smoke." That bedrock, that visionary raison d'être, has held firm. There also continues to be a recipe in every issue, almost always something tasty and interesting to serve to a special someone, like sesame lo mein or mushroom Stroganoff or raspberry chicken. S. Marshall Cohen, "philosopher, poet, and bon vivant," turned up as a new contributor in Issue No. 2 but has not been heard from since. That was the same issue that featured the unsolicited laudatory letter from Ida Schipf, of Bayside, who wrote, "I must tell you your idea is a breath of fresh air." Jim Custer's column, "Personally Yours," which sometimes ended "See you next month. Take care of yourself" and often included a quotation from Kahlil Gibran, has been discontinued, because, Susan Forney wrote in the April/May issue, "Jim's many other projects have made it impossible for him to keep doing the column on a monthly basis." So in his last column he signed off "Until we meet again, take care of yourself." (You, too, Jim!) Each issue has contained a fairly heavy piece of analytical reportage—about how the television news is packaged, or about interfaith relationships, or about a philosopher in Riverdale. Tiffany St. Ives' report from the Elysium Fields Institute, a California nudist colony/resort that stresses personal growth, seemed the most thoughtful so far.

To get to know readers better, every couple of months Susan Forney organizes a *Smoking Singles* party somewhere in Manhattan. The most recent get-together was held at Delmonico's, the downtown restaurant where Mark Twain delivered his memorable remarks about the pleasures of smoking ("I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time"). Admission cost ten dollars in advance or fifteen at the door, and entitled you to as much prosciutto, salami, grapes,

chicken wings, Italian sausages, cheese puffs, and tiny pizzas as you could handle. A drink cost five dollars.

Lori and Kathy, whose last names are proprietary information, were there, along with about twenty other women. As a rule, Lori, who lives on Staten Island and works at the New York Stock Exchange, goes through a pack of Virginia Slims Lights every three days—unless she happens to attend a *Smoking Singles* party along the way, in which case she steps up the pace. Kathy used to work for a brokerage firm in midtown and not long ago went to work for a bank, also in midtown. Between those jobs, she helped out her father for a month in his accounting office, not far from a Shop-Rite in Woodbridge, New Jersey, where there was a special on a cigarette called Misty. The price was half what Kathy's regular brand goes for, so she loaded up. At Delmonico's, Lori and Kathy were quick to notice that—not counting the waiters (three of them), James Graseck (a strolling violinist who specialized in mood pieces like "Lara's Theme" and "Over the Rainbow"), Neil Smith (a friend of Susan Forney's who was helping out with the party), John and Ted (a couple of advertising moguls who seemed to have some business to discuss with Susan Forney), or us (we're not legally single), and also not counting the well-put-together fellow in the dark suit (who works for a conglomerate that sells nearly six hundred billion cigarettes a year and gave the impression that he had dropped by out of noblesse oblige)—only one unattached paying customer of the male sex came through the door. This was an all-starch-diet-looking guy who Lori and Kathy immediately decided was not their type. They also noticed that they were younger than most of the other women on the premises. "Say another man did show up," Kathy said. "We might stand a chance."

After arriving at the party a bit late, Susan Forney stopped by Lori and

Kathy's table to greet them and, in a polite way, to make sure that they hadn't sneaked in without paying. She scrutinized a list of people who had made reservations. "One thing I have never been able to understand is why men respond to our ads for these parties, send in their money ahead of time, and then don't show up," she said.

While Lori and Kathy filled out a multiple-choice questionnaire that asked them to describe the types of future *Smoking Singles*-sponsored events they would most like to attend (theatre party; rap/discussion group; "who-dunit?" evening; boat tour around Manhattan; trips to Africa, the Caribbean, Europe, Asia, or South America/Mexico), Susan Forney introduced us to a woman named Chris MacLeod, who writes a column for *Smoking Singles* called "Singled Out."

"I've written for a lot of magazines—*Movieline*, *Playbill*, *New York Hotel Magazine*," Chris MacLeod told us. "How did I become a columnist for *Smoking Singles*? Well, an editor of a magazine that I write for felt guilty that she couldn't pay me very much, so she introduced me to someone else who can't pay me very much."

Chris MacLeod was seated at a table with an old friend, Dennis Kendall. "I drive a stretch limo that's parked outside," Dennis Kendall said. "I provide the transportation, and Chris provides the free food. I will go to any singles event where I know she will try to find me a girlfriend and I can get fed. Relationships are fleeting, but food is eternal."

"I find that most relationships last about as long as digestion does," said Chris MacLeod, who likes to point out that she is "a veteran of four decades of the singles scene in New York" and knows how to cut through the nonsense. She has the self-confidence necessary to ask a guy straight out whether he's on an expense account and, if the answer is yes, to tell him to buy her a drink. Though Chris MacLeod spent several years in show biz, her present business card identifies her occupation as "customized copywriting." One of her steady clients is herself. Her personal ads, which she places in *Academic Companions* or the *New York Observer* or the Learning Annex course catalogue, usually start off with a phrase like "blond bombshell."



"'Stunning blond single female writer' is another one I've used," she said. "What's interesting is that I used the abbreviation S.F. for 'single female' and all the guys that answered thought it meant I was a science-fiction writer. They wanted to know if I could introduce them to Ursula K. Le Guin."

We asked Chris what brand of cigarette she smoked.

"O.P.s," she said. "Other People's. When I buy my own, I get one of the cheapies."

The male party guest whom Lori and Kathy had decided not to marry had been loitering near Chris's table for several minutes. Finally, she said to him, "Do you have a cigarette?"

He said, "What?"

"I said, 'Do you have a cigarette?'"

He shook his head.

"Do you smoke?" Chris asked.

"No."

"Then why are you here?"

"Well, I'm from a part of the country where it's very hard to meet people," the man said. "So I'll try anything."

"And where would that be?"

"Well, it's not New York, but it's just as bad."

"Could you be more specific?"

"Well, Philadelphia."

This conversation was interrupted by a door-prize drawing. As Susan Forney held aloft a silver ice bucket, her advertising-mogul friend John pulled a name, and she announced the first-prize winner: "Chris MacLeod!"

"I won! What did I win?" Chris MacLeod said.

"A box of cigars!" Susan Forney said.

"I'm terribly allergic to cigars. What's the second prize?"

"Another box of cigars!"

Down the Track

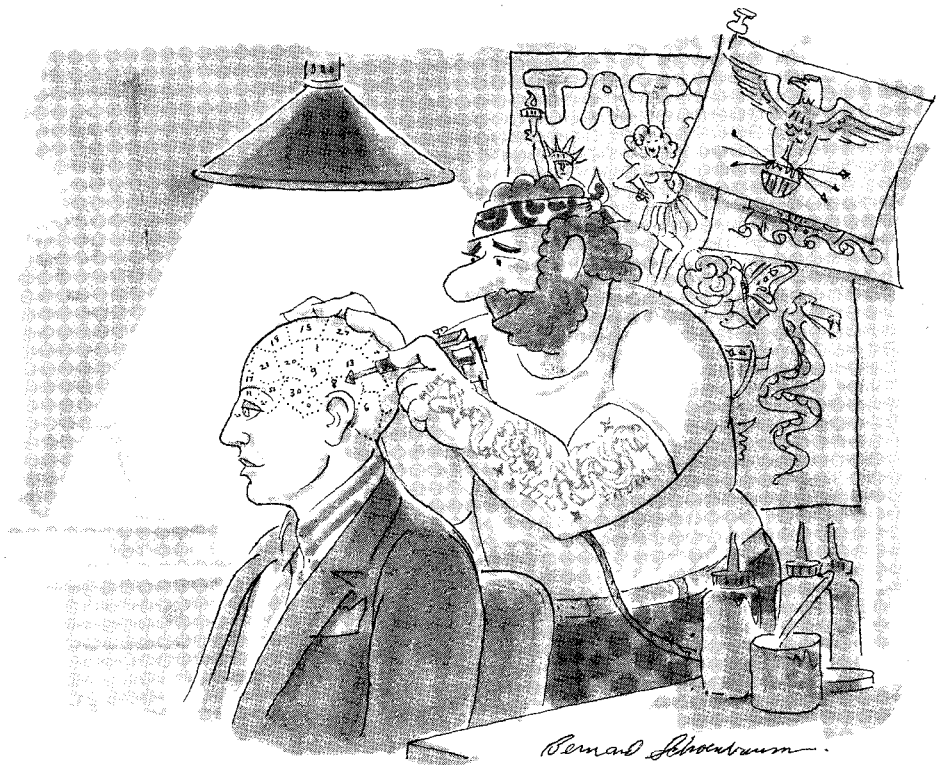
TWO spectacular train rides this summer that weren't published in any timetables—one that was a luxurious slither through steep Pennsylvania mountains, and one that was entirely stationary—have given us a look at how American passenger trains, which almost disappeared twenty years ago, may evolve over the next two decades. Unnoticed by the tens of thousands of shoppers and train riders who surge through Washington's gleamingly restored Union Station every

day, the Marco Polo, which was once Franklin D. Roosevelt's private railroad car and is now the property of the Norfolk Southern Railroad, sits unassertively in a dim half-light at one end of Track 7. Inside, however, it is astir and aglow: an executive chef bustles among simmering pots in the kitchen; stewards hover attentively, unobtrusively; there's an Oriental rug on the floor of the observation lounge and a crisp white tablecloth and fresh flowers on the dining-room table. It's never alluded to by anyone on board—a reticence that perhaps strengthens the illusion—but the general effect is that F.D.R. might rejoin the assembled company at any moment.

F.D.R.'s buoyant presence is particularly inspiring to some of the members of Amtrak's brain trust, who have their headquarters upstairs in Union Station and have often had much to fear besides fear itself. Back in 1971, when Amtrak (officially, it's the National Railroad Passenger Corporation) began operations, many people thought that it would be lucky to last a couple of years. As recently as ten years ago, Amtrak made only forty cents for every dollar it spent, but this year it expects to make at least eighty cents, and it has now set itself the aim of covering its operating costs completely by the end of the decade. These

days, even the Bush Administration, which at first talked, as the Reagan Administration had, about scuttling Amtrak, is showing respect and proposing funding (although not huge sums). Last month, when we accepted an invitation to join three Amtrak executives for lunch on the Marco Polo, we were impressed by the matter-of-factness with which they talked about setting, and achieving, big new goals. At first, as we all sipped iced tea and nibbled on hors d'oeuvres, talk centered on two names. One was that of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the author of the new Surface Transportation Act, which, if it becomes law, will for the first time provide states with what's already being called "flexibility money"; that is to say, it will allow them to divert federal money they get for highways into rail or light-rail or other mass-transit projects. Moynihan's watchword, ringing through the debate in Congress, has been "We have poured enough concrete!"

The second name, new to us, was that of Wayne E. Davis, a retired bank vice-president from Portland, Maine, who in the last two years has mounted a remarkable citizens' campaign to restore passenger trains to his state. Maine, whose highways are increasingly congested, is one of three states



in the lower forty-eight that Amtrak doesn't yet reach, and service to Maine from Boston was withdrawn way back in 1965, six years before Amtrak came on the scene. Davis started his campaign quietly: only twenty-one State of Mainers showed up at his first meeting, in 1989, to listen to him talk about how in a given time period two railroad tracks could carry as many people as a fifteen-lane highway. But a lot more have started listening since, and by early this year ninety thousand had signed a petition saying they wanted their trains back. Only a few weeks ago, the Maine legislature, which had just spent months in an agonizing budget battle, passed a bill authorizing the state to find at least forty million dollars for passenger trains. Now it seems possible that trains will be heading Down East again by 1993.

Over lunch, our Amtrak hosts—Elyse G. Wander, the vice-president for corporate planning and development; David J. Carol, a senior director for government affairs; and Sue S. Martin, a senior director for public affairs—began to look even further ahead. According to hasty notes we scribbled between courses, here are some just-beyond-the-horizon developments.

"Amtrak will become the airports' best friend," we wrote down—a summary of several things we learned. Today's Metroliners, which have a top speed of a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and scoot between midtown New York and downtown Washington in as little as two and a half hours, already dominate that travel market, carrying more passengers daily than either the Trump Shuttle or the Pan Am (soon to become the Delta) Shuttle. Amtrak, which plans to raise speeds between New York and Washington to a hundred and fifty miles an hour, shaving fifteen minutes off the present running time, is also in the process of electrifying its main-line tracks between New York and Boston. The old New Haven Railroad, which had big plans after the First World War, was never able to ex-

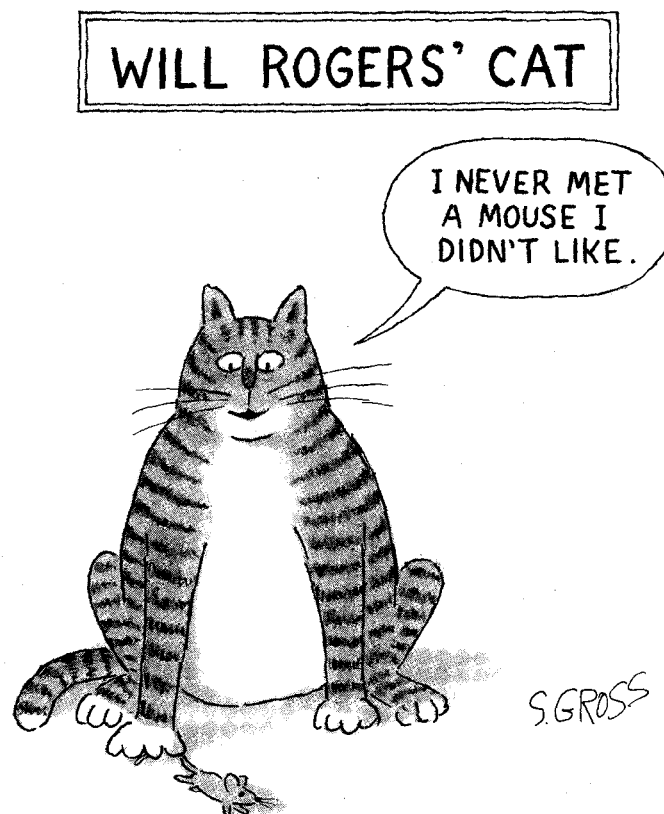
tend electrification any farther north than New Haven, so the best time possible between New York and Boston these days is three hours and fifty-five minutes, but by 1996 the extended electrification will help make a three-hour run possible. Thirty per cent of the passengers who enter Boston's Logan Airport are headed for New York, so a high-speed train between the two cities could make it possible for Boston *not* to build a second airport, and thereby save five billion dollars. And out west there's a rail corridor with the same potential: Portland, Oregon, to Seattle to Vancouver. At a state transportation hearing in Seattle this spring, officials from the Port of Seattle, which operates the Seattle-Tacoma Airport, now clogged with travellers for both Portland and Vancouver, surprised almost everyone in the room by pleading for more trains.

Another note merely says "The Amtrak Look"—a reference to plans intended to make the railroad a more substantial, more everyday, and more recognizable part of people's lives all around the country. One way of doing this will be by introducing a transcontinental train from Los Angeles to Miami, Florida, and such a train will be a first: because American railroads were built either east or west of the

Mississippi, we have never, even in the palmy days of crack expresses, offered ourselves any through trains. Amtrak also wants to see twice-a-day service on all its long-distance routes, so that, say, the only eastbound train out of Erie, Pennsylvania, doesn't leave at 3 A.M. And the railroad hopes at long last to design its own rolling stock, with crisp, angular lines and an unmistakable look, thus casting off its ragtag appearance. Right now, Amtrak is operating sleeping cars that were elderly when it inherited them, in 1971, from a variety of defunct passenger lines, and even the rounded, cigarette design of the Metroliners was introduced, back in 1969, by the Penn Central Railroad.

"New-found champions" is what our last note says, and the only way to explain that one is to mention our day-long tour on what we've already started to think of as the Retroliner. Our second train ride, from New York to Pittsburgh, was a preview run of Amtrak's latest innovation, the Keystone Classic Club. It's a smoothly gliding observation car in which overstuffed armchairs are scattered about and which is allowed to carry only twelve people (ten passengers and two attendants) at any one time, along with a superabundance of food and drink, served practically non-stop. The

route, which climbs around the Horseshoe Curve—an eighteen-fifties engineering marvel that catapults trains up over the Allegheny Mountains—and which descends along the gorge that in 1889 carried the raging waters of the Johnstown Flood, is now part of an experiment backed by the National Park Service to enhance awareness of America's industrial heritage. And the idea of the Keystone Classic Club was suggested to Amtrak by one of its directors, Paul M. Weyrich, who is both a dedicated enthusiast of passenger trains and the founder of the staunchly conservative Heritage Foundation. (Weyrich tells interviewers he suspects that President Reagan put him on the Amtrak board on the as-



sumption that he detested trains.) A close associate of his, William S. Lind, who is the director of the Free Congress Foundation's Center for Cultural Conservatism, and is also the associate publisher of the *New Electric Railway Journal*, was one of the passengers on the Keystone Club Car the day of our journey, and he told us that now is the time for Amtrak to start wooing affluent travellers who are under the delusion that a train is only a Greyhound bus on rails.

"I see a strong urge toward retro-culture," Lind said as the train circled Horseshoe Curve. "That doesn't mean wanting to repeat the past; it means retracing our footsteps to the point where we took a wrong turn and lost our way. Americans need to know where our strength comes from." With a whoosh, the Keystone Club Car swept into the Gallitzin Tunnel, at the crest of the Alleghenies. Two armies—the Confederates and the Nazis—have tried and failed to blow up this tunnel, and it has now been in service for more than a hundred and thirty years.

Bob

A WOMAN vacationing in Wellfleet writes:

On the morning of August 19th, I was alone in my radioless, TV-free rented house, way down a sand road in a pine forest. Phone rang. I said hello, and a man's voice said, "I hope you're stocked up on foie gras." It was a friend at whose house I was scheduled to enjoy a potluck supper the following night; I thought he was referring to the contribution I should make to the potluck, but he was referring to provisioning for the coming hurricane. That's how I found out about Hurricane Bob.

I was galvanized. Outside, the tops of the trees had started snapping around 1. I ran out into the suddenly darkening day, my hair flying, and snatched towels off the line, dragged in the garbage cans, and hurled lounge chairs into the cellar hatch. It felt like "The Wizard of Oz," of course. As I threw things down the cellar steps, I felt as though I should jump in after them and pull the hatch closed.

Instead, I drove up to White Crest, a surfers' beach, to watch Hurricane Bob start. Up there, three or four people were standing on a high dune



in dark-gray light and a steady, not unwarm, remarkably stiff wind. Gulls were trying to fly into this unremitting wind and were just hanging in the sky above us, as if standing still.

Then I drove into town, where a few people were doing the classic things: boarding up windows, mobbing the supermarket. Still, it was quiet. The absence of the usual crowds gave me a feeling like the one you get in New York when you see a good parking space and you have the strong impulse to pull into it even though it's not convenient to your destination. I had an urge to do some recreational shopping—to pick up a few panama hats, or hand-painted decoys, or fancy rag throw rugs, or titanium earrings. But now more stores were being boarded up, and all were closing.

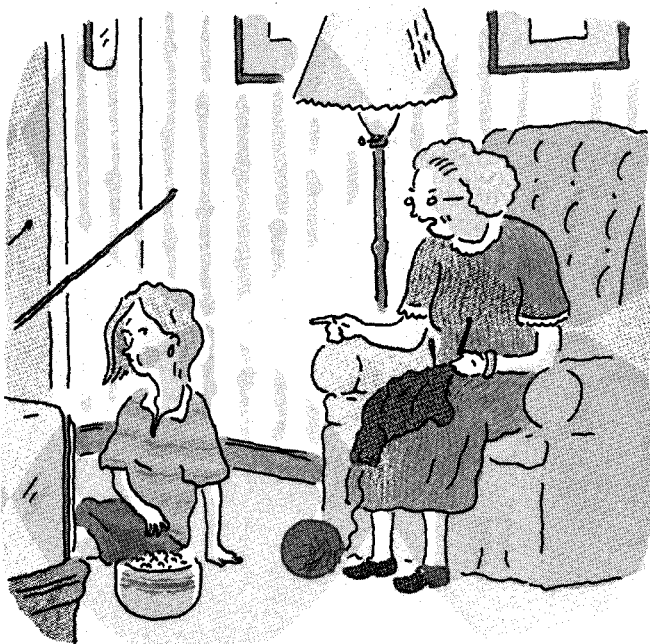
There followed several hours of tedium back at the house, during which the light grew slightly too dim for reading. Then the power went out, and big pines and oaks cracked and fell over and brought down the phone lines. Finally, the wind abated, and I stepped outside. All around were leaves and branches—it looked as if loads of broken trees had been dropped from the sky. The phone lines had fallen onto my car, and I was afraid to go near it, in case electricity was involved. I couldn't have driven anyway, because trees were blocking the road. So I hiked out to the paved road and asked to use the telephone of some young men. They apologized for the condition of their house, which was stan-

dard-issue student minimalism and squalor, and after I called someone with a chain saw, they said that the door was always open and I could use the phone any time, but that right now they needed to go surfing. Hearing that, I decided that I needed to get more in the spirit of Hurricane Bob, so I hitched a ride with them to Newcomb Hollow beach.

At Newcomb Hollow, things were deeply festive. A lot of convivial adults, manifestly glad to be alive, were standing on the dune in rain gear or sweatshirts, and down on the beach a lot of children were darting to the edge of the plunging yellowish water. This was all happening in a strange new light: pink and yellow. The ocean was rolling in in smooth diagonal waves—the longest unbroken waves I've ever seen in the Atlantic—and two surfers were taking long, intense, almost lazy-looking rides. The moment was as bright and as moving as any you could hope to get from a hurricane. Each time a ride ended, we all applauded, both for the surfer and for the wave.

By the time I got back to the house, black billowing clouds were moving fast overhead, leaving steadily widening spaces of dark blue. A trace of pink showed in the sky, and then night suddenly fell, and a few stars popped out in the spaces between the clouds. A white moon appeared, and, standing there in its intermittent gleam, I heard the beautiful sound of a chain saw drawing ever nearer.

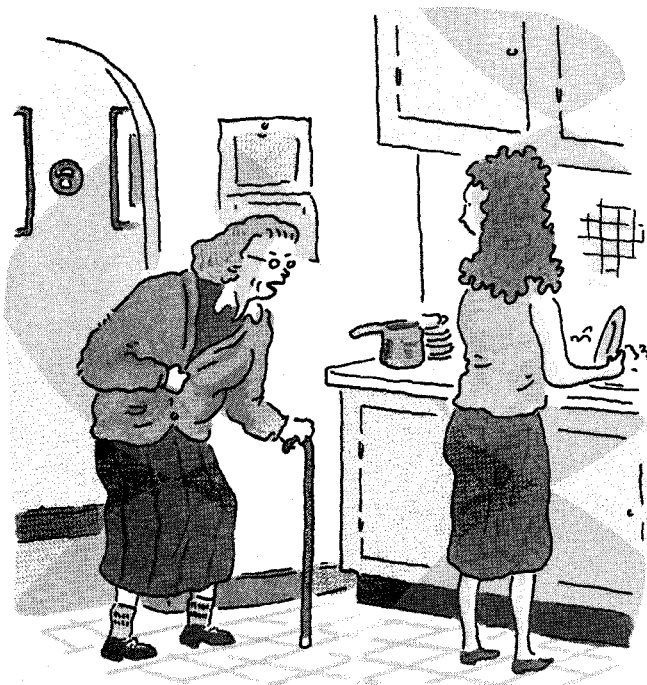
The Gramma Awards



Nana Novosel
Best Remake of an Old Standard:
"When I Was Your Age ..."



Mrs. Emily Branca
Album of the Year:
"Sit with Me a Spell."



Emma Lou Dill
Best Novelty Single:
"Every Daggone Bone in My Body
Hurts" b/w "Are We Living
in a Refrigerator?"



The Summer Ridge,
Virginia, Quilting Bee
Lifetime Achievement Award

Shanahan

FORK

THE night I came back from Hartford, in October, I dreamed of the tire iron. We came back in the middle of the night; the hearse with my mother in it went to the funeral home. As I slept I was back in April.

This is what had happened: I was out on the porch, outside the room where my mother lay sick, reading my new book on birds. I was reading about the wood ibis, which is the only native American stork and is common in Southern swamps, marshes, and ponds. I was reading about the great blue heron. I was going slow. I was having trouble with some of the words, which came from doing badly in school.

Then my uncle Matt came out, and I knew I was in trouble. He sat on the porch and said, "I watched a good TV show last night."

I was waiting for him to go on, like waiting for a big cat to jump, while he took his pipe out of his shirt pocket. Mom was asleep. I think she slept all through April. Then he said, like he was really curious, "Why'd you do that?" And I knew what he meant—he meant the can of garbage I'd thrown at his son, Oakie.

I wasn't going to wait, no sir, and I was off, running past the dead tomato plants onto Green Street, with the warm spring air all around me. Matt was running after me, but he was never a good runner. At the family softball games he would hit well, but he'd never get to first base in time. He had very short legs. It was a bit like watching one of those short-legged dogs run.

I ran through the Wardens' back yard and along the creek that runs there up to Route 47. I climbed up onto Route 47 and ran as far as Hodgson's. Matt wasn't behind me.

I went in there. Billy, who runs the place, was saying to a customer, "I'm afraid we're all out of blueberry muffins."

I said to Billy, "I've seen those muffins."

Billy said, like he would to a dog, "I know what's in this store. We're all out."

So I pointed to the place on the shelf where the blueberry muffins had been hidden by some Wonder bread.

The customer bought them all—three packages of blueberry muffins. "I love that Berkshires Golden brand," she said. "My store up in Colrain is all out."

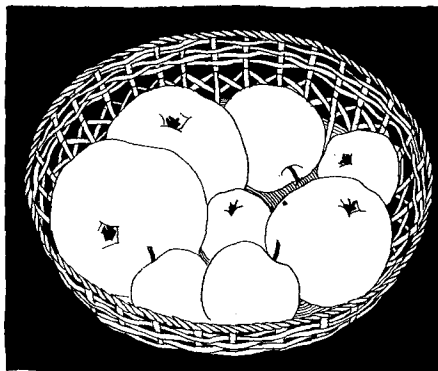
Billy gave me a piece of European chocolate in thanks.

I didn't say anything to him. It cost thirty-five cents, so I knew he was still making a big profit on the muffins. They were old and stale, and nobody except the woman would have bought them.

Then Matt burst in. Without saying a word to Billy, my uncle dragged me out and piled me into his pickup truck.

In the truck as we sped home I was thinking, Boy, that was dumb—to have gone to Hodgson's. That was the first place Matt would look.

In the pickup, Matt talked about how I was going to move that very afternoon from my old room next to Mom's to the room on the second floor next to his, meaning his and Nancy's. Then he went on to say that it wasn't just a question of having more control over me but that I would have a lot more room upstairs, and that was very important. He, Matt, had been a bad student in school until he was eleven like me, until his older brother had hit his head on a tree during football practice and died. Then Matt had got the older brother's big room, and that was a real turnaround in his studies. Environment, Matt said, was very important in everybody's life. The one-celled animals were all jellylike, because that was best for them, given the fact that they were in an ocean, and people weren't supposed to be in little rooms—they were supposed to live in big caves and had, until recently. Matt was really getting into his speech now, and the truck waved a little bit over the double yellow line as we sped home.



He said the Chinese had an old saying, As the twig is bent, so grows the tree, or maybe it was a German saying. And there was also a German saying about how an uncle had to be a second father, and he certainly felt that he had to be that to me now, with Mom sick, but he said he hadn't really fulfilled his duties yet. Mostly this was because of those problems with one of the tractors, he said, or rather with the man who was running the tractor at Matt's farm on the other side of town.

At this point Matt trailed off. I looked at him, alarmed. I had still hoped I might get off with just a lot of yelling from him. Now I realized that was foolish.

We were at home. He just sat in the truck with his eyes on the corner of the garage. He said, "As the twig is bent, so grows the tree." Then he dragged me out. He yanked me through the kitchen, and we were going toward the basement door.

My Aunt Nancy came in from the living room. She took one look at us and said, "Don't, Matt. Don't."

And then we were clattering down to the basement. The stairs were lined with hammers, saws, dustpans. They all swung crazily in the light of the one bulb at the top of the stairwell.

At the bottom, in a corner where there were some clothes boxes and stuff, he turned on the light and picked up a tire iron. "Where do you want it?" he asked.

I started to run upstairs. He pulled me down again. I started crying.

He said, "Put that down jacket on and that sweater."

I put on the down jacket and the sweater. I kept crying.

He swung. The tire iron hit me just below the rib cage. I had that down jacket on, and the sweater. But it still made a thud that I will never forget. I couldn't breathe. He dropped the tire iron, turned out the light, and said, "You won't throw garbage at my son anymore." Then he climbed out of the basement.

I dreamed about this in October, but it had happened in the spring.

IT was almost noon and I was dressed. My drawing pad bounced in my hand. I ran. At first it hurt some, to be out past the porch, past the dead garden with the rows of dead tomato plants. I thought about things; I thought

about my mother. But, boy, it was great to be out. Everything—I could have kissed it. The trees. Andrew Joseph's house with the big American flag he always kept flying above his porch. Birds. Birds! Birds of every feather, or almost every feather, showed up here. You went to the library and read: "Jacob's Meadow, outside Jackson, Massachusetts, is on the Western New England Flyway"—or something like that. All right, and here I was in the middle of it.

Someday people would say about me, "He was in the middle of the Western New England Flyway, and that helped his genius along." I got my materials out:

one eight-and-a-half-by-eleven inch pad
 one five-by-eight-inch pad
 black Magic Marker
 brown Magic Marker
 green Magic Marker
 blue Magic Marker
 Crayola Crayon Classic 64 Box.

"All he needed to be great was four Magic Markers and the crayons, all of which he carried in his pocket three-quarters of the time."

Slowly, slowly I saw all of where I was. My field. Mine. Empty, as usual, and the chimney in the middle. Even before you got to the meadow, you would see the black chimney shooting out of the ground. Big old pipe of an abandoned factory next to the old black rusted machinery. All right. The river, birds, grass, stream! Mom used to come here. This was our meadow.

First I drew this bird. This incredible crow that flapped down real close, and I was fast, fast as always, and the bird was so close that I got the eyes right, which is something I almost never did. I was real still until I got it. *Bam, bam, bam*—drew it perfect!

Then I thought of what would happen tomorrow—that they would bury my mother—and I thought of the months in the Hartford hospital, when she had wanted me near her. I thought of how before that it was like she didn't even hear me when I told her about the tire iron. I had told her about it right here, in the meadow. She was sick then. Matt said I'd fallen off a bicycle, and she wanted to believe her brother. And she was sick when she told me that she wanted me to grow up, like before, in her brother's

CORNERED ON THE CORNER

An oil rose: gold and pink petals flare on the asphalt.
 Oil spurts from a sizzling wok. A hot light spits
 On the sidewalk. A pigeon struts out of the way
 Of a starling. It pecks at a shining black bag.

A blond woman in green jeans, swinging
 A green purse, cruises past the gang on the corner.
 They are watching the girls and the days go by. "Fresh meat,"
 Bud says, spitting at the front page of the *News*.

Charley whittles a stick with a machete and grunts,
 "Jailbait." Raymond combs his flattop and laughs
 At his cool image in a plate-glass window.
 Sal puts out his hand for an imaginary feel of butt.

A *Watchtower* lady hands out prophetic books.
 "The end is near," she says, but the boys can't read.

The sun has dried the oil rose in the street.
 A Cadillac whistles as its master nears.

—STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

house, in Matt's house. She was sick then.

MY pop came back to Jackson for Mom's funeral. I found out when I went back to the house. That voice. Not Matt's—the other one. My pop.

I was in the hall to the kitchen. I opened the door slowly. They didn't notice. It was true! Oh, God! My heart racing, my head dizzy. The cat, Precious, curled up sleeping on top of the refrigerator. Matt. Nancy. Oakie. Pop.

The gray kitchen paint, the shelves with the plates, the tiny stuffed monkey sitting on the refrigerator, as usual. Now I moved little by little to the left so I could see them. Now I knew why they hadn't heard me: a kettle was whistling. I couldn't breathe. Pop's back to me. Nancy on the right, Oakie in the middle, Matt on the left. They could have seen me if they were looking for me, but they were eating and looking at Pop, except for Oakie, who was staring at his plate, wearing a pale shirt, as usual, so you could barely see him against the fridge. Maybe he was

waiting for more pancakes to show up on the plate by themselves.

I moved a tiny bit more to the left so I had a perfect view of Pop. His light-blue suit, his bald head, the tufts of hair. Pop leaning over so the maple syrup didn't drip on his lap. The few strands of graying hair falling down past his collar, the ends of his glasses, the long earlobes, the two folds of his neck, the way his shoulders drooped.

I was going to burst out of my body. I couldn't feel my feet. It couldn't be him. He'd promised never to come back. That was five years ago, when I was six.

"Hello, hello," everybody was saying suddenly, and there was a rush, Pop hugging me—"Paul, Paul, Paul"—and I smelled the sour sweat that I thought I would never smell again.

I WENT back to my room. No one bothered me for hours and hours. Then I became aware that someone was outside my door, and the sniffle that I heard then was Pop blowing his nose. His feet moved back and forth along the floorboards, and the floorboards creaked. Soon I heard a strange slapping sound. It was Pop punching the open palm of one of his hands with the other.

He knocked on my door. "Come in," I said.

Pop stuck his head in the door. "Can I?"



I looked out the window, at the darkening yard. I wished I could say no. But I couldn't, so I turned back and said yes.

He came in and stood sort of clumsy. I stared at him. He pointed to the door. "Open or closed?"

I shrugged and said it was the same to me, but if he wanted it closed he should figure on opening it again soon, because I wanted to go to sleep pretty shortly.

He looked like he'd expected me to be a little nicer to him. Suddenly I thought of Matt—Matt's face twisting up out of the basement blackness, back in the spring. I could barely see Pop. All I could see was my uncle's face.

Pop sat down, sort of straddling the chair, because it really wasn't big enough for his big seat. "You don't feel well?" he asked. "Got a stomach ache?"

"Yeah."

"Oh," he said. The shadows made on the wall by the leaves of the trees. The late-afternoon light making those shadows. At the end, in the hospital co-op care room I shared with Mom, I had to sleep with the light on.

Pop loosened his collar. He was wearing a flannel shirt, and where the collar touched his skin it had left big red marks of heat rash. The reason was that his neck was too thick, or maybe the collar was too small. He was eating too much. Now he smiled as if he were heading the Welcome Wagon and saying "Hi" to some new person in town.

He went to my desk and picked up my brown clay teapot. It was shiny. My teacher had put it into an oven to make it that way. Pop looked at me. "You made this? It's lovely."

I said nothing.

Pop looked at how I'd made the handle curve. How I'd made the spout. That was the hardest part, putting the spout in. Other people just made the spout any old way, but I wanted it just right, so that one side of it looked exactly like the other.

So Pop looked at the teapot, and I

sort of hunched my shoulders up, because I felt good about showing it. And he turned it over and over in his hands. He beamed. He was proud. "You make anything else like this?"

I didn't want to say.

"You make anything else?"

"Those." I pointed to a pile of bird drawings. He went through them.

"My, you do this well."

I shook my head.

Then he picked up the teapot again. And then the drawings. And the teapot again.

Then, suddenly, I was afraid he would break the teapot. I mean really afraid—I was sweating. If he broke it I would throw myself at him.

He kept on saying, "Nice work," but I turned away. It just didn't mean anything anymore. So I got up and reached out and grabbed the teapot from him and stuffed it into my desk. He stayed stiff, his hands still open, the way they were when they were touching the pot.

"What's the matter?"

I said nothing.



"We seem to be getting away from the separation of church and state."

"Didn't I hold it right? I didn't break anything."

I lay back on the bed.

"It's a nice piece. I'd be proud of that." His voice trailed off. He shifted. He scratched his back. He knew I was waiting for him to go.

I buried my head in the pillow. He would be gone soon. I said, "Take it." I meant the teapot. I hadn't even expected to say that.

"No, no, it's yours. . . ."

"Take it."

"O.K.," Pop said. "It's all right."

He took the teapot and went out, and I closed the door. After a while I realized he was still outside the door. Every now and then a floorboard would crack as he moved a bit.

Somehow I knew this was the last time. I knew he would go and eat his dinner. And Matt would tell some stupid story and expect Pop to laugh, and Pop would know he was supposed to, and he would look at Matt's face and its lines and sharp edges and think, Laugh, or he'll turn against you and throw you out before the funeral. But Pop wouldn't be able to

laugh, wouldn't get a sound out.

I tried to sleep. And a thing I didn't want to remember came back. When I got back from Hartford, I had gone into my old room, and as I started to undress I saw a shadow on the floor. It was Matt in the doorway. And before I said anything he gripped my arm, hard—harder than I remembered anyone holding me before—and I pulled up my pants with my other hand, and then walls were rushing by and I was upstairs in the room right next to his. "You'll have to move in here," he said. After he left, I could hear him walking around in his room. I could hear him cough and the creak of the floorboards. The walls were paper-thin. There was still dust on things. For example, somebody had swept the top of the dresser, but there was dust on the corners. A hook in the ceiling like a maid or somebody had once hanged themselves from it. The room had a picture of a white mountain on the wall. Precious was stretched out along the window. He stared at me from the far end of the room, as if he were saying, "I'm his and you're his." This is what I remembered as I lay in my new room.

Now everything got quiet. The leaf shadows moved, the last of the sun shone in. Maybe I would be a criminal. A real criminal. A hard skin would grow on me. I felt a kind of prickling on my arms, like my skin really was getting harder.

I slept.

THE next day was bright and sort of warm again, for October—the perfect day to bury Mom. Pop was in the kitchen. So was Matt. Nancy had fried up a pan of sausages. They were local—they were from the Stevens' farm, garlicky and giant as usual. I got four on

my plate. I pulled a chair up at the counter and ate pancakes and sausages. Pop grinned. His mouth was stuffed. In the bright light of the kitchen you could see the baby fat in his face and pudgy arms. "You guys, you guys," he said, slurping some coffee. Matt and Nancy went out to meet some more people. Pop's hands made motions in the air that didn't mean anything. Then I realized he was beckoning to me. I came near. He looked toward the door to be sure nobody was listening. Then he whispered to me, "Be patient."

"Patient? Patient about what?"

He rubbed his forehead. "I can't explain. . . ." Matt and Nancy came back in. I started to go out of the kitchen when I heard him ask something about a wagon. It turned out that there were too many people for the funeral-home cars. They hadn't figured that we would be having so many people, so Mom's procession was short on cars, unless we wanted to use some

of the beat-up things that people had brought. There was an old carriage in the barn which we had sometimes taken out for holidays. Pop was saying maybe we could use that. Eight black limos and the horse and wagon. He wanted to drive the wagon to the cemetery. He drove at country fairs near Chicago, he said.

Matt stopped smiling and banged a few pots around and said, "Absolutely not." He never liked anyone to suggest anything.

But Nancy went to the kitchen table and looked at her chart. It was supposed to show where all the cousins and in-laws and whosies were supposed to sit. She'd even drawn pictures of the various limos, although they looked more like blobs than anything else. She said, "Matt, we're pretty full. We could use that carriage."

I went into my room. I took a bag and filled it with crayons and a little white pad. After the burial I'd shoot off for the meadow. Nancy had laid out

my clothes for the funeral. There was a white shirt and some black pants and a black tie and a dark-blue jacket. I had no trouble with the pants or shoes or shirt. I first tried to tie the tie blind—no mirror. Then I tried a little mirror on the dresser. Then the big mirror on the door. Then I walked to the bathroom. Once I looped it, where did the narrow part go? I tried it to the right and to the left. Then I went back and sat on my bed. I started to try it again, then lowered my hands, rested them on my legs.

IN church, Pop kept humming. I nudged him and he stopped. The minister went on and quoted sections from the Bible which had as much to do with Mom as a toaster did. Pop started the humming again. This time, I jabbed him in the ribs hard. He stopped. Birds



"What do you say we call this the end of Date One, and just start Date Two?"

chirped outside the church. I thought there was a bird in the rafters, but there wasn't. Pop snorted. Mom took me here near the end, when the cancer was getting bad again, before she had to go to the hospital. Until then Mom believed people didn't go anywhere—they just disappeared.

In church, I was imagining her on some damn cloud. I could see clouds through the grimy windows—big puffballs. She was on that cloud and she was terrified, holding on to one of its terraces, like marble steps. She was afraid of falling off. She didn't know she was dead.

After the sermon, we went out to the cars. It was hot and bright. The lawn gleamed like neon. The sky was bright blue. Pop climbed into the open carriage. He'd put Mom's old brown-and-white throw on the seat. I froze when I saw that. Pop smiled at me and signed that I should just climb up next to him.

I asked Nancy if I could talk to her. She said yes. We moved away, and I said, "I'm scared of horses. Can't Herbert ride with Pop?" Herbert was a Hartford cousin of mine.

I could see my father straining his neck out over the horses, as if that would let him hear what we were talking about. He gripped the reins so tight that one of his hands was white from the pressure.

Nancy talked to Matt. Then she turned to me. "Sure. If you don't want to ride with your pop, Herbert will."

I didn't move. I felt Pop's eyes on me. I looked at the cracks in the sidewalk. Pop on the road to the cemetery. Herbert next to him. Then, a few yellow leaves fell from the big maple tree next to me. Pop kept gripping those reins tightly. His hand looked even whiter.

"Forget it," I said to Nancy.

"But you're afraid of horses."

"I'm O.K.," I said, and I moved away quickly so she wouldn't ask any more questions. Pop was staring away, muttering to himself without words. I jumped up onto the seat next to him. I just couldn't do this one last mean thing to him, refusing to ride with him. Anyway, I said to myself I'll soon be rid of him. He had promised to leave in the afternoon.

He looked at me. Then he grinned and rocked back and forth, nodded happily, gave the reins a toss, which



*"Wernock, here, sees your suit as half empty,
but I see it as half full."*

started the horses going, and then everyone yelled at him to stop, since none of the cars had begun. "Sorry! Sorry!" he yelled.

"Why don't they go?" he said.

"They will."

"They always got nice days like this in California," Pop said. "I was in California a couple of years ago."

Matt came up to Pop. "You want to lead?"

"Lead?" Pop looked blank.

Matt repeated it in this sort of sharp way—"Yeah, lead."

Pop said very quickly, "Oh, no—the carriage goes last."

Matt looked at him. "What do you mean, last?"

"Otherwise the horses get scared."

"What do you know about horses?"

"I know plenty."

"When's the last time you've been near horses?"

"Plenty of times," Pop said. "Don't worry about me. The carriage goes last."

Matt slapped his hand against his leg. "Whatever you say, right? I'm just supposed to agree. You shouldn't even be driving that."

Nancy went up to Matt. She whispered something in his ear; Matt looked at his watch.

"You know where I was last year at this time?" Pop said, turning to me. "Yosemite National Park."

The hard seat of the carriage. The minister's stupid words.

Nancy said to Matt, "Let him go last if he wants to."

Matt strode away from her and started pacing up and down. "I want him riding first. It looks better, and that's the way it's going to be."

Pop looked at Matt, then at the horses, and then shifted and murmured. He rocked some more, like he was a teapot boiling up steam. Matt was already walking toward the front. Oakie's pale moonface peered out at me from the back of that limo. Pop murmured some more and finally shouted in Matt's direction, "The carriage goes last!" He didn't shout loud, but his voice shook in this high, odd way. Matt stopped. He turned, surprised. His mouth opened. I had seen Matt look that way once before, when one of his farm workers, who had just been arrested, tried to swing a shovel at him. Of course, the state cops held the guy back. It was like Matt didn't even realize at first that it was Pop talking. Matt walked back toward Pop, who was rocking and muttering like a tea kettle that's just

been turned off. Matt started to talk. Then he looked back at Nancy, who was giving him a look of "Let him be." Matt felt his key case, which he did to keep his anger from getting out of hand. I could see his hand in the back pocket of his pants, moving like a snake. Pop just stared at him. Matt coughed, looked at Nancy, felt his key case some more.

"Sure, go last," Matt said, laughing as if it didn't matter at all. He looked back at a couple of cousins, the Weedens, and said, "Go last, right?" like this was a big joke. Humoring the drunkard.

"Why do you want to go last?" I asked.

"Horses scared less."

Pop snapped the reins to get going, and we started out. Soon we were passing the library. It was stone and ugly. Goodbye, the library said. I don't care how many books your mother took out.

THE Route 47 traffic light turned red when half the parade was on the far side. Matt, who was riding in the second car, got out and pointed to the cars, tapping his foot like it was our fault we hadn't got across the street. The light changed and we moved onto North Street, past the Jackson Country Inn, all boarded up after a fire, and the old Clairton Mill. Then we

crossed the Symons River South Fork and the road started climbing. Up the little ridge and then past the first big trees and then down into the valley. I usually cheered up when I got to the big trees. "Most of the time I stick close to Chicago," Pop was saying. I looked at the bulge of Pop's neck. That last car was pretty far ahead now. The line of them looked like eight big black bugs on a porch railing. Then the last car stopped, and so did the others. We neared it. Matt got out and leaned on the car. "Hi," he said to Pop.

"Hi," Pop said. He rubbed his forehead.

Matt put his hands on his hips, his legs slightly spread apart.

Pop just smiled. "Warm."

"You're a bit slow," Matt said.

"Slow?"

"We were *crawling*," Matt said. "But we nearly managed to lose you."

Pop shook his head. "I didn't realize that. I'm sorry. I guess this warm weather is making the horses sleepy."

"Horses," Matt hissed. "You keep pace," he added, "or you're not driving that thing." Matt walked back to his car and honked to get the cars going again, and they started moving.

Pop shook his head. "You hear that, you sleepy horses?" he said. But his voice shook like it had before, when Matt had almost kept him from driv-

ing the carriage last. He urged the horses on and mumbled to himself. He talked about California again. He'd walked up a mountain. Actually, it was more like a hill, really. Or a mound. Or an ant pile. We were lagging again.

"You better go faster," I said.

"These horses," Pop said.

"You're not urging them on."

Pop opened his hands in helplessness. "I'm doing what I can."

We were falling farther and farther behind. I said, "You better speed up. I'm the one who's going to be punished."

"I'm doing what I can," Pop said.

I slammed my fists on my legs in frustration. "I don't think you are."

Pop looked at me, and his hands clenched the reins tight, and he seemed to want to say something, but he didn't. Ahead, Matt stopped the bunch of cars again and walked toward us.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," Pop said.

"Well, there you are."

"There I am what?"

Matt walked toward the carriage screaming like he was going to tear it apart. "There you are wasting our time! Again! Wasting our time!"

Nancy got out of Matt's car.

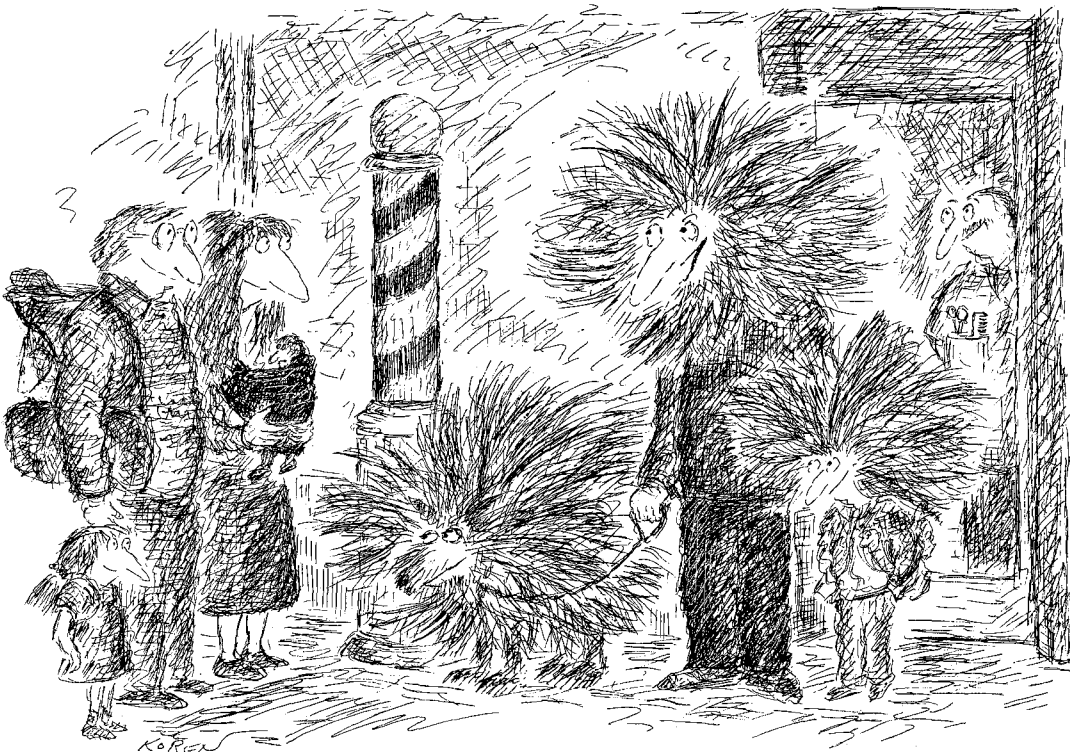
"Get down from that carriage," Matt said. "Herbert will drive it back. He wasn't that close to Marie anyway. He could skip the graveside thing."

"I was going faster," Pop said.

"Scum," Matt said. "Couldn't come to see his wife in five years. Drunken scum!"

Pop hung his head. "Get down off that carriage."

Pop shook, but he did not budge. Matt stood there, too. He stared at the black pavement under him. "I should never have let you inside the house," he said. "You pain in the ass, you're an embarrassment to this funeral. I shouldn't have gone two inches out of my way for you." He kicked a largish rock off the road.



"We have a very special relationship with our barber."

"Don't make a big battle, now," Nancy said.

Matt coughed. "'Don't make a big battle, now,'" he mimicked. Pop still sat next to me, head cast down, trembling. "Get down off the carriage," Matt said.

Pop did nothing. Nancy whispered to Matt. "No," Matt said.

She kept whispering. Matt sighed. Somebody farther up the line honked. Finally Matt turned around and started walking back. Pop just sat there, head lowered.

Then: "He's gone," I said.

"Back in the car?" he said softly, not looking up.

"He's going in it right now."

Pop still didn't look up. The cars drove on, and he unfurled himself and breathed out heavily and started up the horses again.

"Come on, sleepy horses," Pop said.

SOON we were lagging again. Matt's car and the others had moved out of sight. We were coming up to a fork in the road. Pop steered the horses to the right.

"The cemetery's to the left," I said.

"No, sir," Pop said.

"I know this road."

"I knew it before you were born."

"This is not the way!" I cried out.

He grumbled and said, "Remind me to tell you about Maine," and stopped the carriage. We were on a dirt road on a sloping hill, just after the fork. You could see across the wheat field toward the plain beyond and the road leading to it—the road we should have taken. I got out of the carriage. "I guess they took the wrong turn," Pop said.

I pointed. "See those trees? That's where the stream is, down there. And beyond the stream is a couple of miles of fields and then you're at the cemetery."

"No, sir."

"Pop, there's the steeple of the church next to the cemetery."

Pop rubbed his nose. "That's it?"

"Of course that's it."

"It could be another steeple."

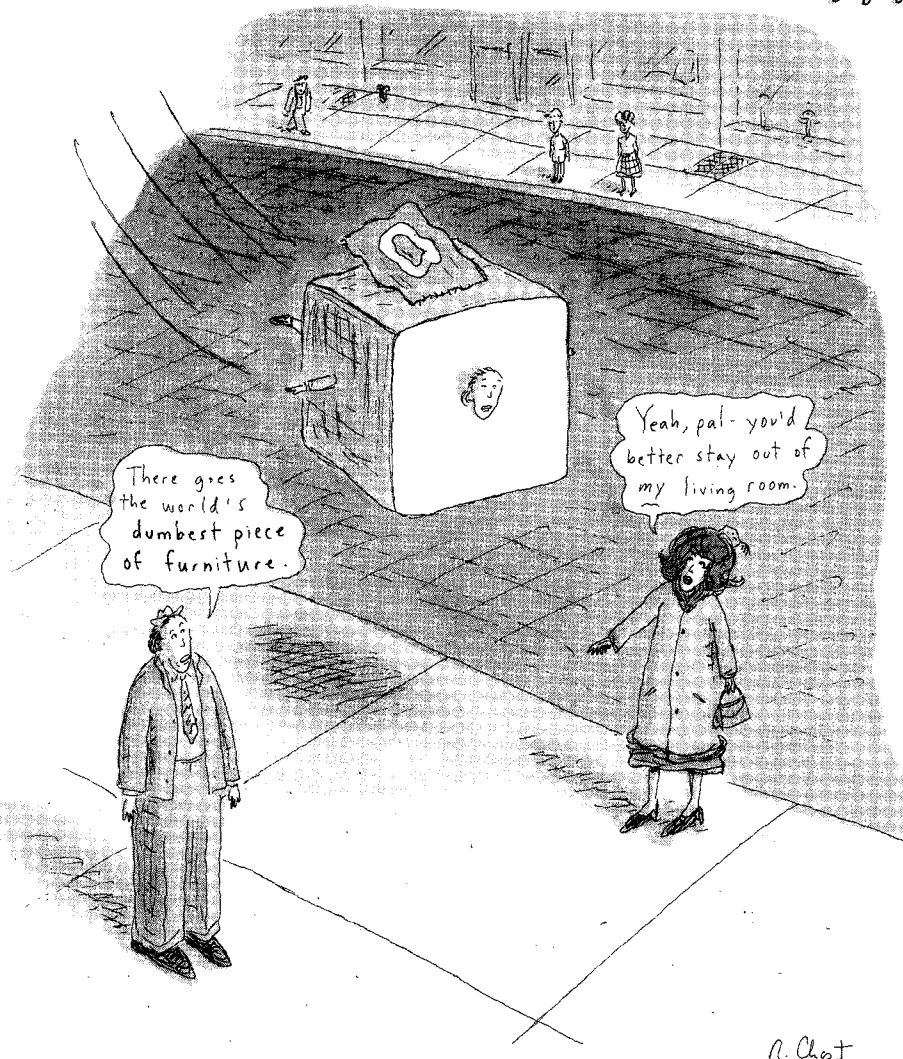
"It's not."

"One steeple looks like another."

"I know the steeple!"

Pop walked over to the horses and stroked them. "Be patient, sleepy horses," he said. He looked at me.

IT'S A FOOTSTOOL ! IT'S A HASSOCK !!
IT'S... OTTOMAN !!!



N. Chast

"Well, you may be right. Actually, I think this is a shortcut."

I drew circles in the dust with my foot.

"Why are you mad?"

I said, "This can't be a shortcut. I once walked around this area. This is Gulf Road, and it curves and passes a burned-out house and then hits Bridle Road and—"

Pop shook his head real slow and serious, like he was a grandfather clock or something. "This leads to a shortcut."

"What road?"

"Lemon Road."

"There isn't any Lemon Road around here."

He said, "All right, I made it up."

I snorted, but my hands were getting cold. Matt pulling me down to the

basement. Me not being able to see anything. "Why didn't you tell him to hurry up?" Matt clanking in the back of the basement. "Why didn't you tell him to hurry up?" And then—flash!—the shine of the fire iron in the electric bulb.

"Can you prove there isn't a shortcut?" Pop was saying.

My mouth was dry. "I sure can."

"Can you prove it?"

I opened my mouth and closed it. "You can't prove it because you're a silly boy and you imagine all sorts of things, like there aren't any shortcuts to the cemetery."

"You're going to be sorry about this," I said.

"Do you have any more to say about shortcuts?"

I shook my head. He slapped the

carriage, urged me to get in. I hung back.

"What's the matter?"

"Why don't you want to go to the cemetery?"

Pop rocked, muttered, and grumbled.

"You don't care about her."

He breathed fast; he talked to the horses. "I don't care about her, O.K.? I don't care about her. My own wife. I don't care about her." He started to claw his cheeks.

"Stop!"

"I dearly loved your mother, and I want to be at her grave to say goodbye!"

That sounded like claptrap to me, but I figured I had to get back in.

THE road started dipping. That wasn't good. We were going down the wrong side of the rise. The road hit a crossroads, and Pop didn't stop. He turned left. We were in some valley in the middle of low ridges. I strained in all directions, trying to see a gap in the hills where we could get back to the cemetery. Pop kept talking about Maine.

It sure was pretty here, real quiet except for the horses' clip-clopping. Every once in a while a bird called in this funny way, like when you hit some notes on an out-of-tune piano, a whole bunch of notes real quickly. I wished I knew the name of that bird.

I shook my head to clear it. I was just floating along with this. That had to stop. "Stop the carriage, Pop."

"The shortcut's just around the bend," he said, but he stopped. I got out and started walking. "Where are you going?" Pop asked, but I didn't listen to him. I kept walking, trying to see if there was some way toward the cemetery.

"Come back," Pop cried, but I didn't listen. He started the wagon again, and I could hear him following me. Damn! There was nothing here. There was vines and trees and a tiny pond, and the vines were thick and the carpet of dead leaves was thick, but there was no road, no cemetery, no shortcut, no nothing. We were on a lost road. He was humming again. "There certainly are a lot of logs around here," he said. When Pop reached me, he stopped the wagon and got out of it.

"How much have you drunk?" I asked.

"I haven't drunk."

"Yes, you have."

"No, I haven't."

WHEN THEY WORK LATE

our fellows make up a black-inked hierarchy of beasts. They run for longer paper, for rulers. They widen the table.

Whether they live under broad green leaves
or under the elms.

Whether they feed in or play in water,
if the water is cold or is warm.

Whether they shed their skin or feathers or fur in the heat
or during a cold night's sleep.

Whether they sleep in the earth—
if so, what color.

How they engender their young, what motion,
and how they feed them.

Right triangles of animal noise, wet from their nighttime pens,
are drying.

Approval, breathed in a wet fog, comes back smelling of
lion, lamb, lark, lizard.

Thin, dark windows contain this interior garden, its paper
animals, what they see:

apple-dark silhouettes carry their explorations through populous
blue to thin cobalt.

If they are sprung from stone at daylight, at noon, or ever. All
God's creatures shake hands. A touch added just before dawn.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

"Liar, liar, when did you do it?"
"I am not drunk," Pop said in his shaking voice, and I had to believe him.

"Turn the cart around."

"No room."

"Then we'll go to the next turn-around and go back. We can still get to the burial on time."

"No turnarounds," Pop said. "Straight road—I know this road." I stared at the horses, and he knew what I was thinking. "Can't make the horses go in reverse."

I came up real close to him. He bit



a fingernail. I said, real soft, "What are you doing?"

He spread his arms. "Got lost," he said.

I started walking back toward the fork.

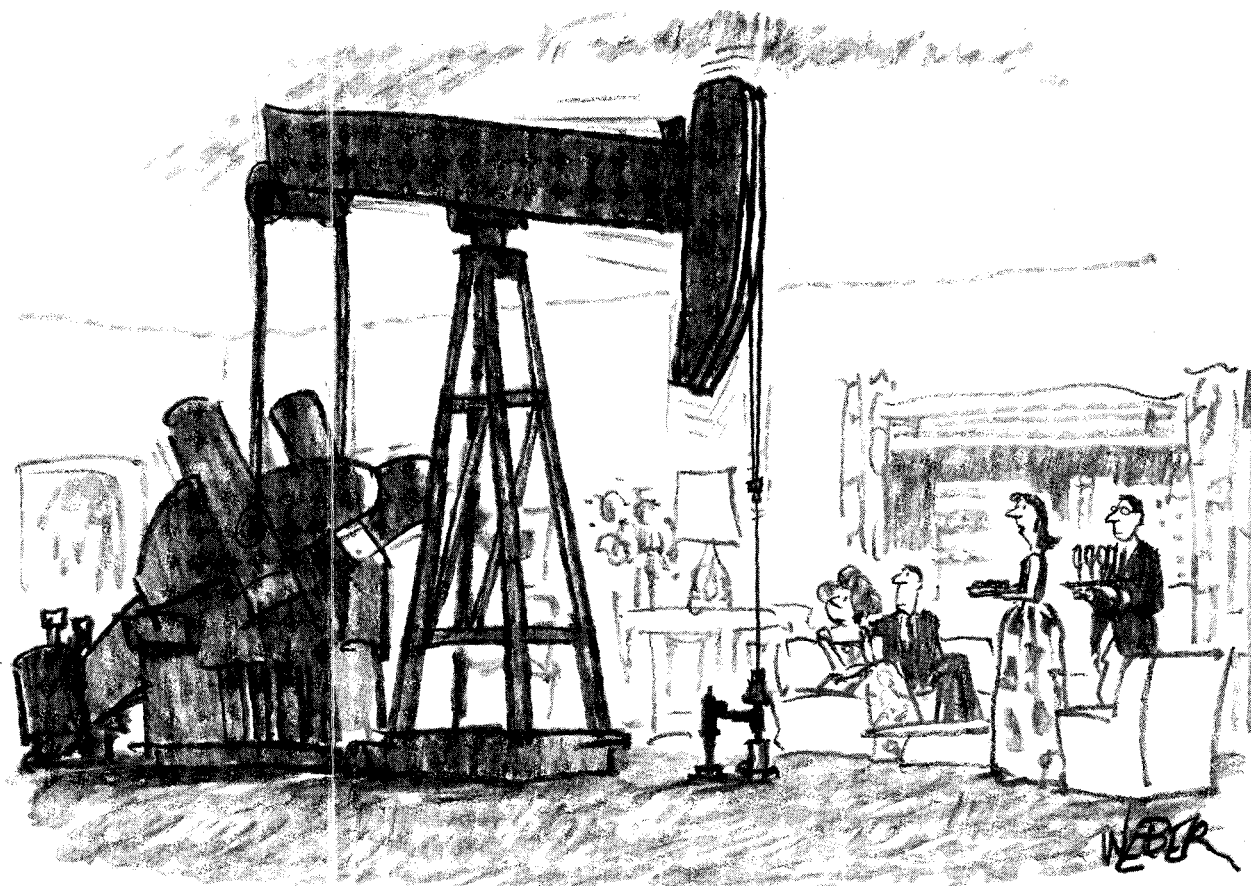
"You come back."

I kept walking. I could hear Pop cursing. "You hear me—Paul!" he shouted. The horses started moving by themselves. I heard them as I walked. I turned. He was running back to them. He stopped them. They had only moved a little way. I stopped. "Be quiet, be quiet." He was patting the horses. Then, for a moment, he put his hands up and hid his head in them, exhausted. I went back.

"You took this away from me," I said. "You took my mother away from me. I was going to her burial. I wanted to be there and say goodbye to her and—"

"O.K."

"No. No. It's not O.K. You should



"We got a great buy on the apartment, but, unfortunately, it didn't include the mineral rights."

never have agreed to drive this! You don't care about me."

"I do."

"I know where we are. I've just figured it out. This is the old road to Megarie. Is it or isn't it? This is no shortcut."

"Paul," Pop said. Each thing I was saying was slapping him in the face—that's how he looked. He shook his head; he shifted from side to side. "Paul."

"Take me back there." Sweat on his nose. His stink. "Get out of here. Go away."

Pop turned, walked a few feet, turned back to me. "Do you *really* want to say goodbye to her in that way?"

I was getting back into the wagon. I stopped. "What do you mean?"

"Your mom? In front of all those people?" He came toward me. "In front of Matt and Nancy? Those people who don't care? They never cared for her or for you."

I started getting back into the wagon again. "I wanted to say goodbye at the cemetery."

"And what does *she* care? She's dead."

"I wanted to say goodbye, and you kept me from it."

"I thought—" He reached out his arm to me.

I pushed it away.

"Let me finish!" he said. Even the birds were silent after that. I started to climb into the wagon once more. "I thought we could have a little fun in Megarie."

I got out of the wagon, stumbled, backed off a few feet. I could barely breathe. "What?"

"I thought we could have a little fun in Megarie," he said, like it was the most normal thing possible. His lower lip trembled. He looked like he thought I was going to explode.

I would launch in. Now was my time—everything tightened in me—I wanted to tell him, finally tell him what I thought of him. I would have him kneeling in the mud, begging me to stop. But all I said was "How . . . would it work?"

Pop shrugged like he was telling me how to fix a nail. "We just go down there and do some things, and then I get on the bus to Chicago, and you go home."

I thought of Megarie, which was an ivory town, all gray and white from the hill when you went down Route 16 into it. And there were things you could do there. I walked a few steps away and looked around. Here, in the forest, I saw a bird's nest on a dead tree, and a tree stump covered with big mushrooms that looked petrified. There was a tree growing out of a rock. I felt dizzy. Pop climbed into the wagon. I looked at the eyes of the horses. I thought about what a short time horses live.

"Say goodbye to her," Pop said. "We don't have much time."

I walked farther back down the road in the direction of the fork. He sat on the wagon, a shadow.

"You have to say goodbye to her," he said.

I walked a few feet farther and then I stopped. This is what I thought about: this day when I was sent out by Mom to get some air. It was late August, when she was real sick. "Please go. Nothing will happen. I'll be all right." I went to this park a few blocks from the hospital. I sat on a bench. *My*



DAVID AND GOLIATH AND DAVID'S PERSONAL TRAINER, ROLF

day off. Kids played hopscotch. The chalk was pink. A lady sold pretzels way down the path. Across the path was a long slope, and at the end of the slope a line of pine trees, and behind the trees a white lake. Swans swam in it. They looked like they were swimming in the sky. There was a path. I went around the lake. I sat in the rose garden. I bought a pretzel. Planes flew overhead. Kids ran by, real fast. Pigeons flew by, too. Then I saw something really great. Two black kids were doing some street dances. Sometimes they looked like they were some type of animal; they were twisting themselves in all directions. They somersaulted, slinked around, rolled over each other. I stood and watched until my feet got sore. I went to another lake where people sailed little toy boats. Hartford had never looked this good. Everywhere, the best show you could imagine. Swans, dancers, skyscrapers, flowers, pigeons, toy boats. Some of this would touch me. Surely. Then I had to go to the bathroom where it said "Public Rest Rooms." There was a man inside, and he was rubbing black stubble on his chin, like Matt sometimes had, and he was fat.

He had his shirt off; he was wearing an undershirt. He was just standing there as if he were waiting for me or someone like me to walk in. Mom was fading, and I knew where I would end up.

Pop was waiting on the wagon with the horses. I looked up at him. "Come on," he said. I looked at the ground. "You've said goodbye to her." I shook my head. "Then say goodbye now," Pop said. "Think of the hard things. The worst things. Think of them. You don't have to tell me. Then say, 'It's over.'"

I looked at the ruts in the road. She had pulled me to her, and it was like she was drowning and she held me and I could smell the sweet sick smell she had got. "Matt's going to take care of you, O.K.?"

Then other things rushed in. I didn't want to think about them. They came. Explosions. Tubes and shining things. "Hemmage, hemmage," I heard. Hemorrhage? And she was looking at me but not seeing me. And a piece of a building across the street where there were bird droppings. And pigeons used to land across from the room.

I looked at the ruts in the road

again. I looked at Pop again in his hat. Then I said to myself, "O.K." Meaning I would say goodbye. And everything was very quiet. Even the horses didn't breathe. And then I said goodbye.

I GOT back into the carriage. Pop clapped me on the shoulder. "Thattaboy." He put his arm around me, and for a moment it felt like an angel's wing. But then we started up, and everything was harsh-sounding—the clanking of the wagon and the breath of the horses—and things creaked. It was all a mistake. There was nothing to do in Megarie—we'd end up hating each other. Matt would come after me. There could be no good ending to this. Pop would never take me to Chicago with him. The bus with its headlights going into the darkness. I could never go with him. But I couldn't let him go, either. I would run after the bus. Run like a fool until the cops picked me up.

Get out of the wagon now, while there's still time.

But I didn't. There were these trees and there was this sky. The birds called, and the horses went slowly, and then we were out of the woods, in a clearing. Wind went through the grasses, and you could look through the woods and see other clearings where the sun poured through. I lay back and looked up through the trees and the brown leaves and the golden sunlight. And Pop—the sun did all sorts of things to him. It made his white, unshaven cheeks glow, and made a shadow on part of his hat, and the other part had some kind of pin on it which shone. He didn't look sick or drunk or a fool anymore.

"What's in that bag?" he asked.

"Crayons," I said. I wondered if I had my white one, and the fancy beige, to get Megarie down right. Then I looked through the woods and saw a pond. Only it wasn't a pond—it was a lake. And it was not just a lake. It was the lake I was always going to see Pop and me going by. Maybe I'd draw that lake. Maybe I'd draw Pop. The horses clip-clopped. Metal things on the wagon glittered. I lay back again and watched the trees all the way up.

—PETER SAENGER

ANNALS OF SPACE

WE DON'T HAVE TO PROVE OURSELVES

THE National Aeronautics and Space Administration has been in trouble lately—at least since the spring of 1990, when the space shuttle, which is NASA's principal launch vehicle, began suffering from hydrogen leaks. The fleet was grounded, for this and other problems, from the end of April until the beginning of October. In June, a flaw was discovered in the primary mirror of the Hubble Space Telescope, a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar instrument, which had been launched from the shuttle in mid-April. The hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar Astro Observatory, which finally got off the ground in early December after four postponements, failed to operate properly during its nine-day mission, and the cost of a proposed series of weather satellites has doubled, to a billion dollars, while the program has fallen more than three years behind schedule.

In August of last year, the White House appointed an Advisory Committee on the Future of the United States Space Program, chaired by Norman R. Augustine, the chairman of the Martin Marietta Corporation, to examine the technical and managerial problems that were surfacing at NASA and make recommendations for correcting them. In the meantime, Congress, because of its doubts about the space agency's performance, was refusing to authorize funding for the Bush Administration's plans for a moon base and the manned exploration of Mars. NASA's biggest headache, however, was its proposed thirty-seven-billion-dollar space station, which in the opinion of many experts was unnecessarily complicated and had no clear purpose. By the time the Augustine committee convened, the station had undergone six major redesigns, at a cost of three billion nine hundred million dollars, with nothing to show for the money but a few pieces of test hardware and some drawings. Three billion nine hundred million dollars

is more than the total development cost of any of NASA's other programs except such major manned programs as Apollo, Skylab, and the shuttle; the highly successful Viking landings on Mars cost, in current dollars, just under three billion, and the brilliant Voyager flybys of the outer planets a mere seven hundred and nine million.

Their enormous cost aside, the plans for the space station left much to be desired. In its efforts to be all things to all people—an astronomical observatory, an earth observatory, a garage and an assembly point for lunar and interplanetary spacecraft, a biology laboratory, a materials-processing laboratory, a laboratory for studying the effects of weightlessness on human beings—the station had become a monster of complexity. According to some NASA estimates, astronauts would have to perform thirty-seven hundred hours of extravehicular activity annually in routine maintenance—far more time than that spent on all the space walks by Soviet cosmonauts and American astronauts to date. It would take as many as thirty-four shuttle launches to get the station's four-hundred-and-ninety-three-foot trusswork superstructure, its four modules (a laboratory, a habitat module, and modules belong-

ing to the European Space Agency and to the Japanese), and its huge arrays of solar panels into orbit. In October, Congress ordered a seventh redesign of the station, to reduce its size and cost and to redefine its purposes; six hundred and forty million dollars was budgeted for the new plans, which were made public last March.

The Augustine committee issued its report in mid-December. It endorsed the attempt to narrow the station's objectives, recommending that they be confined to the study of materials-processing in space and—with an eye to future missions to Mars—of human adaptability to extended spaceflight. It also urged NASA to develop a new, unmanned heavy-lift launch vehicle, and to give a higher priority to scientific missions. Perhaps its most striking conclusion, however, was that NASA was suffering from institutional aging. "Among the concerns that have been most often heard," the committee wrote, "has been the suggestion that the civil space program has gradually become afflicted with some of the same ailments that are found in many other large, mature institutions, particularly those institutions which have no direct and immediate competition to stimulate change." Among the symptoms





"Gentlemen, I am happy to announce that as of today we are closing down our Washington news bureau and moving the entire operation to L.A."

the report cited were a tendency to tailor projects to perpetuate the work force, a tendency to maximize the number of space centers and outside contractors involved in a project, a work force made up principally of people under thirty-five or over fifty (most employees in between—people at the height of their effectiveness—had begun an exodus from the agency in the early nineteen-eighties), and an attitude of caution that precluded the taking of any risks.

"There seems to be the danger that the spark of adventure is flickering," the report declared, and it added that, as far as the nation's future in space was concerned, "if people stop taking chances, nothing great will be accomplished."

THOSE engineers who left NASA after working for it in its heyday are worried about the space agency's present condition. Many of them have formed their own small aerospace companies, or joined their friends in such endeavors, and a number of the companies are on the outskirts of Houston, within a mile or two of the Johnson Space Center, where these engineers spent most of their working lives. Two of the more prominent NASA veterans are Maxime A. Faget, the chairman

of the board of Space Industries International, and Caldwell C. Johnson, his longtime associate and the firm's chief designer. Over the last three years, I spent some time at Space Industries, to get an idea of the qualities that made NASA great and that it has largely lost.

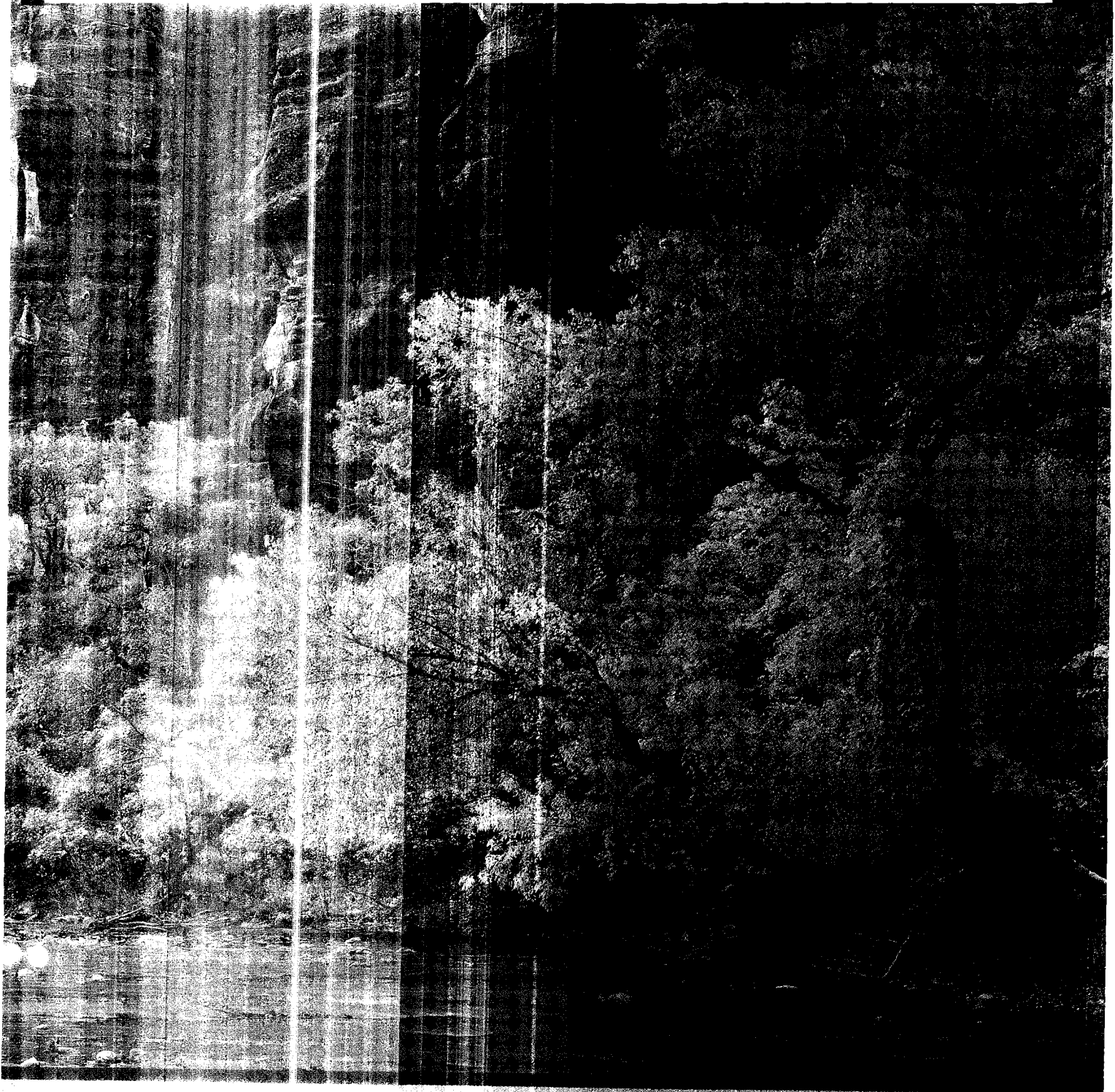
Faget is seventy, and Johnson is seventy-one; they first worked together back in the late nineteen-forties, at the Langley Aeronautical Laboratory, in Hampton, Virginia. Langley was at that time part of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, or NACA—a civilian agency for aeronautical research and development which was founded in 1915. In October, 1958, NACA became NASA. Four years later, Faget, Johnson, and most of their Langley colleagues moved to NASA's new space center, at Houston, which was then called the Manned Spacecraft Center and is today the Johnson Space Center. Faget and Johnson were among the initial members of the Space Task Group, which was formed at Langley in November of 1958 by Robert R. Gilruth, an aeronautical and aerospace pioneer who is generally considered the father of America's manned-spaceflight program. After founding the Space Task Group, Gilruth went on to serve as the director of the space center at Houston, and

the group quickly became its core. Faget was the director of engineering and development at the center from 1962 until his retirement, in 1981. While Wernher von Braun was developing powerful launch vehicles at the Marshall Space Flight Center, in Huntsville, Alabama, Faget created the incredibly delicate and versatile craft that would ride on top of them; his credits include the Mercury capsule, the Apollo command and service modules, and the shuttle orbiter (the part that works, most of the time). He is also, in a sense, the grandfather of the Gemini capsule, which was designed by others from his basic plan for Mercury while he was working on Apollo.

"Max's designs put boundaries around everything that happened later," Glynn Lunney, who joined the Space Task Group at Langley, as its youngest member, and went on to head the flight controllers' division at the Houston space center (he is now an executive at Rockwell International), told me. "In Mercury, Apollo, and the shuttle, the rest of us were all very dependent on the central concept, which rolled out of his head. With the experience of three decades, it is now apparent to me that at the very beginning he considered all the options and all the requirements and came up with the right configuration every time. The fundamental framework for those programs was envisioned clearly and early by Max, and maintained by him, so other engineers had an easier time fitting in their pieces. The value of his contribution was incalculable."

Faget's right-hand man throughout these years was Caldwell Johnson. Faget is known as a back-of-the-envelope man—he sketches his ideas on any scratch paper that's handy. He has never done a finished drawing; he refers to himself not as a designer but as a "conceptualizer." Since backs of envelopes and bits of scrap paper are not the preferred format for presenting new ideas to other engineers, Faget needs an interpreter. From 1946 on—first at Langley, then at the Johnson Space Center, and now at Space Industries International—Caldwell Johnson has filled that role. "They exchange ideas by a sort of osmosis—they hardly say a word to each other," another

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former NASA engineer, who has worked with both men since the nineteen-sixties, told me. "They have an amazing sort of communication. Because you don't hear them talking, you might think it's mystical. But they're very practical men. Each has an extraordinary store of data and knowledge. You don't need to tell them much, and they don't need to tell each other much. That relationship is a national asset, and I hope that somewhere in NASA today there is a relationship like that going on. But I doubt it."

I paid my first visit to Space Industries in March of 1988. The company, which then employed twenty-seven people (it now has a staff of eighty-five), occupies the third and fourth floors of a six-story glass-and-concrete office building that dominates the fast-food joints and secondhand-car lots of the town of Webster, a satellite community of the Johnson Space Center, as decisively as the World Trade Center dominates lower Manhattan. I climbed a flight of stairs to Faget's office under the eyes of a recently hired guard. On my right was a newly installed wall, whose plaster still smelled wet; it secured what design engineers like to call the skunk works, where designers work on blueprints that they do not want potential competitors to see. The company was then engaged in designing a small space station—its sole project—which it had dubbed the Industrial Space Facility.

The I.S.F. and the firm both originated in 1982, when a group of young Houston businessmen, none of them more than a couple of years out of college or graduate school, decided to form a company to build a space station that could be launched aboard the shuttle, whose maiden voyage had been in April of 1981. They persuaded Faget, who was working as a consultant at another private aerospace firm, to head the new company. At first, NASA liked the idea of the I.S.F., because it could serve as what engineers call a test bed, in which various instruments and equipment for NASA's own planned space station could be tried out; moreover, Space Industries intended to lease room aboard the module to companies that wanted to do research in space, and these companies might develop experiments that could be carried out aboard NASA's station. After the NASA station was in orbit, the I.S.F. could complement it, as a "free flier"—a module for

carrying experiments sensitive to the slight jarring that is bound to occur in any manned spacecraft. NASA therefore entered into a joint-endeavor agreement with Space Industries by which it contracted to provide the company with three shuttle flights to launch and service the I.S.F.

The honeymoon between Space Industries and NASA ended after the Challenger disaster, in January, 1986, when most of the companies to which Space Industries had intended to lease space on the I.S.F. cooled off. The firm then hoped that NASA itself might become the chief tenant, but NASA, whose own space station was suffering budget cuts and postponements because of the Challenger accident, began to have second thoughts, seeing the I.S.F. less as a bridge to the space station than as a threat to it. However, two Space Industries executives—James Calaway, the company's principal founder, and Joseph P. Allen, a former astronaut who joined the firm as vice-president in 1985 and had previously been NASA's chief liaison officer with Congress—persuaded Congress and the Reagan Administration that, given the problems with NASA's space station, the I.S.F. was more important than ever. The two didn't have to lobby very hard, because their proposal fitted neatly into the Administration's plans to turn over whatever public projects it could to the private sector. Over NASA's objections, the White House directed it to rent seventy per cent of the space aboard the I.S.F. and to ask Congress for the necessary funds to do so. Space Industries would retain the remaining thirty per cent for other customers—if it could find any. The cost to the government would be seven hundred million dollars. NASA saw this money as coming out of the appropriations for its own space station, and since the figure approximated the anticipated development and production costs of the I.S.F. NASA complained that it

wasn't so much renting the facility as paying for it. Suddenly, the space agency began to manifest deep concern about violating government procurement policies, which stipulate that all government purchases, including major leases, must be preceded by competitive bidding. Even though Space Industries was the only supplier of the I.S.F., NASA announced a competition for the lease, in case any other company wished to enter its own design. At the time of my initial visit, Space Industries had just received NASA's preliminary request for proposals, which is the first step in the competitive-bidding process. Hence the guard and the new wall. "I find all the security distasteful," Joe Allen remarked after greeting me on my arrival. "We like to work informally here, in a single small team. That's the Faget way—the way he worked on Mercury. We do fine if we're left alone, without guards and barricades, and without the paper mill that is part of bidding on a government contract. These trappings may be our downfall."

Faget's office is a spacious corner room, with ample windows providing a view of the less than inspiring Texas landscape. On one wall, along with depictions of various spacecraft and a large framed photograph of President John F. Kennedy, is a portrait of John Paul Jones, embellished with a quotation: "I will not have anything to do with ships which do not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way." Faget, a slight man wearing a well-cut light-gray suit and a benign, faintly puzzled expression, hurried into the room ten minutes after I arrived, and apologized for being late (as he almost always is, wherever he goes). He looked nothing like a swashbuckler, and I asked him whether "fast ships" meant spaceships to him. He replied that although the term certainly held that meaning, he also took it literally, being an avid sailor. For decades, he has swashed around a neighboring lake in a sixteen-foot Windmill-class sailboat.

I asked Faget about his first encounter with James Calaway and Calaway's youthful partners.

"When I met them, they struck me as naïve," he said. "But they absolutely wanted to do this. They were convinced the money could be raised, and money is an area where I was naïve. I thought, If they want to raise the money, I will do their thinking for



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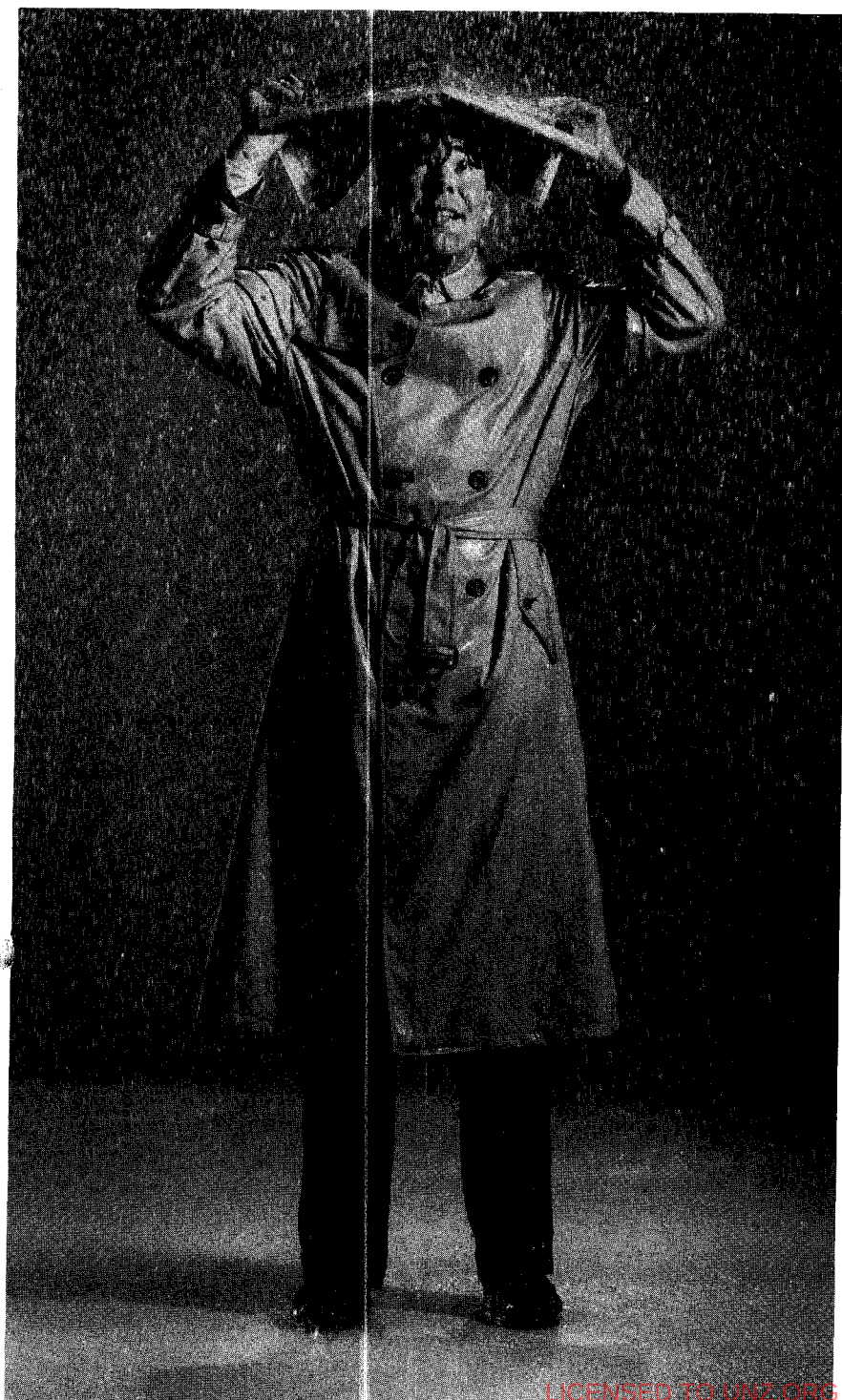
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them. I worried a lot, though, about spending other people's money instead of the government's."

Before he took the plunge, Faget consulted his old boss, Robert Gilruth, whom he regards as his mentor. Gilruth, who had retired by then, was discouraged about what was happening to NASA's space-station program. He felt that a small commercial station would help get it going again. "Gilruth's thinking was not so much that what we were planning would be a commercial success but that it would help NASA's space station," Faget recalled. "I should have had more misgivings. It's been a tough time."

The idea behind Space Industries, Faget told me, was to manufacture and market space hardware commercially in a way that would keep prices down without sacrificing quality—a cost-effective approach not possible for NASA, bound as it was by government procurement regulations and by its own bureaucracy. He tried to apply the lessons he had learned in his early days at NACA and NASA, one of which was to keep the product simple. Simplicity, he said, was the fundamental principle governing the design of the I.S.F. It was to be a cylindrical module thirty-five feet long and fourteen and a half feet in diameter, which could fit easily inside the shuttle's cargo bay. The module would have its own solar panels, and two modules could be coupled together side by side. "Almost the first decision we made was to keep the I.S.F. unmanned most of the time," he said. "Periodically, it would be tended by astronauts from the shuttle. That way, we wouldn't need an expensive environmental system. We would keep it within the range of what a small company could do, with an eye to the rental we might reasonably charge for room aboard." A single module, he said, would contain about a quarter of the volume of NASA's space station and could be built at about a fiftieth of the cost.

Another lesson that Faget applied was to keep the company itself—and especially the design team—simple. "Back at Langley, in 1957, when

we were first kicking around the idea of putting a man in space, we were a small group—smaller than Space Industries is today," he said. "Originally, we were only five or ten guys. In 1958, we grew to thirty-five—no more than that. Maybe we couldn't have done Mercury any other way. In a small group, everyone knows what the whole is trying to do. The culture of the group is shared. You can change direction in an hour, and you don't have to explain to everyone why. A creative person cannot work in a large group. A large group has an environment of stasis, and change is a threat. So here we have a few knowledgeable people who understand the requirements for a small space station and their implications for cost. My job, as it was with Mercury, Apollo, and the shuttle, is to divine the over-all concept and problems. Once you do that, you have things pretty well licked. I try to imagine how the whole will work. I think about the critical elements and their weaknesses—I concentrate particularly on them. Then I try to think of the best solutions I can. Every once in a while, I'll make a sketch to better visualize what I'm doing. I'm not after

exact solutions, really—just comparative ones. I go on worrying at it until I feel I've got it. When I'm doing this sort of thing, I am quite distracted. I spend a lot of time staring at blank walls."

Faget has a reputation for being vague when it comes to everyday life. His friends say that when he is working on a problem he walks past them without seeing them; they will stand in front of him and wave at him without result. Sometimes, I was told, he has trouble finding his way around the office, particularly since the installation of the new wall. His sense of time is Einsteinian—which is to say, warped. He will have an appointment to meet his wife for dinner at a restaurant at six-thirty and think nothing of showing up at eight. When you are with him, however, he is extraordinarily generous with his time; often he talks on and on, while other people with appointments are waiting outside his door.

I asked him if he ever had flashes of intuition.

"Yes, sometimes," he said. "But they're not really flashes. It's more of a dim light, which gets brighter as I play with it. The light often dawns after a period of unrelated distress—after a disappointment or a setback. Say I've done something dumb, like denting a fender on my car. For days afterward, every time I look at my car I feel bad. To break that pattern, I will try to think of something else, and often I get my ideas then. Or sometimes I wake up in the morning and realize that I've been dreaming, about something I can't remember. But an idea was used in the dream, and I remember that. And the idea in the dream is not always directly related to a problem I'm working on but it's analogous. For instance, once I dreamed about running a line through a cleat on my sailboat in a new way, and that had relevance to my work."

No matter how he got his ideas, Faget told me, the first test he put them to was to argue about them with Caldwell Johnson. "Caldwell has an intuitive understand-



"I don't sing because I am happy. I am happy because I sing."

ing of load paths and structures which I'd put up against the best structures people in the world," he said. "In finding a better way to design something to take the loads, he's superb. He has the ability to work rapidly to turn a fundamental idea into a sketch. And his first sketches are usually structurally sound—something you can manufacture. So many designers are ideologists. Caldwell knows what the shops can build, and how well it will hold together, and this is infinitely more valuable than designing something that may look like a masterpiece but will fall apart."

Johnson's first name is pronounced "Cadwell," in the Southern way, and this is particularly fitting, since CAD is the acronym for Computer-Assisted Design, a computer program that many engineers, at Space Industries and elsewhere, use for drawing. Johnson himself never employs such a device; he is, as Joe Allen puts it, a walking CAD—the only engineer at Space Industries to use a drawing board. He has turned Faget's conceptions into drawings that many people regard as works of art. One, an early version of the Mercury capsule, dated June 24, 1958, hangs on a wall outside Faget's office. It has all the simplicity and elegance of a Leonardo drawing, and also some of the antique quality. The capsule is an elongated cone, reminiscent of a witch's hat; it is shown in cross-section, complete with an astronaut in a couch, and is as curious a flying machine as any that Leonardo ever concocted.

Faget took me downstairs to the skunk works to meet Johnson, whom we found hunched over his board in a small, cluttered office. He is a gray-haired man with prominent teeth and steel-rimmed glasses, and he looked less like a skunk at work than like an artistically inclined gopher. In contrast to Faget's courtliness and charm, Johnson exhibits a rough-hewn commonsensical bluntness. He and Faget are unlike in other ways as well. "Caldwell hunts and fishes—he is a more physical person than Max," a friend of both of them told me. "He loves the outdoors, and Max, except for sailing, loves the indoors. Max likes to play the stock market; he's a great risktaker. Caldwell isn't—he wants to know exactly what will happen tomorrow." Johnson grew up in Hampton, Virginia, and his next-door

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AN ALARMING LACK OF PROGRESS IN CLEANUP.

When Congress enacted the Federal Superfund program in 1980, the goal was to quickly clean up America's most dangerous hazardous waste sites. Congress and many others assumed there would be only a relatively few such sites and that cleanup costs would be limited.

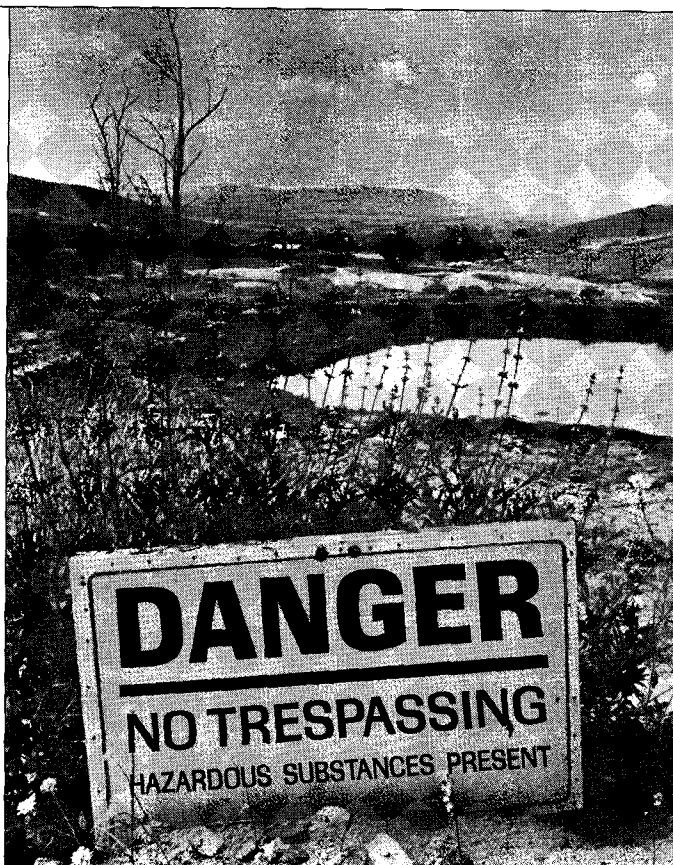
Now, after a decade of trying to make Superfund work, it's clear these assumptions were wrong and that a quick fix was never possible. What's wrong with Superfund and why has so little been accomplished?

The problem is twofold. First, the real scope of our nation's hazardous waste situation is far greater than Congress anticipated. With 1,200 priority sites already identified, growing numbers of sites are being found in every state. The Environmental Protection Agency expects that by the year 2000, there may be as many as 2,000 priority sites.

With rapidly rising cleanup costs, which now average about \$25 million per site, the eventual price tag is staggering. According to a top government agency, cleaning up all of America's hazardous waste sites could take from 30 to 60 years and cost up to \$500 billion!

A second problem is Superfund's alarming lack of progress in cleanup. A decade and billions of dollars later, fewer than 60 out of the 1,200 sites have actually been cleaned up.

Why? One major reason is Superfund's liability system. It requires that cleanup be paid for by establishing liability—who sent what waste, how much and where—and then negotiating or litigating with those believed to be responsible. While this sounds good in theory, it hasn't worked in practice. Instead, the result has been



delayed cleanup and enormous legal, consulting and other costs unrelated to cleanup.

COMPOUNDING THE PROBLEMS INSTEAD OF SOLVING THEM.

This is because working out who pays and how much for cleanup is very difficult. Under Superfund, anyone who simply used or owned the site at any time could be liable for the entire cleanup bill. Users can include major corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals, nursing homes, schools, even individuals. And it does not matter who caused the harm or whether they did anything wrong. Superfund's retroactive

A new system to achieve cleanup of our environment.

liability provision makes parties pay for past actions based on today's standards.

For example, at 422 sites almost 14,000 parties have been notified that they could be liable. In turn, many of them are identifying still others who contributed in some way to the presence of waste at each site. And since Superfund liability deals with past waste disposal, the record of users can go back 25, 30 or even 40 years and can number in the hundreds.

The result? The focus on cleanup has been lost as private and public parties spend years in difficult but unavoidable negotiations and litigation, trying to work out agreements that would provide funds for cleanup. At some sites, more money has been spent resolving complex factual issues than on cleanup itself. This does a lot for lawyers and consultants, but very little for the environment. And of course, these costs are eventually passed on to all of us as consumers in higher prices for goods and services. Isn't it time to stop this wasteful process and get on with cleaning up our environment?

At AIG, we think so. There is little to be gained by arguing over waste disposal that happened long ago. America needs a system that will promote fast and effective cleanup, reduce unnecessary legal fees, spread the cost of cleanup broadly, and encourage responsible waste management practices today.

A PROPOSED SOLUTION: THE NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL TRUST FUND.

To accomplish this, we have proposed creating a National Environmental Trust Fund, similar to the National Highway Trust Fund. Its resources would be used exclusively for cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. Superfund's tough

liability provisions would still apply for future pollution, as would all other state and federal environmental laws designed to promote responsible waste management.

One way this fund could be financed would be by adding a separate fee to commercial and industrial insurance premiums in the United States. Even a modest assessment, say 2% of premiums and an equivalent amount for self-insureds, would provide about \$40 billion over the next decade - more than enough to clean up the 1,200 highest-priority sites. Without endless time and money spent on legal debates about liability.

A national advisory board consisting of private individuals, industry and public officials could be charged with overseeing the program. We also suggest giving consideration to establishing local technical monitoring committees in each community. These groups of local citizens, representatives of industry and others would work with the Environmental Protection Agency and their own state on the particular cleanup site - from the very beginning of the cleanup effort.

YOU CAN HELP

We've waited long enough and spent enough money in the courtrooms. Now it's time for action. A cleaner America should be all Americans' shared goal and shared responsibility.

To express your views, or if you would like further information about AIG's proposed National Environmental Trust Fund, write to Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

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neighbors on both sides were Langley engineers. As he himself was an enthusiastic builder of model airplanes, there was little doubt where he was headed. In 1938, when he was eighteen, he had a summer job at Langley building models of aircraft used in a spin tunnel—a vertical shaft in which the model would be sent into a spin by an upward rush of air. According to Johnson, the job was not overly technical. “Sometimes the model hit the walls or crashed onto the floor, and one of the things I had to do was pick up the pieces and repair it so we could test it again,” he told me.

At the drawing board, Johnson was working on an adapter for the shuttle which would allow the I.S.F. to dock with it. The adapter would jut out of the shuttle’s cargo bay at an angle, so that the I.S.F. need not be brought down into the bay itself, and thus the bay could carry other cargo—for example, the Spacelab, a laboratory module belonging to the European Space Agency. Another advantage of placing the I.S.F. in this configuration was that its solar panels, which provided more electricity than the shuttle’s fuel cells, could be used to power experiments in the Spacelab. Johnson’s docking adapter would hold the two craft together electromagnetically—a novel feature that was forgiving of a less than perfect mating—until a mechanical docking could be completed. Its business end could be replaced with other adapters, allowing the shuttle to mate with other craft—the Soviet Mir space station, for one—and I remarked that several engineers I had talked to had said that this was the sort of thinking that NASA should be doing. “Somehow, the climate that fosters these ideas doesn’t exist at NASA anymore,” Johnson responded. “Is it because there’s no money? Damn it, it doesn’t take money to think! That’s when you do your best thinking—when you have no money.”

When Faget and Johnson were designing for NASA, economy and simplicity were becoming increasingly difficult to achieve—particularly from the late Apollo years onward—because of the proliferation of committees and paperwork, which tended to push a design in the direction of new materials and what engineers lovingly call state-of-the-art technology, the nearer the so-called cutting edge the better. Whatever the advantages of such an

approach may be, it is seldom cost-effective. Johnson and his colleagues at Space Industries are fond of quoting the motto of the Soviet Academy of Science, a gloss on a dictum of Voltaire’s which goes “Better is the enemy of good.”

“With the I.S.F., we had a limited budget; we knew we couldn’t be at the cutting edge of technology anymore,” Johnson went on, pushing his drawing board aside. “But the ultimate use of technology is to take what you have and make it do something more, rather than to invent a new piece of equipment.”

Much of the I.S.F. technology, as described to me by Caldwell Johnson, was back in the state of the last century’s art. It had the space equivalent of a sailboat keel: a hundred-and-fifty-foot boom extended from one end of the module, maintaining its orientation with respect to the earth. (If a stick were placed in orbit, one end of it would always point to the center of the earth, because of what is known as the stick’s “high moment of inertia.”) “We resist exotic materials, like boron fibre,” Johnson said. “We use very forgiving aluminum alloys, well within the state of the art that the boiler codes recognize. If you see a tanker truck on the road going home tonight, I’ll bet it’s made of the same material. We use this stuff because it dents easily. It will leak gently instead of going *bam!*” The I.S.F. would use ordinary air to power its thrusters—air that it had to carry anyway to pressurize the cabin. For propulsion—to boost itself to a higher orbit—it would boil water and use the steam. “Air and water are not as efficient propellants as hydrazine, but they’re a lot less dangerous—both on the launchpad and in space—and a lot less expensive,” Johnson said. It may be that such a radically simple spacecraft could have been designed only by engineers who had the confidence that comes from working at the edge

of technology as long as he and Faget have.

“We don’t have to prove ourselves,” Johnson agreed when I asked him if this was true. “We’re not afraid of some hotshot young engineer coming up and saying, ‘Hey, you guys, don’t you know that hydrazine is a better propellant than water?’ Of course we know it. We were designing spacecraft that use hydrazine when he was in grade school.”

I asked Johnson how he and Faget worked together.

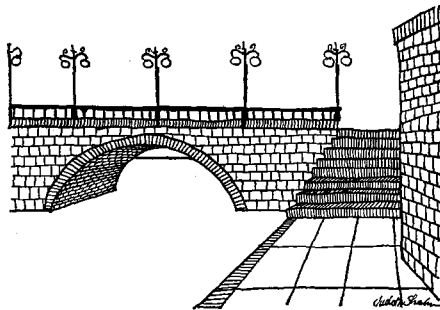
“Max has the feel for the big picture,” he replied. “And I work out the ideas. When I’m done, a third person or a team will take what I do—the basic drawings—and put in the nuts and bolts. That’s where I lose interest. Max and I have worked this way for years. We’ve calibrated each other, so each knows how the other thinks.”

Apparently, their relationship isn’t invariably smooth, however. A couple of days earlier, Faget had brought some guests into the skunk works, and had offered Johnson a word of advice on how a docking-adapter drawing might be improved. “He was showing off to impress people, and I thought I’d take him down a peg or two,” Johnson told me. “I said, ‘Hey, are you going to do this, or am I? If I am, leave it alone.’ He got out in a hurry. Sometimes we’re a little antagonistic. But we always get the job done. Not *all* of Max’s ideas are good, and I may have to spend a lot of time talking him out of one or another of them. But often it’s a case of there being more than one way to do something, and he’ll say, ‘Let’s do it this way,’ and I’ll say, ‘Let’s do it that way.’ So we’ll fuss and fume until we come to a decision.”

“You go in and talk to Caldwell with some trepidation,” Faget said when I saw him later. “Getting an idea accepted by Caldwell is an important step. Sometimes I put superfluous details in, to challenge him. He is always able to pick out the essence—the good part—and throw away the trash, in a few seconds. And, of course, he’s not incapable of coming up with good ideas himself.”

I asked Faget, whose competitive edge seemed a little less keen than Johnson’s, whether Johnson had often talked him out of an idea.

“I can’t think of a really good idea he has ever talked me out of,” Faget



said. "And the bad ideas I've forgotten."

BY last summer, when I talked with Max Faget again, the I.S.F. had been mothballed by Congress. The House and Senate appropriations subcommittees concerned with space funding had set aside twenty-five million dollars in the 1988 omnibus spending bill as earnest money, but the appropriation turned out to be a mistake from Space Industries' point of view. Congressional spending is normally initiated not by appropriations subcommittees but by the House and Senate budget committees. Even though the two subcommittees justified their action on the ground that time was running out on the 1988 budget, the budget committees felt that their role had been usurped, and NASA executives seemed unusually solicitous about the rights of the budget committees. NASA was theoretically shepherding the I.S.F. through Congress on behalf of the Administration, and therefore could not openly oppose it, but the contractors for NASA's space station were not so hampered, and they are said to have engaged in considerable lobbying. In October of 1988, the two appropriations subcommittees directed NASA to engage the National Research Council to conduct additional investigations into the question of whether there was a need for the I.S.F. Six months later, the N.R.C. found—in contrast to a study it had made earlier—that there was no "compelling need" for a station like the I.S.F., and the money was never spent.

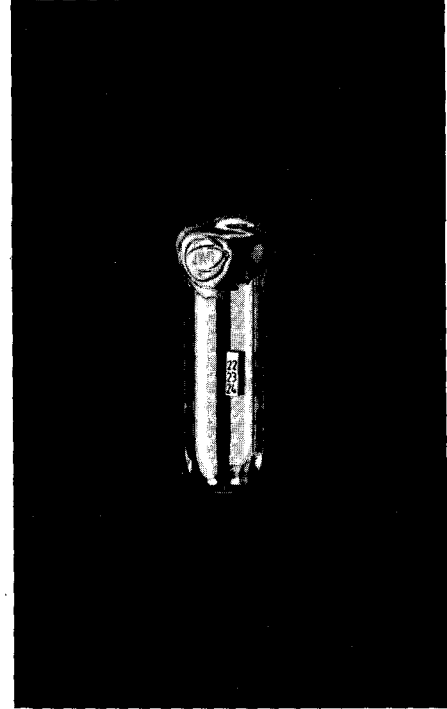
In the meantime, however, Space Industries had developed several new products. One of them, called a wake shield, would provide, for experiments requiring exceptional purity, an environment free of contamination from any source—most notably, emanations from the shuttle itself, which leaves a trail of outgassings from its surface and traces of thruster fuel. The shield is a panel twelve feet in diameter which the shuttle's manipulator arm can place upright several yards behind the spacecraft; it will protect any delicate experiments hitched up behind it from the shuttle's vapors. Molecules from solar or galactic sources will be blocked by the panel, too, because in earth orbit they travel more slowly than the spacecraft. NASA's price for building the wake shield is thirty-five



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million dollars; Space Industries' price is six million. And the company, under contract to Rockwell International, was also working on designs for a lifeboat for NASA's space station—a small craft capable of returning several astronauts to earth if there was an emergency aboard the station at a time when no shuttle was docked there.

On this trip to Webster, I was invited out to Faget's house for a drink, after which we would go on to Galveston for dinner at his favorite fishhouse. Faget lives in Dickinson, a sprawling suburb about five miles down I-45 toward Galveston from Webster.

His house, which he designed himself, is surrounded by young oak trees dripping with Spanish moss; the lawn slopes down to a muddy bayou. The house has a high peaked roof over a spacious central living room, and a long, low wing extends from either side. In the living room, a visitor feels as though he were flying close to the ground in a light and roomy aircraft—an old Pan American China Clipper, say—coming in for a landing on the bayou. A corridor running along the bedroom wing is lined with medals and awards, including two framed American flags that the astronauts Eugene Cernan, Ronald Evans, and Harrison Schmitt brought to the moon and back, and a framed engraving that Faget received from NASA on his retirement, which depicts all the spacecraft he designed there. Off the corridor are bedrooms for his four children. Faget and his wife, Nancy, whom he married in 1947, have a son and three daughters, but they all have homes of their own now, and the bedrooms were untenanted; one had been converted into a study.

"When Guy was twelve, crowds of children used to come and watch his model-rocket launches," Faget said of his son during dinner, as he worked his way through a giant stuffed flounder. "He used to put a camera in the payload. The camera came back by parachute. One day when von Braun was here for dinner, Guy asked him, 'Wanna see my rocket-launch pictures?' Wernher, who was a very decent fellow, said 'Sure.' He saw the entire series of photos—the ground receding, and all the kids, with their mouths open, getting smaller and smaller below. And he loved it!" Despite this auspicious start, Guy eventually lost

interest in aerospace experiments; he is now an entomologist with the Mosquito and Rodent Control District of East Baton Rouge Parish, in Louisiana. Two of Faget's daughters, though, are working for NASA. Ann, the oldest, is a computer programmer at a Houston company under contract to the Johnson Space Center, and Nanette, the youngest, is an engineer at the center. The middle daughter, Carol, is a pediatrician in Austin.

Though Faget is a French name and the family settled in Louisiana, they are not Cajuns. The first Faget to come to this country arrived in New

York from Santo Domingo at the beginning of the nineteenth century and moved on to Louisiana later. Nor is Max the first Faget to make his mark as an innovator: his great-great-grandfather Jean-

Charles Faget is credited with identifying the early symptoms of yellow fever, a syndrome known as Faget's sign; and Faget's father, also named Guy, developed the first successful treatment for leprosy. In 1921, the year Max was born, Guy Faget was a general practitioner in British Honduras. When Max was eight months old, the family moved back to the United States, where Dr. Faget went on to hold a series of posts in the Public Health Service. In the late nineteen-twenties, he was put in charge of a hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, which included a tuberculosis sanatorium. The tubercle bacillus, on which he soon became an expert, was hard to kill, because it was coated with a wax that made it impregnable to most drugs of the period. The leprosy bacillus is coated with the same sort of wax, and in the nineteen-forties, when Dr. Faget was the head of the Carrville leprosarium, outside New Orleans, he demonstrated that one of the new sulfa drugs used against tuberculosis was effective in treating leprosy as well.

When Max was in his early teens, the family was living in Norfolk, Virginia, and it was there, at a model-airplane-building contest, that he and Caldwell Johnson first met. Neither of them remembers the encounter, but both recalled the contest when they met again, in 1946, at Langley. In the late nineteen-sixties, when they were developing the basic ideas for a shuttle orbiter, they made a model of one, out of the balsa wood, Japan paper, and

glue they had used as children. Faget carried that model around several NASA centers and to various offices in Washington before he convinced everyone that the shuttle was a feasible project. I remember seeing him flick it across his large office at the Johnson Space Center while thousands of workmen were assembling its real-life descendant at the Rockwell factory in Palmdale, California. The model has been flicked across so many rooms that when Faget produced it for me again in his office last summer its tail was bent out of shape. But it still flew.

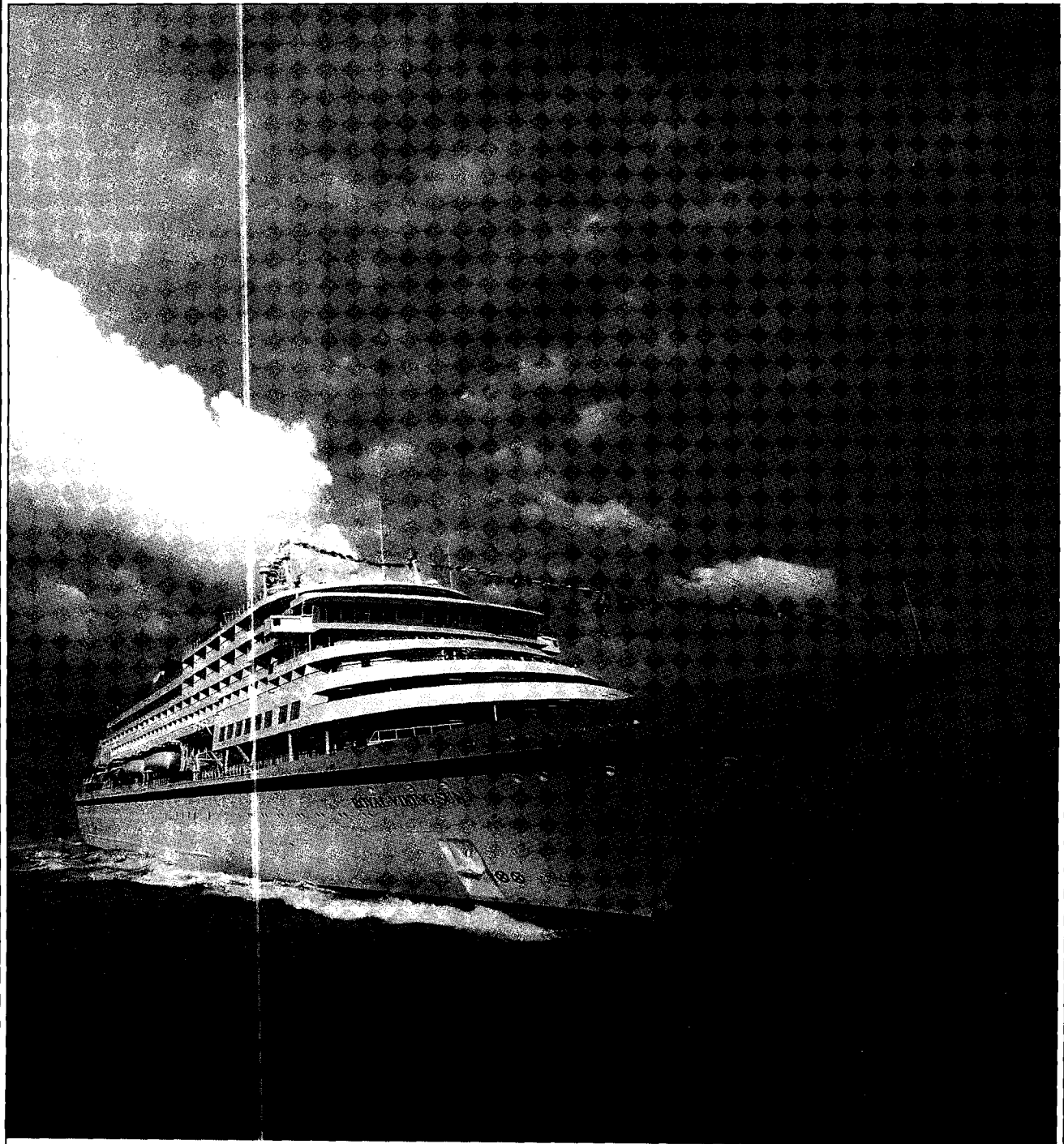
As children, Max and his older brother, Frank, read airplane magazines and *Astounding Science Fiction*, and they built a lot of model airplanes. Frank later became an engineer at the Boeing Company, in Seattle, where he still lives. "Frank was more studious than I was—he got higher grades than I did," Faget told me. "He was the first to get interested in model airplanes. He had a great influence on me: I did everything that he did, and I tried to do it better. I was a slapdash, trial-and-error type—he was more meticulous. His planes were always neater than mine, but they didn't fly any better. I was always trying new things out and dashing them off fast—two for every one he built."

In Norfolk, Max acquired his first model-airplane gasoline engines. One of his more original stunts was to put a smaller plane on top of a larger one, set the timer on the larger plane's engine for ten seconds and the timer on the engine of the smaller one for twenty seconds, and let them take off together. When the larger plane stopped, the smaller one sailed off its back—just as the space shuttle did from the top of a Boeing 747 during the first shuttle flight tests, in the late nineteen-seventies. "There was some controversy about the shuttle flight tests," Faget recalled. "Our supersonic rocket planes, the X-1 through the X-15, had all been launched on their test flights from underneath a bomber. I was proposing to do it the other way around for the shuttle, which, of course, was a lot bigger than the rocket planes. People kept telling me I couldn't do that, because the shuttle would have a tendency to drop when it was released. 'You can't launch it from the top,' they said. But I remembered, from the early model, that I had put the little plane on top in a nose-up attitude and



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A RATHER STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT
FROM THE CREATORS OF THE WORLD'S MOST
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It is indeed something of a fairy tale. A gleaming white new ship with an overriding ambition: to take her place beside the Royal Viking Sun, the cruise vessel many believe to be the world's finest, and to do so while carrying fewer than half as many delightedly fortunate passengers.

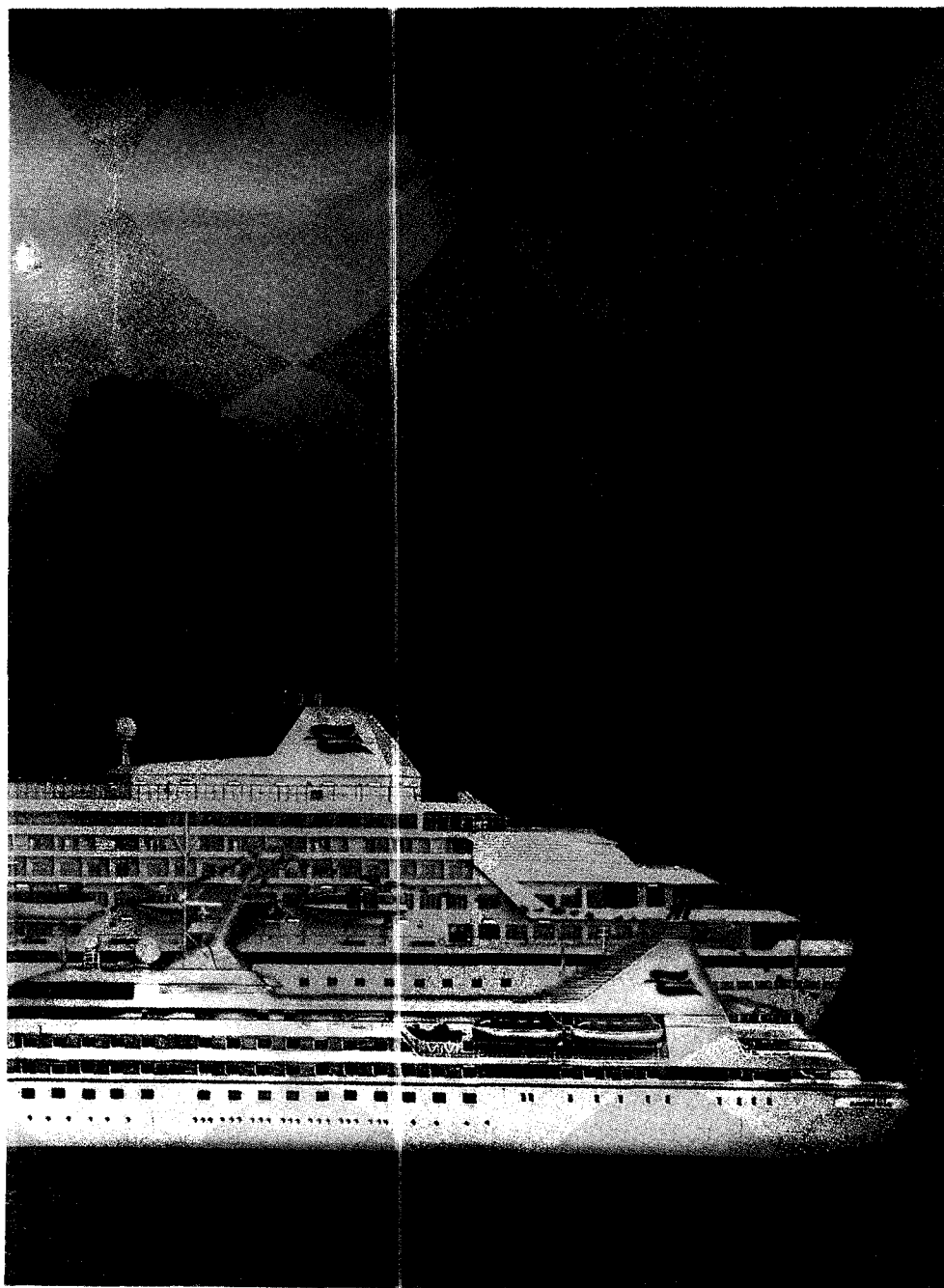
Her name is the Royal Viking Queen and she is perhaps best imagined as a combination of two unforgettable experiences: the unsurpassed elegance of a Royal Viking cruise, and the intimacy of a private yacht—Newport, 1928, all teak and wind and white canvas.

A single detail speaks volumes. Imagine a breathtaking atrium amidship, open to the sun and stars, with a spiral staircase below leading down, down to a



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It is a fitting model of the orb we plan to conquer in unabashed splendor. For more details of that campaign, however, you will have to turn the page.



*Introducing the
Royal Viking Queen.*

*While she
may be smaller
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ship, the Sun,
her mission is no*

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the possibilities
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a clear sky,
and an expanse
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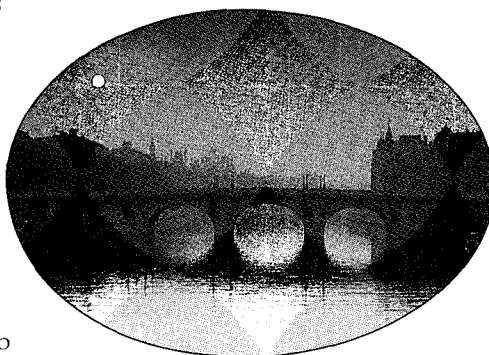
As well as creating a five-star-plus way to see this world, we have conveniently arranged even more world for you to see.

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Cuisine will compare most favorably with the creations of Europe's finest restaurants. And you will dine while sitting where



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Other diversions abound. Music: jazz, Broadway shows, and classical. Enlightenment: the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service will illuminate all distant shores. You'll find a state-of-the-art fitness center, and even a new folding marina that allows you to swim with the fish, without swimming, well, *with* the fish.

Please secure your reservations early, as the Queen's maiden voyage is now already sold out and all inaugural year bookings have been brisk. As ever, we look forward to seeing you aboard.

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it had gone up. So I was able to tell the opposition that the shuttle would drop the 747. And that's about what happened."

Both Max and Frank went to Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, where they studied aeronautical engineering. During Max's junior year, the United States entered in the Second World War, and he joined the naval R.O.T.C. "I was attracted to water," he said. "The hospitals my father worked for were often on the water, and my brother and I had sailed a lot at Norfolk." He hoped to get into the Navy Air Corps, but he ended up in the submarine service instead, where he apparently made the best of things. "My brother and I had built a lot of model submarines, too," he told me. "Aerodynamics and hydrodynamics are the same thing. So I saw subs as an acceptable alternative to flying. A submarine is a very high-tech ship—very compact, and full of machinery like a spacecraft."

In the summer of 1946, Max and his old L.S.U. roommate, Guy Thibodaux (a real Cajun), drove north looking for jobs. The first place they stopped was the NACA installation at Langley, and they were both hired by Robert Gilruth, who was then the chief of the Pilotless Aircraft Research Division, or PARD. The division was engaged in designing the X series of rocket planes, which would propel Captain Chuck Yeager through the sound barrier in 1947 and, in 1962, would put Major Robert M. White briefly into space.

NACA's role during this period was to carry out research that would advance aircraft design, and to pass its discoveries on to the military or the aircraft industry. Gilruth put Faget to work designing ramjets—jet engines that take air in at the front, heat it, and spew it out the rear fast enough for a plane to travel supersonically. His job was to see if he could make one thin enough to fit inside the wing of an airplane, and he came up with one a mere six and a half inches in diameter; it later powered a test aircraft to an altitude of sixty-five thousand feet and a speed that exceeded Mach 3. Thibodaux began by designing rockets to be used for launching aerodynamic scale models of supersonic aircraft at Wallops Island, a barrier island about eighty-five miles northeast of Norfolk. NACA had established the Wallops

Island range because Langley's conventional wind tunnels choked up and became unusable at what are known as transonic speeds—speeds just above and just below the speed of sound. In 1954, Faget was assigned to the propulsion-and-performance team that developed the design for the X-15, Major White's plane. The team had to figure out the optimum speed the X-15 would shoot for, given the strength of the best material available—a nickel-chromium-iron alloy called Inconel-X—and the weight of the required fuel. The optimum speed turned out to be six times the speed of sound; once that had been determined, the craft's body was designed specifically to achieve the requisite speed.

Whenever the people in PARD needed a scale model of something they were designing, they would go to Langley's Technical Services Department. Caldwell Johnson, who had arrived at Langley several years ahead of Faget, was a member of that department. Johnson had never finished college; for that matter, few of the men who went on to develop Mercury and run our space program in its early days had advanced degrees in engineering. "One of the more enlightened people at Langley hit on the idea of recruiting model-airplane builders," Faget told me. "It turned out to be a superior source of young people."

Johnson describes PARD as "a maverick organization" in relation to the other divisions at Langley. "Those of us in the Technical Services Department could see that PARD was a winner," he said. "People were prospering in that organization. It was a perfect place for new young guys to come in—they took off and grew like weeds. They were a bunch of bright guys, like Max; if I were to read off their names, it would be a NASA *Who's Who*. Guy Thibodaux, for example—he wound up as head of propulsion at the Johnson Space Center, but I don't think he knew anything more about propulsion when he started than you or I do. He just learned. He was bright as hell. If a young man could get Gilruth's approval, he could develop his ideas into flying machines. And my department would take the ideas and design them and make the models. The best people in Tech Services wanted to be assigned to PARD support. We worked closely together. We practically lived with

them. We forgot which was our own department or who was our own boss. Sometimes fellows like Max had to compete for the services of the best guys in the shop. And we used that to our advantage. It allowed us to pick and choose. We all wanted to pick a winner. Someone like Max, who looked like a winner, got better attention. In a way, it was a vicious system. But it meant that the best guys got to the top."

Guy Thibodaux, who has set himself up as an aerospace consultant operating from his house, at Nassau Bay, across a highway from the Johnson Space Center, told me that Faget was just as absent-minded when he was at Langley as he is now. Faget built model airplanes in his time off, and he and Thibodaux



flew them at nearby meets. Early one morning, Thibodaux recalled, he and Faget and a third engineer, named Woody Blanchard, stopped for breakfast on their way to a contest in Newport News. They parked the car, a yellow roadster, directly across from the restaurant. "Woody and I finished eating long before Max, who was inventing something and consequently wasn't paying any attention to what he was doing, so we gave him our change and told him we'd meet him at the car," Thibodaux told me. "It was the only car on the street, and, remember, it was *bright yellow*. After a while, Max came out of the restaurant and walked right by us. Woody started to holler, but I said, 'Sh-h-h! Let's see what happens.' Max walked on for five or six blocks, and then he came back and said, 'Where the hell have you guys been?' Max has a one-track mind. He sees what's important to him, and nothing else. Most good engineers are that way. My wife tells me that I'm that way."

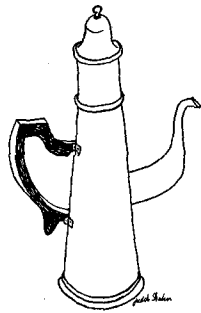
In 1957, Faget was assigned to the Navy's Polaris missile program as a consultant. At NACA, he had improved the design for the atomic bombs carried aboard the B-52s of the Strategic Air Command. The Air Force had wanted a bomb that would slow down during its descent, because, as Faget explained, "you don't want to be there when it goes off." Faget's bomb had a blunt nose, and he recommended that shape to the Navy, because he felt that it was the best shape for an object entering the atmosphere from space, as Polaris missiles would. Faget had become fa-

miliar with the work of Harvey Allen, an engineer at NACA's Ames Aeronautical Laboratory, at Moffett Field, California, who had upset the conventional thinking (based on half a century's experience with aircraft) that the best shape for any craft in the atmosphere was an aerodynamic one—one that minimized friction with the air—and that this principle would, of course, apply to any object reëntering the atmosphere from space. In our conversation last summer Faget recalled how Allen's work had brought about a radical change in his thinking: "The trouble with an aerodynamic form is that during reëntry it is going too fast in the lower layers of the atmosphere, where frictional heat will cause it to burn up. A blunt body sets up a bow shock wave that absorbs and dissipates much of the frictional heat. And it will slow down higher up, where the atmosphere is thinner and the frictional heating is not as great. Harvey Allen said, 'Slow it up before it gets down too low,' and I listened. Allen's idea influenced missile design generally. And later it influenced my thinking about the Mercury capsule."

IN 1956 and 1957, there was a great deal of debate over whether the United States should continue refining the X series of rocket planes or build an entirely new craft to take a man into space. The Air Force was considering a craft—eventually called the Dyna-Soar—that would be launched into space on a rocket and then return, in graceful swoops, to earth. Like the rocket planes, it was based on conventional aerodynamic ideas; it had an aerodynamic shape, delta wings, and landing wheels. Langley was its primary designer. In the mid-nineteen-fifties, Alfred J. Eggers, Jr., a colleague of Harvey Allen's at Ames and one of NACA's leading hypervelocity theorists, had proposed a craft he called the M-1 (the M stood for "model"), which had what engineers refer to as a "lifting body." It was wingless and shaped like a half-cone, with its bottom rounded and its top flat. This shape would give it enough lift to maintain a shallow angle during its descent, so that deceleration, with its attendant gravitational forces, would not be unduly severe. The M-1 became the principal

alternative to Langley's Dyna-Soar.

Max Faget was not involved in the Dyna-Soar project, although he and some of his fellow PARD engineers were thinking vaguely about designing a manned spacecraft. During their lunch hours and various spare moments, Faget, Caldwell Johnson, Guy Thibodaux, and others at Langley had begun to kick around the idea of sending a man into space on a ballistic trajectory, inside an enlarged missile nose cone. "Max or I would say, 'There's no reason why we can't put a man in this thing,'" Johnson told me. "We'd say, 'It would need a parachute for landing, but we've done parachutes before. It would need a rocket to deorbit for reëntry, but we've done rockets before.' One day, while we were playing pinochle in the Langley cafeteria after lunch, Faget said, 'Damn it, I won-



der how small they could make a nose cone and still get a man in it if we scrunched him up?' And then I did a few drawings. But the ideas never got further than that."

On October 4, 1957, the Russians sent Sputnik into orbit. Eleven days later, a number of Langley hands, Faget and Thibodaux among them, flew out to a conference of NACA aerodynamicists at Ames. (On trips from Langley to the West Coast, which were often undertaken in an unpressurized NACA airplane, the engineers would play poker; as they flew high over the Rockies, Faget would watch his companions' fingernails, and when these turned blue—a sign that their owners were suffering from oxygen deprivation and thus might be a little addled—he would bluff outrageously and usually win the pot.) The meeting had originally been called in order to decide between the Dyna-Soar and the M-1, but the advent of Sputnik gave it a new focus. Clearly, what was needed was a craft that would take a man not just into space but into orbit, and bring him back without either crushing him with G forces or roasting him. The meeting generated considerable heat of its own. Neither Langley's Dyna-Soar nor Eggers' M-1 had been conceived as orbiters. Everyone at the meeting was making performance calculations, trying to design a craft that had lift but wouldn't burn up during a high-speed reëntry into the atmo-

sphere. As Faget recalls it, the most vexing problem was to come up with a design that would not overheat, either during acceleration on the way up or during deceleration on the way down. "The more we talked, though, the more it became apparent that the real problem was in the descent, because, as you accelerated on the way up, you'd lose heat in the colder, thinner atmosphere, and by the time you reached orbital velocity there would be no heat at all," he told me. "And while you are outside the atmosphere, you don't need an aerodynamic shape anyway. I was sure—from Allen's work—that you would need to have a blunt body on the way down, when the danger from overheating was greatest."

Faget began to push for a craft with no lift at all. "I was just brainstorming," he said. "Eggers had taken his M-1 design quite far, and I was just beginning to think about the problem seriously." Eggers' design had indeed sprouted a number of bells and whistles, among them inflatable rubber ailerons at the back of its fuselage, which would make the craft easier to handle in the lower atmosphere. Faget was not fond of complexities, and the exchange between the two engineers became impassioned. Eggers insisted that the G forces caused by the rapid deceleration of a blunt-bodied craft might well be too great for the astronauts to handle. At the time, no one knew how many G's a ballistic capsule would subject an astronaut to during descent, but the forces were thought to be substantial. The M-1, Eggers said, would come in at about two G's. Faget responded to this by saying that in a ballistic capsule the astronaut would be lying on his back, so that the stresses would be optimally distributed; furthermore, he said, the G forces could be reduced by bringing the capsule back into the atmosphere at a shallow angle. Eggers countered that doing so would only increase its time in the lower atmosphere, and the roasting problem would not be dealt with. The meeting ended in a deadlock.

After the meeting was over, Faget couldn't wait to get back to Langley and run some tests on blunt bodies. He and another aerodynamicist, James Buglia, determined that a blunt body large enough to carry a man would return through the atmosphere without overheating with a deceleration of about eight G's—a force that a man should

be able to survive. He, Buglia, and a third aerodynamicist, Benjamin Garland, wrote a paper recommending a ballistic capsule for manned flight. The paper, a seminal one for the manned space program, was a masterpiece of brevity: its text occupied only eight pages, and drawings and references took up eight more.

In a series of stormy meetings, Faget convinced his Langley superiors that the ballistic method was the way to go. But having good ideas and a few drawings was not enough. "Max is dogged," Chris Kraft told me. Kraft is another Langley veteran; he, too, followed Gilruth to the Houston space center in 1962, and succeeded him as its director ten years later. "Not only is Max a damn good engineer but he is also capable of arguing his points and getting his way. He is far from timid, despite his mild manner." (It is difficult for me to envision the gentlemanly latter-day Faget as having once been a pit bull at meetings of his peers, but then there are also several verified reports of his standing on his head in discothèques, restaurants, and country clubs while car keys and coins poured out of his pockets—behavior that seems equally unlikely.) It didn't take any time for Faget to convince Gilruth, who had been encouraging him in his investigations all along.

In March, 1958, NACA's director, Hugh Dryden, realizing that NACA might be called on to play a larger role in spaceflight, because of President Eisenhower's insistence that space be kept for peaceful uses, told Gilruth to convene a group of his colleagues to decide on the final recommendation. Langley decided to back the ballistic design. Faget's paper was presented at another conference at Ames, later that month. The Ames engineers had forsaken the M-1, but they had not yet swung over to Faget's ballistic blunt body. At the conference, Eggers sponsored a wingless design with landing wheels, called the M-2, which

soon became known as the Half Ass; indeed, it looked very much like a flying buttock. Faget's paper received a respectful hearing, but Ames went on record at the conference as preferring a craft with some degree of lift.

There were not many people in Faget's court. Dryden himself was contemptuous of the idea of sending a man into space in what amounted to a missile nose cone; he dismissed it as a circus act, like shooting somebody out of a cannon—a reaction typical of that of most people in the field of high-performance aircraft. Among Faget's opponents were the military flight surgeons, who thought eight G's was too much for a man to take without blacking out over the minute or so of maximum stress during reentry, even though, in Germany, during the Second World War, pilots in centrifuge tests had reportedly withstood seventeen G's for a maximum period of two minutes. In July of 1958, Navy volunteers would survive twenty G's for several seconds in centrifuge tests. (The record is eighty-three G's for four-hundredths of a second, an experience

sustained in May of 1958 by an Air Force captain named Eli Beeding, who rode backward around a curving track on a rocket-powered sled; after recovering from shock and minor injuries, he reported that in his opinion eighty-three G's was the limit of human endurance, and since then no one has disputed him.)

Faget argued that, as a trade-off for the G load, a ballistic craft would come to an easily predictable splashdown, even if the astronaut blacked out. There was only one path a ballistic craft could take, and therefore only one place it could land. The M-2, by contrast, had a cross-range ability of some fifteen hundred miles, and once it had fired its retro-rockets and was headed back into the atmosphere it might, because of astronaut error, find itself following any number of trajectories. One point that Faget had emphasized from the outset was the matter of weight. The Atlas rocket, which the Air Force was designing in part to put a manned craft into orbit, would have a payload limit of two thousand pounds. The M-2 looked as though it would weigh in at

a minimum of four thousand pounds; the ballistic design, because of its great simplicity, ran the best chance of being held down to two thousand. According to Faget, it was this consideration, rather than his debating skills or the design's simplicity, which eventually clinched the argument in favor of what came to be called the Mercury design.

A group of Langley engineers began to work on details of the design. Gilruth acted as its director, and appointed Faget the chief of its flight-systems division. Johnson, Thibodaux, and Kraft were also among the original members. The group had its offices in one wing of a low building at Langley; the wing had a central room two stories high, which was used as a workshop, and the offices, some of them along a gallery on the second floor, opened off it. Communication was close and in-



**JED HAD ORGANIZED ANOTHER
OF HIS MINI-PROTESTS.**

formal. Faget would wander from office to office, lost in thought, picking up information and dropping off ideas wherever his wanderings took him. Sometimes, to demonstrate how bodies with flattish bottoms might have just enough lift to skim a little, he would sail a Frisbee from the gallery. At first, the group had no budget. On their time sheets they often had to "fake their time," as Johnson put it, onto other projects. Still, as early as May, 1958, the basic design of the Mercury capsule began to take shape, with Faget delegating different aspects of it as they came up. The matter of a shield to protect the astronaut from the heat of reentry he turned over to a PARD thermal specialist, Aleck Bond. The parachutes he turned over to Jerry Hammack, another Langley engineer. When word came that some of the Atlas missiles were veering off course in tests, Gilruth realized that the group needed a way of getting the capsule away from the Atlas fast. Faget came up with the idea of an escape tower; as eventually conceived, it resembled a miniature Eiffel Tower jutting upward from the capsule's apex and topped by three rockets canted outward just enough so that they wouldn't incinerate the capsule as they pulled it to safety. (It was also a feature of Gemini and Apollo.) Because the astronaut might be subjected briefly to as much as twenty G's during escape, the team thought of putting him in a formfitting couch, as an egg is nestled in its compartment in an egg crate. Faget delegated the couch to a young engineer named Jack Heberlig. Heberlig designed a couch for a pig, who was to be hoisted to a height of sixteen feet and then dropped into a sandbox. The pig died before the first test could begin, and Heberlig was baffled, until the farmer who had supplied the pig told him that pigs always died if they were kept on their backs for any length of time. The period between the *encouchement* of the pig and the hoisting of the couch was drastically shortened, and the tests were a success. According to a report that Faget showed me, the pigs—who landed at a velocity of thirty feet per second (the predicted rate for Mercury) and briefly underwent more than fifty G's—"emoted on impact," which he interpreted as meaning that they squealed; however, they walked away unharmed. Soon Johnson was able to pull to-

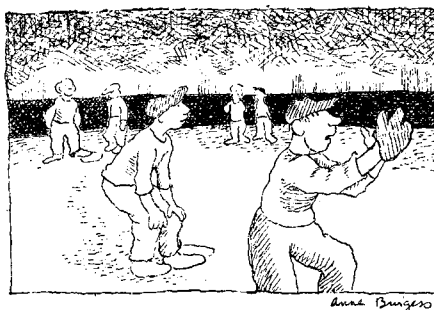
gether all the elements into the first comprehensive cross-section drawing of Mercury—the one that looks like a witch's hat and hangs outside Faget's office at Space Industries. "When Max and I and the others were designing Mercury, you wouldn't believe how fast we did things," Johnson told me, of this period when he was the CAD for the Mercury team. "We'd have an idea and do the calculations and the drawings all in ten days. If the idea turned out to be a bad one, we'd just discard it and go on to the next. At NASA these days, everything has to go through umpteen committees, and it takes six months to let go of a bad idea."

One basic difference between Johnson's original drawing of Mercury and the final module was that the actual Mercury capsule looks more like a gumdrop than like a witch's hat. According to Faget, it took some time to figure out the optimum length of the cone's long axis, and also the degree of curvature of the heat shield, which forms the cone's base. The cone had to be long enough to provide stability during descent but not so long that its apex would be bathed in the hot gases deflected by the curved shield as the craft streaked back through the atmosphere. That summer, Johnson built many three-dimensional models with varying shield curvatures and lengths, and tested them in a supersonic wind tunnel until the right combination was found. The cone ended up gumdropy because a cylindrical cannister containing the parachutes had to be fitted to the apex; it added the necessary length.

One battle that Faget fought and eventually lost concerned Mercury's big central window; he had wanted only two tiny windows, one on each side, and that was the arrangement on the first two of the six manned Mercury missions. (These two missions, piloted by Alan Shepard and Virgil Grissom, were launched on Redstone

rockets, which were powerful enough to put the Mercury capsule into space but not into orbit.) Spacecraft designers hate big windows, because they represent structural weaknesses; moreover, they require a heavy frame to protect the glass from stress, and Faget had to keep the capsule's weight under two thousand pounds for the Atlas. Lindbergh had flown the Atlantic perfectly well with side windows and a periscope—his plane's front window was blocked by an extra gas tank—and Faget reasoned that an astronaut, who would have less flying to do than Lindbergh, should have no need of any more windows. He also admits to a bias against windows because of his years in the submarine service. "We flew our submarine around the ocean without windows," he told me. "And there were more rocks sticking up from the bottom of the ocean than there are in orbit." As in a submarine, most of the information for flying a spacecraft would come from instruments. With Lindbergh—and perhaps with his submariner days—in mind, Faget wanted to give the astronauts a periscope. Not only would they be able to see more, since its lens could be swivelled to look in various directions, but getting a navigational fix on the horizon—something the astronauts might need to do if their automatic guidance system failed and they had to put the spacecraft in the proper attitude for reentry—would be easier with a calibrated periscope than it would be for the uncalibrated eye of an astronaut looking out a window.

The window argument became part of a larger argument, about the extent to which the astronauts would actually control their craft—something that they wanted to do and that the engineers were opposed to. Faget, Thibodaux, and Johnson argued that the capsules would be flying so fast that it would be better to control them automatically, and in that case the astronauts would not need to see much of anything. In the early phases of design, Faget had no astronauts to deal with; when the first astronauts were selected, they not unnaturally protested the lack of a suitable window, and one was added in time for John Glenn's mission—the first manned mission aboard the Atlas, and the first to go into orbit. Big central windows were a feature of all the later Mercury craft and also of the Gemini and Apollo capsules.



Some of the engineers—Thibodaux, for one—felt that a man didn't belong in a spacecraft at all. The only reason to have him there was to put a human being into space; otherwise, he was superfluous. "To be quite honest, I don't think we need human pilots now," Thibodaux said to me last summer. "We landed two unmanned craft on Mars. Of course, human beings ought to be able to go into space. And if the astronauts want to pretend they're flying, that's O.K. But they can't react fast enough if a problem arises, and they shouldn't tell us how to design spacecraft. From our point of view, the best thing that any of the Mercury astronauts could have done during reentry was to pass out and let the automatic controls bring the craft to a splashdown."



Monkeys preceded men into space in an automated Mercury, and that rankled the astronauts. After the first monkey flight, Caldwell Johnson wanted to train a monkey to press the retro-rocket button for reentry, using a banana as a reward; the sun coming up over the horizon would be the monkey's cue. But he was told to back off, because of high feeling in the astronaut corps. Faget, though, recognized from the start that human beings would be flying his machine, and he saw to it that every control had an automatic, a semiautomatic, and a manual mode, so that an astronaut could control the craft as much as he wanted to or was able to. He capitulated on the large central window only because the weight restriction on the Atlas payload was raised from two thousand pounds to twenty-eight hundred. "If the weight limit had stuck at two thousand pounds, you can bet your bottom dollar there would have been no central window," he told me.

By the summer of 1958, it had become obvious that NACA would be the nucleus of a new civilian space agency. Congress, however, had still not come up with funding for Mercury. What it needed to see was a small-scale model of the final configuration, and Jack Heberlig arranged to have one built at the Langley machine shop. There was no money for such a thing. "I bootlegged it through the shop," Heberlig—who is now with the space-systems division of the Mitre Corporation, a firm that does a lot of classified work for the Defense Depart-

ment—told me. "I faked it through on Atlas War Head Requisition No. 263—I still remember that number." Gilruth and Dryden took the model to Capitol Hill at the beginning of August, and presented it to the House Select Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration, which approved it, and a thirty-million-dollar request for funding in the 1959 budget, without demur.

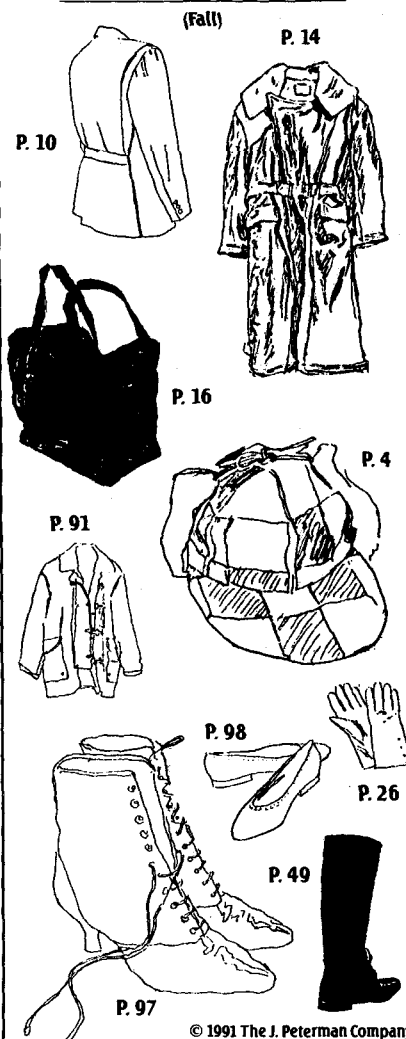
"Everything went click, click, click in those days," Heberlig said. The National Aeronautics and Space Act had been signed on July 29th, and on October 1st NACA became NASA. President Eisenhower appointed T. Keith Glennan as its first administrator, and Glennan gave Gilruth's team the nod to award contracts for Mercury's construction.

"When Mercury became a Project with a capital 'P' and went into the production stage, there was no real need for designers anymore," Caldwell Johnson recalls. "And Max is no good in a situation where he can't have ideas. So suddenly he finds he's not running the thing anymore. The McDonnell Aircraft Corporation, which was the prime contractor, had much more horsepower than Langley. Max could no longer walk into a room, take a look at a plan, and change it. That situation was duplicated with Gemini, Apollo, and the shuttle. You reached a point where nobody would even drill a hole on Max's say-so. If the I.S.F. had gone into production, things would have turned out the same way, and he would have gone crazy. But he doesn't know that, because each time he goes through the experience he reacts as if it were the first time it had ever happened to him."

Left on the sidelines at Langley, Faget, Johnson, and the rest of the group, now dubbed the Space Task Group, began concentrating on flight-testing full-scale, boilerplate models of the capsule—models built by McDonnell under Johnson's supervision. Several test launches, from Wallops Island, were on clusters of Sergeant and Recruit rockets. Other tests were held at Cape Canaveral, aboard Redstones, Atlases, and a Scout. Before the first test with a Redstone, Faget got into another memorable row, this time with von Braun and his people at the Marshall Space Flight Center. "They were sometimes a little difficult to work with," Faget recalls. Von Braun told Faget

No. 12

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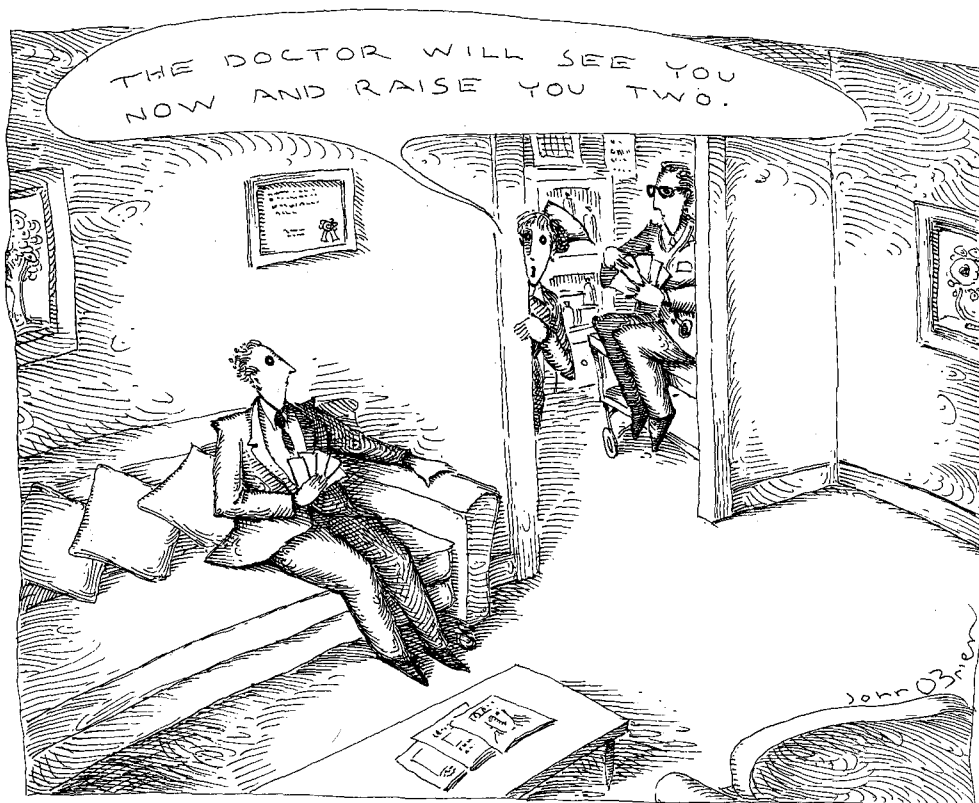


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and NASA's arteries hardened around them.

THE new space center, built on the site of a cattle ranch, grew rapidly; one white concrete-and-glass building after another sprang up around a central duck-pond, and by the time of the first moon landing it had become a high-tech campus staffed by nearly five thousand people. "NASA recruited people as if it were building an army for a war," Faget told me. "Apollo could not have been done with any more people, but it could have been done with a lot fewer. All these people meant lines of communication, and departments, and rigidization. After Apollo was over, the intensity was no longer there, but the people were, and they became interested in defending their own turf."

that he wanted Langley's boilerplate capsule at Marshall three months before the launch, so that his men could mate it to the rocket and test the systems of the two together. It would then be unmated for the trip to the Cape. Faget suspected a turf battle for control of the Mercury program—the kind of set-to that Faget, who is almost fanatically loyal to any institution he is attached to (even today, when L.S.U. loses at football he lies outrageously about the score), is no slouch at himself. "Why should we do that?" Faget asked. "All we want is to put our capsule on top of your rocket." He had designed a simple interface between the two, consisting of a clamp ring and four connecting wires—two for aborting a mission and two for effecting separation of the capsule from the rocket. He saw no reason the capsule and the rocket could not be sent separately to the Cape and mated and tested there before the launch. After a lot of arguing, von Braun backed off.

The same arrangement would link the Apollo spacecraft to the Saturn rocket. According to Johnson, the simple interface between rocket and capsule was one of the best management decisions ever made. "We figured that the interface was like a sheet of plywood, with everything on one side

belonging to Marshall and everything on the other side belonging to us," he said. "We felt that it was cheaper even to have two separate guidance systems—one for the rocket and one for the spacecraft—than to have to go through all the meetings and the paperwork that would have been required if we'd had to agree on a single guidance system for both. NASA no longer thinks in those terms. Several centers will be involved in a project nowadays—often as a result of congressional pork barrelling—and their engineering teams spend a lot of time and money arguing with each other." One trouble with NASA's space station before its latest redesign, an old Mercury engineer told me last summer, was that it was to be divided among ten major contractors and NASA centers, for a total of ninety interfaces.

Mercury provided one important legacy to the future, larger NASA: the early members of the Space Task Group maintained their key positions long after the group had moved to the Manned Spacecraft Center, and thus they remained in a position to influence the design not only of Apollo and Gemini but of the shuttle. Because they had worked together on a small, intense program, these men kept their channels of communication open even as the bureaucratic walls thickened

In May of 1961, President Kennedy had made his famous speech calling for a manned landing on the moon before the decade was out. Faget remembers being "unduly enthusiastic" about that speech. "We had no doubt we'd do it," he told me, "which showed more naiveté on our part than understanding of the problem." He had become involved with lunar planning in 1959, when he was a member of a NASA committee formed for that purpose. "Then, and the next few years, was a time when we were doing some serious what-iffing," he said. "For instance, von Braun and his engineers wanted to send Mercury to the moon, aboard a souped-up Atlas. That really blew Gilruth's skirts up, I'll tell you that! Gilruth liked Mercury, but he was scared to death every time we flew that thing. There was no reserve capacity in Mercury at all. It was terribly unforgiving. On the fourth Mercury mission, Scott Carpenter used up almost all the propellant for the thrusters, and splashed down with virtually empty fuel tanks. We got him back, but it would have been another story if he had been out around the moon."

The Apollo missions were to last for up to fourteen days, and each would carry considerably more fuel than either Mercury or Gemini, as well as a

three-man crew. Consequently, a service module would need to accompany the manned capsule. Faget and Johnson worked together on the design for both much as they had for Mercury; the service module was a cylinder thirteen feet in diameter and nearly twenty-three feet high, attached at one end to the Saturn rocket and at the other to the heat shield at the base of the command module. The service module would be jettisoned just before reentry into the earth's atmosphere, and the command module would streak base foremost to a splashdown. Many of the people who had earlier argued for lift on the Mercury capsule returned to argue for lift on Apollo. A purely ballistic design, they said, was all right for the Mercury capsule, which entered the atmosphere at a velocity of seventeen thousand miles an hour, but a reentry at translunar speeds of twenty-five thousand miles an hour was something else. A relatively shallow reentry angle was needed, to lessen the G forces of deceleration, so Faget provided a small amount of lift by slightly offsetting the command module's center of gravity.

In the final version of the Apollo design, the edges of the heat shield were rounded off. "Many aerodynamicists will give you the damndest arcane reasons why we rounded the edges," Johnson told me. "What actually happened was that we started out with the Mercury shape we knew, and that design was sharp-edged. My job, as before, was the layout—fitting everything together. I got all that done—and it was some job, because a lot more equipment had to go into the command module, plus two more men. After I got the layout done, I got a call from von Braun's people at Marshall telling me that they had reduced the diameter of the upper stage of the Saturn



rocket by a foot. The service module could be redone quite easily, but it was impossible for me to redo everything in the command module and cram it into a smaller space. So we just rounded off the edges." That may have been the last time a design problem at NASA was handled in such a simple manner.

Early in the planning for Apollo, Faget found himself on the wrong side of a long argument over the proper method of carrying out an eventual moon landing. The method he favored—and which the Space Task

Group had officially adopted and had specified in the design definition—was known as the direct approach. It required what later became known as the Apollo command-and-service module to descend to the lunar surface on top of a landing-stage rocket some thirty feet high. An enormous amount of fuel was needed to land such a contraption on the moon and send it homeward again. Together, the landing rocket and the command-and-service module were as high as a six-story building, and their combined weight was at least a hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds; to launch all this from the earth would require a huge rocket called the Nova, which was already on von Braun's drawing board. Its first-stage rockets would generate twelve million pounds of thrust, as opposed to the seven and a half million pounds generated by the Saturn. Johnson believes that Faget favored the direct approach, with its mammoth rocket, because he had been a propulsion man at Langley and could never get the thought of a big *whoosh* out of his system.

Von Braun, in spite of his infatuation with the Nova, actually favored not the direct approach but another method, called earth-orbit rendezvous. This would have required two Saturn launches—one carrying the command-and-service module and the other the huge landing-stage rocket. The module and the rocket would rendezvous in earth orbit, mate, and head for the moon. "Von Braun wanted to be more than a launch-vehicle participant,"

Faget said when I asked him why von Braun shied away from the Nova. "To him, earth-orbit rendezvous was a step toward an earth-orbiting space station, which he had been arguing for since 1952. He considered development of a space station a necessary technology, and therefore it was important to him to get on with the idea of rendezvous in earth orbit. Besides, he'd have all those extra Saturns."

A third approach, known as lunar-orbit rendezvous, was invented by Thomas Dolan, an engineer at Vought Astronautics, in Dallas, and taken up as a cause by a Langley engineer named John Houbolt. They proposed that the command-and-service module go into lunar orbit with a small lunar-

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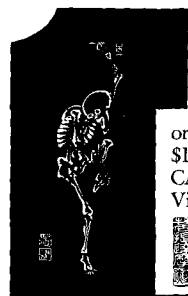
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landing craft attached; the landing craft would separate from the command-and-service module, go down to the moon's surface, and return to rendezvous with it in lunar orbit. The great virtue of this scheme—which was finally adopted—was that far less weight needed to be launched from earth. The enterprise would require not a Nova or two Saturns but just one Saturn. Most NASA engineers were initially against the idea, however, because rendezvous and docking had never been done in lunar orbit. Rendezvous and docking in earth orbit were thought to be tricky enough, and would not be attempted until March of 1966, when Neil Armstrong and David Scott, in Gemini VIII, docked with a target vehicle that had been launched into orbit ahead of them.

"Think of the politics," Caldwell Johnson said to me recently. "Marshall was working on the Saturn for an earth-orbit rendezvous. Lewis Research Center, in Cleveland, was working on the huge landing-stage rocket for either Faget's direct approach or von Braun's earth-orbit rendezvous. Langley and the Manned Spacecraft Center were working on the command-and-service module based on the direct approach—and North American Aviation, in Los Angeles, already had the contract for it. In addition, North American was against lunar-orbit rendezvous because NASA was insisting that another contractor would have to be brought in to do the lunar lander, and North American didn't want to share the pie."

Faget had reasons for opposing the lunar-orbit rendezvous other than its intrinsic difficulty. For one thing, it would mean more interfaces, which he detested: the command-and-service module would have to be coupled to the lunar lander, and that, in turn, would mean interfaces between North American and a second contractor. For another, the lunar-orbit idea as it was originally presented called for a tiny lander weighing only two thousand pounds—a sort of bubble on a rocket, in which one astronaut would descend to the moon's surface. "That idea was so optimistic that I thought it was ridiculous," Faget told me. (The final version was a substantial two-man craft weighing thirty-two thousand pounds.)

The idea of lunar-orbit rendezvous

evolved slowly, changing form and gathering strength under the force of a combination of political and engineering realities. It won out in the end because Faget and his colleagues finally became convinced that neither the direct approach nor the earth-orbit rendezvous would work. "With the direct approach, we found ourselves settling into a program that was not easy to run, because so many different groups were involved," he explained. "In particular, we were concerned about the big landing rocket, because landing on the moon would, of course, be the most delicate part of the mission. The landing rocket's engine, which would be controlled by the astronauts, would have to be throttleable, so that the command-and-service module could hover, and move this way and that, to find a proper place to touch down. There was a really intimate interface, requiring numerous connections, between the two elements, and between us and Lewis. Accordingly, we invented a new proposal for our own and von Braun's approach. It involved a simpler descent engine, called the lunar crasher, which Lewis would do. It wouldn't be throttleable, so the interface would be simpler, and it would take the astronauts down to a thousand feet above the lunar surface. There it would be jettisoned, and it would crash onto the moon. Then there would be a smaller, throttleable landing stage for the last thousand feet, which we would do, so that we would be in charge of both sides of that particular interface.

"At that point, we ran into a real wall. Initially, we had thought that the landing would be done largely automatically, by radar and instrumental control. However, the astronauts were now demanding complete control during the landing, with a good view of the surroundings and the ground. How



do you get that visibility with a landing rocket big enough to get the command-and-service module down to the lunar surface and wide enough to keep it upright? We toyed with various concepts, such as a front porch on the command capsule, with a bubble, like the one on a helicopter, for the crew to look out of. But the porch would have to be jettisoned before lift-off from the moon, because it would unbalance the spacecraft. It was a mess! No one had a winning idea. Lunar-

orbit rendezvous was the only sensible alternative."

When Faget accepts a new idea, he embraces it with fervor and becomes a crusader for it. He has the sense to recognize when he is wrong, and the adaptability to adopt a rival concept if he is convinced that it is better. Gilruth was easily converted, too. Faget and Gilruth had less to lose than von Braun, because the Manned Spacecraft Center's command-and-service module would remain largely the same; von Braun, however, would have to give up his vision of lots of Saturns and a practice run for a space station. Faget and Johnson joined a group of NASA managers who went to the Marshall Space Flight Center in the spring of 1962 and converted von Braun. In the meeting, according to an account in "Apollo: The Race to the Moon," by Charles Murray and Catherine Bly Cox, North American Aviation's program manager for the command-and-service module was increasingly impressed by the arguments for lunar-orbit rendezvous. At last, he blurted out, "I'd like to hear what son of a bitch thinks it isn't the right thing to do." Nobody said a word. Then von Braun gave the idea his blessing, in a short, graceful speech.

The Manned Spacecraft Center took charge of the lunar landing craft (Lewis had to be content with a minor role), and Caldwell Johnson and another M.S.C. engineer, Owen Maynard, began work on its design. In November, 1962, the contract for the lunar lander was awarded to the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation. Work on the command-and-service module was already well along at North American, and because it was based on the direct approach it lacked any provisions for docking with a lander. "At that late stage, everything had to be redesigned," Johnson told me. "It was incredible that the project turned around so late in the game! At the present time, you wouldn't even consider doing such a thing."

ONE day early in 1969, six months before the first lunar landing, Robert Gilruth and Max Faget were having lunch at the Manned Spacecraft Center, and Gilruth said, "Max, it's time you got off this blunt-body, parachute stuff. It's time we thought of landing on wheels." A couple of weeks later, Faget and Caldwell Johnson

made the much used wood-and-paper model of the space shuttle.

"Max was the boss, so he took the easiest part," Johnson recalls. "Even though the two of us had been model builders since we were kids, the thing wouldn't fly worth a damn. We showed it to Gilruth, and he told us what was the matter: turbulence was caused by a strut at the rear. 'You guys should have known that that would give you terrible flow distribution,' he said."

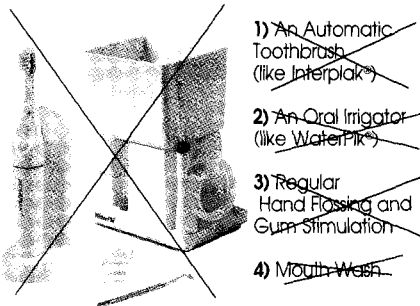
The early stage of designing the shuttle was probably the last time that Faget was able to impose his style on an increasingly bureaucratic space agency. Ivy Hooks, a tough-talking engineer in her late forties who worked for Faget at NASA from 1963 to 1981, thinks that his laid-back managerial techniques have contributed to his achievements as a designer. Last summer, in her office at Bruce G. Jackson & Associates, Inc., an aerospace consulting company a couple of miles from Space Industries International, she recalled one of the emblematic moments of her association with him: "In 1969, after I'd been in Faget's division for six years, I got a phone call from his office, from someone who said simply, 'On April 1st, you are to go to Building 36, the third floor.' That's all the person said—he wouldn't tell me anything else. I didn't know who he was. I didn't know where Building 36 was. When I got there, I joined about twenty other people in a big room, with chairs and stuff stacked everywhere. We all thought we were the victims of an April Fool's joke. Then Max arrived. He unzipped a bag, pulled out a balsa-wood model of an outlandish-looking flying machine, skimmed it across the room, and said, 'We are going to build the next-generation spacecraft.' That was the first any of us knew about the space shuttle. The first Apollo astronauts hadn't landed on the moon yet. For the rest of the year—during Apollo 10, Apollo 11, and Apollo 12—the twenty of us worked on the basic definition of the shuttle. There was a guard at the door to keep other people out. We thought about what the shuttle would do, what it *could* do. We set the boundaries for it—its size, its weight, how long it would stay up, how far it could fly when you wanted to come down from orbit and land, how you would control it, how much power it would have. We beat out the whole concept together, all

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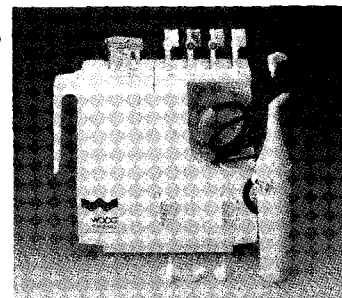
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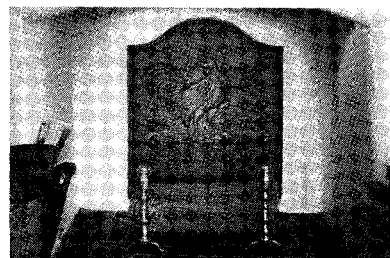
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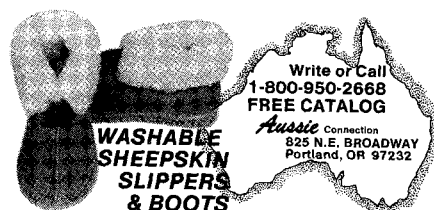


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of us working in one room. My job was to look at different ways to separate the external fuel tank and the boosters from the orbiter after their fuel had been used up during the ascent. I remember an older engineer looking over my shoulder and saying, 'Don't try hitting them away. On Gemini, we tried a device that would hit the nose cap away, and all it did was ring—the nose cap just stayed there and hummed.' We wound up using small thrusters to push the boosters away. But it was that kind of thing—I could just walk over to, say, the thermal people, and ask, 'If I did this, what would that do to you?' Max left us alone—we didn't see much of him—but every once in a while we'd come in in the morning and find changes in some of our drawings, and we'd know he had been there."

Altering the rear strut on the orbiter model at Gilruth's firm suggestion was not the only time Faget's plans for the shuttle were changed from above, and the changes were not always so beneficial. Faget's original design had what aerodynamicists call straight wings, instead of the delta wings of the finished version. A straight-wing shuttle, which would have a much higher degree of lift than a delta-wing, would have made for an easier landing. "I was against high lift for Mercury and the other capsules that plunked down in the water on parachutes, but I'm not against it for a craft that lands on wheels on a runway," he told me. "And since the only reason to have wings is to land conventionally, it is a good idea to pay some attention to the design for that purpose. A straight-wing shuttle orbiter would come in almost like a glider, and land at the relatively low speed of a hundred and fifty miles per hour." He flew his model across the room, and it came to a graceful touchdown on the rug.

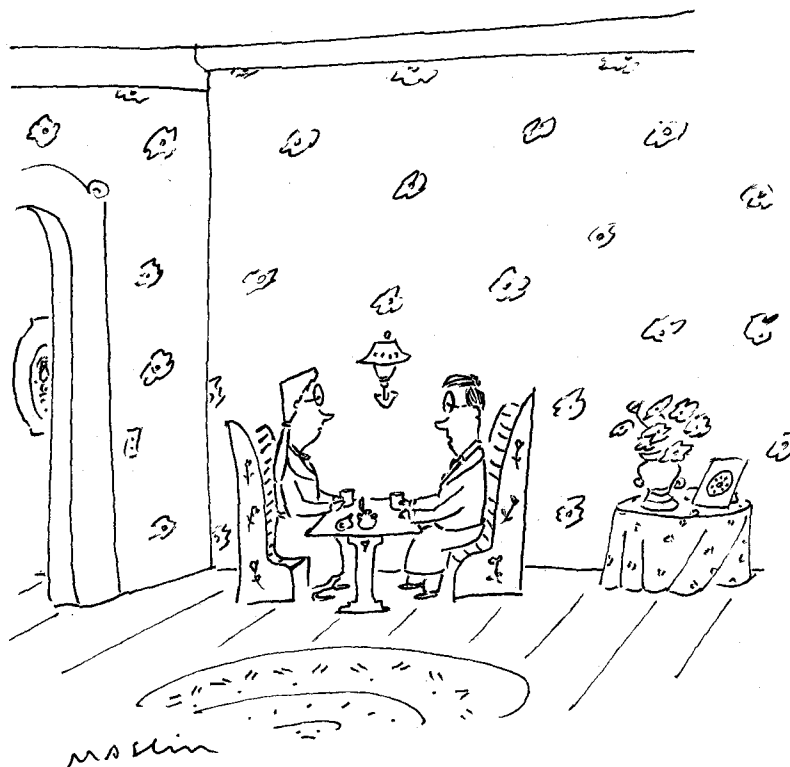
The delta-wing shuttle lands at a speed of over two hundred miles an hour, and

therefore needs a runway three miles long. To acquire enough lift to land gently, it has to nose down at an altitude of about ten thousand feet and about eight miles short of the runway, enter a glide path of twenty-two degrees (seven times as steep as that of a jet), and, seconds before crashing, flare upward. These maneuvers require precise timing; there is no second chance. A straight-wing shuttle would not require the death-defying last-minute flare; conceivably, it might even get another chance. However, the Department of Defense—which was a partner in the shuttle, as part of an agreement to get the necessary funding—demanded the delta wing, because some of the highly classified reconnaissance satellites it wanted the shuttle to launch were to be put into near-polar orbits, and a shuttle in polar orbit would intersect the forty-degree zone flanking the equator, where its forty-four certified three-mile landing fields are, only twice during each orbit. The broad delta wing is much more effective than the straight wing high in the atmosphere, where the air is thinner and where its broad surface enables it to plow the craft in sweeping turns twelve hundred miles wide, giving it at least one landing opportunity at a certified landing field on each circuit.

"The trouble with the Defense

Department's argument was that if you put decent straight wings on the shuttle you don't need all that cross-range ability, because a shuttle with straight wings can come down and land on much shorter runways, so it can arrive safely in many, many more places," Faget said. "You could land at ordinary international airports, like Houston Intercontinental or Kennedy, and the delta-wing shuttle could never do that. Or if the shuttle was carrying less cargo it could even come down at such smaller fields as Houston's Hobby Airport or at LaGuardia. You could glide around more at a low altitude, and come in more slowly. But it's almost impossible to win an argument with the Department of Defense if it involves classified stuff. The generals didn't ever want to come down at places like Hobby or LaGuardia—they wanted to land only at the runways that they regarded as 'secure.' When we tried to push them on the matter, they would clam up and say they couldn't discuss it. NASA needed military backing if there was to be a shuttle at all, so the final decision was made between NASA and D.O.D. higher-ups in Washington, behind closed doors."

If Faget was beginning to lose control of his design, as a result not only of Defense Department involvement but of a more bureaucratic and arteriosclerotic NASA, so was Caldwell Johnson. Even though no space station was planned at the time, Johnson insisted that the shuttle orbiter have a docking hatch in its nose, so that it could dock with another vehicle. The easiest way for the shuttle to dock would be straight on. "I was upset about the lack of a docking facility," he told me recently. "I could see that it would be needed. And I could see that if we didn't put it in at the beginning we'd wind up with a rinky-dink docking tunnel in the payload bay—which is what we are left with now. That means we'll have to dock with the space station by



approaching it broadside, from the payload bay, and if anything goes wrong the shuttle could jackknife into the space station. That wouldn't happen if it approached head on." (Faget calls Johnson the world's greatest expert on docking hardware; the docking system he designed for Apollo was also used for Skylab, and he devised the docking adapter that connected Apollo to Soyuz for the joint Soviet-American mission, in 1975. The new generation at NASA had its own ideas, however, and Johnson was not invited to a conference on docking hardware for the space station which was being held at the Johnson Space Center during my visit last summer—even though he had asked to attend. He received the phone call informing him of the non-invitation while I was sitting in his office down in the skunk works. "There are so few people who know about docking," he told me as he hung up the phone. "They shouldn't exclude anybody who's interested. But then I'm not in the good graces of NASA. We keep feeding the agency too many ideas.")



Another of Faget's design elements for the shuttle which didn't make it were the swing engines, which he considers one of his best inventions. A couple of swivelling arms at the back of the shuttle orbiter would have been attached to its three main engines, which would have been positioned at the back of the huge external fuel tank, between the solid-rocket boosters, where they could best provide thrust to the entire assemblage during lift-off. Later, after the spacecraft was in orbit, the engines, now weightless, could have been swung inside the payload bay, and this would have eliminated some of the drag that the orbiter experiences during landing. The swing engines would have also virtually done away with the hydrogen-leak problem that grounded the fleet for nearly six months last year, since the fuel lines would be outside the orbiter, where the acceptable leak rate would be much higher. But though Robert Gilruth liked the swing engines, the idea was not seriously considered in Washington, because it was thought to be too late to change the design. It was in fact earlier than the stage at which the changes had been made in the Apollo program to effect a lunar-orbit rendezvous; by now, NASA had lost the flexibility that

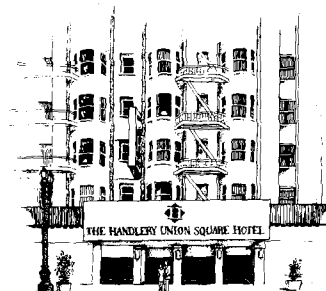
had characterized the space program in its youth.

If Faget and Guy Thibodeaux had had their way with regard to another matter—the specifications for the solid-rocket boosters—the Challenger accident would not have happened. The accident occurred when a seal between two sections of a booster failed, allowing a jet of flame to cut into the external tank and blow it up. Thibodeaux told me that he and Faget had wanted the boosters to be all of a piece, instead of in sections; that way, there would have been no need for seals. There was only one company that manufactured boosters and had a plant near enough to the

Kennedy Space Center to deliver a booster all in one piece. The government's system of procurement, however, is based on the principle of competition, and two of the major rocket companies were in Utah; hence, if there was to be competitive bidding, it had to be on boosters that could be made in sections, for easy delivery. "If the government had insisted on monolithic boosters, there would have been no competition—that's why it dropped the monolithic idea," Faget said. "It's impeccable logic, if you buy their assumption."

Faget attributes many of the ills of our space program to too strict an adherence to the principle of competition; such an approach, he maintains, sacrifices quality to cost reduction, and puts too great a premium on new solutions and new departures. Innovation, he says, is good in some cases and bad in others. One criticism frequently levelled at the space station is that it is too much of an evolutionary jump: it has highly centralized systems for control and for power. The earliest forms of multicellular life, Faget likes to point out, were modular: algae built up of self-sufficient cells. In engineering, as in biology, a high degree of centralization normally arises later.

For the Johnson Space Center, the early eighties marked the end of an epoch. Max Faget, Chris Kraft, and several other old NACA hands left within six months of each other. Caldwell Johnson had left in 1975. "All NASA has now is gray heads and babies," Ivy Hooks told me. "And lots of people who shouldn't be managers but are. Today, we have no more Fagets, Krafts,



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and Johnsons. None of them had an heir apparent."

I asked her why not.

"The early NASA people were entrepreneurs in the best sense of the word, by which I mean that they were individualists, creative people, risktakers," she replied. "In this business, you have to be willing to take careful calculated risks—something NASA managers are afraid to do nowadays. People like Faget don't find successors because they believe the cream will rise to the top—just the way they themselves did. They were sure it would happen again. But they were wrong. In the twenty-five years after NASA was founded, it became a bureaucracy, and in a bureaucracy quality doesn't rise."

LAST fall, the Augustine committee invited Faget, among other experts from an earlier NASA, to testify at a hearing in Washington. He was asked primarily to speak about a launch vehicle that would be an alternative to the shuttle, but he was also questioned about the over-all rules for designing space structures. He obliged with a few sketches—less expensive than NASA's space-station designs but possibly more useful. "I told them to use the same small modular unit over and over," he told me. "Each individual unit would have its own solar arrays and its own control system—much like an I.S.F. module—so that the individual units would be self-sufficient. You could even assemble and test a space station like that on the ground. In space, the station would grow, like an organic molecule adding smaller molecules when it's polymerizing."

NASA's seventh redesign for the space station was unveiled on March 21st. In accordance with the Augustine committee's recommendation, it narrowed the station's goals to materials-processing and the study of the effects of extended spaceflight on human beings and other organisms. It cut the length of the station's trusswork to three hundred and fifty-three feet. It reduced the number of solar panels. It retained the European and Japanese modules, but it cut the size of the other two modules in half, and it cut the crew from eight astronauts to four, the number of NASA centers and major contractors involved from ten to eight, and the cost from thirty-seven billion dollars to thirty billion. Annual operating expenses would drop from one and a half billion dollars to

one and a fifth billion. Because of the reductions, most of the station could be assembled on the ground for integrated testing before launch. The number of shuttle launches required to get the station into orbit was cut down from thirty-four to some twenty. And, to avoid jackknifing into the station, the shuttle would stop fifty feet from the station's docking port; under the new plan, a long manipulator arm would grab the shuttle and complete the docking.

Faget believes that the seventh redesign is an improvement, but not enough of one. The new design, he says, is nothing more than a scaled-down version of the one that preceded it. "All they've done is make the trusses and the modules shorter and cut out some things," he told me. "They've adjusted the station more to the shuttle's capacity and performance—and I don't know why that took them so long, because the shuttle has been around for a long time. But otherwise it doesn't look much different. There are lots of things I was looking for in the new design, but they're not there. I would have started from scratch, and done it much more simply. For fewer shuttle trips, you could get more capability out of a design that was more modular and had less central infrastructure."

Though the seventh redesign may be a scaled-down version of the sixth from the standpoint of engineering, it may not be from the standpoint of cost, for the General Accounting Office declared late in April that when the price of the lifeboat, an astronaut-size centrifuge (for experimenting on combating the effects of weightlessness on the human body), and other scientific projects were figured in, the cost of the new design would be forty billion dollars—three billion dollars more than the previous design. Indeed, the space station's troubles are far from over. In mid-May, the House appropriations subcommittee that controls NASA's funds cut the station from the 1992 budget. In June, the full House included nearly two billion dollars for the station in the budget, but most observers believe that the subcommittee's vote remained a

serious blow. ("How often can you shoot something without killing it?" the veteran space reporter John Noble Wilford, of the *Times*, remarked to me.) Much of the money voted by the House would be coming out of other parts of the NASA budget, and this circumstance prompted fourteen of the country's leading scientific organizations—including the American Physical Society, the American Chemical Society, and the American Geophysical Union—to write a joint letter to Congress arguing that funding the space station "threatens the vitality" of government-funded scientific research.

After the Augustine report came out, there was a brief revival of interest in Space Industries' I.S.F. or a similar free flier, because, as several critics pointed out, the two objectives of the space station—materials-processing and the study of the adaptability of living organisms to space—were incompatible: astronauts riding a stationary bicycle or rotating in a centrifuge for the medical experiments would make the station vibrate and so affect delicate experiments in, for example, crystal growth. The best solution, the critics declared, might well be to transfer such experiments to a free flier. Though the Augustine report did not go as far as some of the I.S.F. partisans would like, it declared that NASA should buy commercial space products and services where that was possible, in the interests of encouraging the private sector in space, much as the government had encouraged the aircraft industry earlier in the century.

Last February, Space Industries was awarded a contract by the Centers for the Commercial Development of Space—a NASA-sponsored organization of research teams from businesses and universities interested in products that could be manufactured in weightlessness—to design several components of an unmanned spacecraft to conduct experiments in space. NASA would be putting up the money. The proposed craft, dubbed the Comet, would serve many of the same purposes as the I.S.F., but instead of remaining in orbit it would return to earth on a ballistic trajectory. It would be a blunt-bodied craft of gumdrop shape, weighing only a thousand pounds, which Faget described to me in May as a "sawed-off Mercury." However, even the Comet may go the way of the I.S.F. In July, the Senate approved

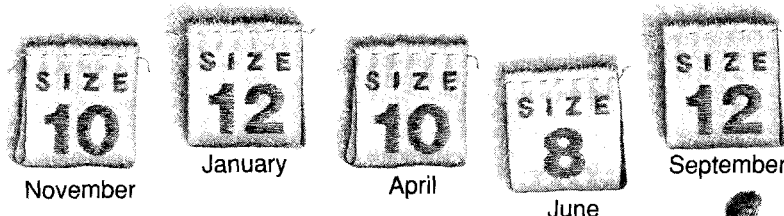


two billion dollars for the space station, and this fall a House-Senate conference will decide what parts of NASA's budget will be cut to provide the space-station funds. Funding for the lifeboat has already been eliminated, and money for projects like the Comet may be cut or eliminated as well, adding to the difficulties of Space Industries and similar companies that the Augustine report had urged NASA to do business with. That particular aspect of the Augustine committee's recommendations could be dead within less than a year of the report's publication.

"We are survivors, and we will survive," Joe Allen—who recently became Space Industries' president and C.E.O., while Faget remains chairman of the board—told me over the phone, when I asked him what impact cancellation of the Comet would have on the company. "We have other opportunities we'll go into, but we'll probably have to lay off about three-quarters of our staff. It's sad to see the people who had all the good ideas in the beginning being ignored. NASA is blind to ideas from the very people who pioneered our space program and the country is poorer for it."

What broader influence the Augustine report will have on NASA's way of doing things remains to be seen. Arteriosclerosis, in institutions as in people, is hard to turn around, and the rusty organizational pipes at the space agency run through more areas than space-station planning, the shuttle, and the Hubble telescope. The plans for a lunar base and for Mars exploration appear to be taking the same bureaucratic paths as the space station. Caldwell Johnson, who is still well received in some parts of the Houston space center, if not all, told me about a meeting he attended there last summer. "The guys at the center who were in charge of the lunar-base and Mars-exploration designs asked me to speak to them," he said. "When I got there, no one at the meeting seemed to be running it. People seemed embarrassed to be in the forefront. They wanted to do everything by consensus, but they won't get anywhere that way. They wanted me to tell them how to get started. I told them that we started Mercury with only eight or ten guys, that one guy was in charge, and that we were not afraid of making mistakes or being laughed at. I don't think they believed me." —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

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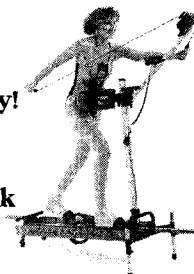
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IN FASHION

On the Beach

ONE recent Sunday (hazy, hot, and humid; high, 92) at Jones Beach, a state park an hour's drive from Manhattan, the people seated in ragged rows a few feet from the water's edge, all facing the same direction, like the audience in a theatre, watched a steady parade of other people strolling up and down the beach, waves lapping at their ankles. "Check this out," a man said to his companion, who obligingly lifted her head from the book she was reading. If the crowds on the beaches near New York City this summer are any indication, people in bathing suits are putting more than their bodies on display. "Unbelievable," the man announced a few minutes later as some new specimen came into view. It is hard to get a lot of reading done under these circumstances.

There were five teen-age surfers sporting short-sleeved wetsuits and the same haircut—a shallow bowl cut of sorts, the hair shaved close around the sides, leaving a thatch on top like the roof of a hut. There was a woman in a maillot with an eye chart printed on the front, encouraging the nearsighted to come a little closer. There was a man wearing black Speedos and a yarmulke. There was one freckled

family, dressed in discreet hundred-per-cent-cotton prints, who looked as if they had been airlifted in from the Hamptons. And there were three guys in bikinis batting around a black-and-fluorescent-green soccer ball. If there was a trend on the beaches this summer, it was fluorescence—fluorescent everything, from baseball caps to beach umbrellas, from boxer shorts to body boards, from bikinis to sidepieces on black sunglasses, from Frisbees to nail polish, all burning holes in the retina. The world began to take on the aspect of a bucolic nineteenth-century seascape menaced by neon signs. Stealthily but surely, it seemed, object by object, while the rest of us were asleep a band of fashion terrorists was recoloring the world fluorescent, starting with the beaches. Everywhere you looked you saw something that used to be some perfectly nice, normal color and had now turned fluorescent.

Among the people who had so far managed to escape was a little Japanese girl teaching her blond Barbie doll, dressed in a red maillot with a low-cut back, how to swim, while her brother buried their father in the sand. A long-haired Indian woman, wearing a soaking-wet printed-cotton knee-length tunic and pants, played tag with

her young son in the water. A man in baggy boxer-style cotton trunks and a New York Yankees cap and a woman in a polka-dot spandex tank suit lay between the speakers of their portable cassette player and listened to Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. A pale woman in a two-piece fuchsia-and-black checkerboard bathing suit stood facing the ocean, doing calisthenics for her upper arms.

All at once, hearing a loud drone, the people on the beach raised their gaze to the sky, where an airplane was flying low over the water, trailing a banner: "Z100/COKE ELVIS COSTELLO JONES BCH THIS FRI." Then they went back to their sports sections of the *Post*, to their children scampering in widening circles around them, to their corn on the cob.

The regulars seemed to know the territory, which divides down the middle, the middle being the beeline from the parking lot—full of Toyotas with bumper stickers, and shiny mid-size sedans from Hertz, and Plymouths beginning to rust around the edges—through the low brick pavilion housing the snack bar and "comfort stations," down to the water. To the right: fluorescent bathing suits, heavysset men and women in bikinis that fit like tourniquets, raucous teen-agers, couples with children, T-shirts advertising Newport cigarettes, thick-muscled men who looked as if they moved refrigerators for a living, *People* and *Cosmopolitan*, big boxy plastic-foam coolers containing cans of diet soda. To the left: khaki shorts, bathing suits in dark solid colors, couples of the same sex, fine-tuned biceps and pectorals, ACT-UP T-shirts, *Runner's World* and *Grand Street*, Poland Spring mineral water in plastic bottles, shopping bags from Balducci's. It took the appearance of a plane flying by—"CALL HAMILTON FEDERAL FOR YOUR LOW COST LOANS"—to unite these two camps, as all along the beach heads turned to read the message.

Apart from a red-white-and-blue nylon igloo on a yellow plastic frame and a respectable number of umbrellas, the beach gear was mostly makeshift—the sort of thing that people living in small apartments with insufficient closet space improvise once or twice a year. For beach bags, there were gym duffels



"Mine says, 'Fortune cookies are a strictly American invention.'"

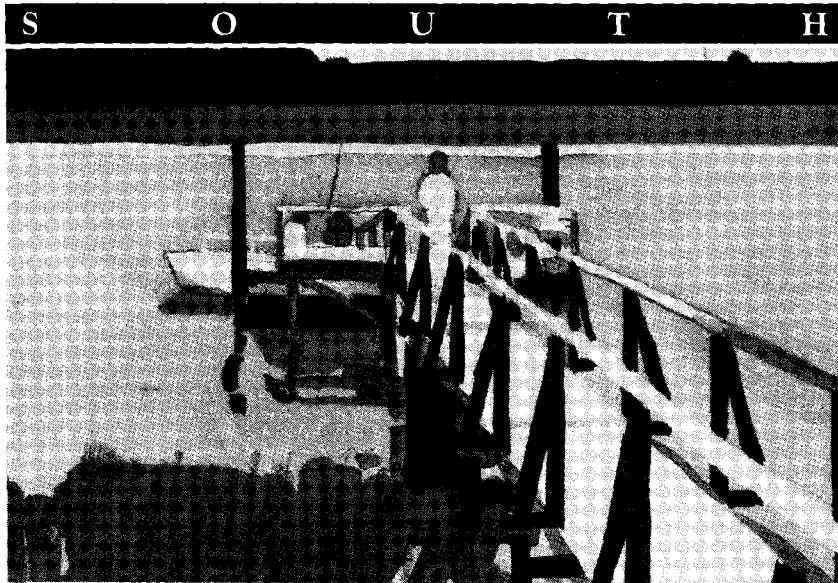
and backpacks; for beach towels, old bedsheets in faded pastel stripes.

Another drone, another airplane: "GEORGI THE FIRST NAME IN VODKA." The people on the beach went back to looking at one another. It's amazing, I found myself thinking as I surveyed the crowd around me, how much you can tell about a person on the basis of so little clothing.

WITH its fantasyland mansions set back from its tree-lined streets and its lawns dotted with exotic topiaries, Deal, New Jersey, bears a closer resemblance to Bel Air, California, than to any of its neighbors along the shore. On the beach at noon on a Saturday (partly sunny, breezy; high, 83) were a woman in a mottled metallic bikini and a gold-beaded snood; a woman in a black bathing suit with big Chanel-style pearl earrings clipped to the straps; a woman in a black strapless Lycra suit with gold souache scrollwork on the front. The bathing suits were mostly bright-colored, in shiny fabrics. There were gold necklaces and bracelets (on men and women alike), gold earrings, gold Rolxes, gold lamé beach bags. The women, in full makeup, were meticulously coiffed and manicured, many with nail polish that matched their bathing suits. The men wore mostly Speedos, with one or two or three gold chains around their necks. They left their gold-rimmed, Porsche-style aviator sunglasses on when they went in swimming, keeping their heads above the water.

Two fiftyish women—one wearing a black-and-white floral-printed Lycra tank with gold jewelry and gold-framed sunglasses, the other a poppy-printed blouson one-piece with a matching visor and a gold watch—walked into the waves and stood, knee-deep, talking.

BY the end of the nineteen-seventies, swimsuits, like fashion, seemed to have reached a point of no return—a minimalist impasse that offered little hope and few possibilities for the future, other than occasional new variations on the standard bikini or on the maillot, which, thanks to Lycra, had become a second skin. It was during those years that Norma Kamali made a name for herself as a swimsuit designer. Now nearly twenty-five per cent of Kamali's total business is in swimsuits, with the rest in clothes



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and accessories. Though Kamali agrees in principle with the conventional wisdom that fashion and swimsuits are for the most part unrelated—that the history of swimsuits is not so much a subdivision of the history of fashion as a tradition all its own—she admits that there are certain parallels. For one, there was for many years a prevailing style in swimsuits, which the majority of women aspired to, regardless of their body type, the way they aspired to the prevailing silhouette or skirt length in their street clothes. “There was a time—and I know that I’m to blame for it—when all you would hear people ask for was a high-cut leg,” Kamali recalls. Those days of consensus, in swimsuits as in fashion, are gone. Today, all the options exist simultaneously.

In 1978, Kamali brought out a collection of long-line suits, cut to cover the upper thigh, at a time when the high-cut leg that she had unleashed on the world was still going strong. She couldn’t give the suits away. In 1988, she decided to try again, with a group of swimsuits inspired by the styles that forties movie stars wore. The Hollywood glamour, she says, was something that people could relate to, and gave them a frame of reference for the long-line suit, even though Kamali’s versions of it were constructed differently. This time, the long-line suits walked out of the stores. Two of the styles, which Kamali has kept in production, are still among her best-sellers.

Lena Lenček and Gideon Bosker, in their book “*Making Waves: Swimsuits and the Undressing of America*,” call a swimsuit “a sartorial paradox: a form of undress that functioned as a symbol of dress.” In a way, the long-line suit and other styles that have lately been making a comeback represent a return to a kind of modesty that’s been missing in swimsuits for the past twenty-five or thirty years. By 1964, when Rudi Gernreich introduced the “monokini,” a topless suit with suspender straps, soon to be followed by the thong, the history of the modern swimsuit seemed to have arrived at its inevitable destination, prompting Diana Vreeland to remark that “the bikini says to me the best things in life are free.” The inexorable, protracted, slow-motion striptease that propelled not only fashion but swimsuit design for

the first half of the twentieth century could only end in nakedness. Inch by inch, a woman’s ankles, calves, upper arms, thighs, armpits, back, midriff, abdomen, and, finally, breasts were unveiled, offering a sexual thrill—the thrill of the forbidden made suddenly available—that, however controversial, kept the process moving forward: just as the sight of what had been concealed began to seem familiar, some new area was brought out into the open, and the thrill was revived. (For men, the progress, though made in larger stages, was no less vehemently contested: the shortening of the tunic that concealed the shape of the groin and finally, during the forties, the removal of the tunic altogether, baring the chest, were regarded in their time as threats to society’s stability.) As a result, the amount of skin a swimsuit exposed was for years a gauge of its sex appeal, with each new sexy suit, considered bare and daring in its time, eventually being superseded by some newer style, even barer and more daring.

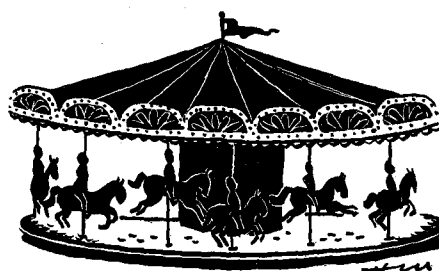
Kamali believes that that old formula—skin equals sex appeal—is now defunct. “I don’t think people even look at a thong bikini as sexy anymore,” she says. “It’s part of a life style.” Sex appeal today, she contends, resides more in the construction and the cut of a swimsuit than in what it exposes. “A big impact over the last few years has been the underwire and the different types of shapings that have been introduced for breasts of different sizes,” she explains. “It’s the subtlety that makes it. A strap—the way a strap goes over the shoulder—can be sexy now.”

Besides the sexual ennui that set in over the past twenty years, with the sight of naked flesh no longer the turn-on that it used to be, a growing disenchantment with promiscuity and recent evidence that sun exposure damages skin have conspired to cover up the body again. But, because of advances in the technology of fabrics,

the suits this time around bear only a passing resemblance to the monolithic suits of the forties and fifties, which, even when hanging on a line to dry, maintained the shape of a woman’s torso, as if they were worn by a ghost. To a certain extent, the history of the swimsuit is the history of the synthetic fibres and the fabric technology that were invented for it: the progress is documented by Lenček and Bosker, from Jantzen’s original “elastic,” or “rib,” stitch, which eliminated the need for a drawstring at the waist, to Lastex, a rubber-based woven material that molded to the body, and on to the Matletex process, for gathering cotton fabric on elastic thread, and then the advent of spandex (which Du Pont named Lycra), in the nineteen-sixties. The companies that eventually became Catalina and Cole of California started out as knitting mills specializing in underwear. As fabrics became capable of clinging closer to the body, the suits got scantier, culminating in the bikini consisting of three spandex fig leaves.

Kamali is continuing to work with Lycra, even though many of the suits she’s designing these days are not so bare. Sometimes she uses two layers—“one doing something, and the other one flat, holding you in.” A swimsuit that drapes on the body is a lot more forgiving than one that sticks to it like adhesive, and also a lot more elegant, as Louise Dahl-Wolfe’s indelible images from the forties of women in lightweight wool-jersey swimsuits by Claire McCardell remind us. Kamali isn’t sure what the future holds for swimwear. “But I suspect that it won’t be that long before we’re needing to protect ourselves with more than just sunblock,” she says. “And the waters aren’t exactly clean, and people are nervous about swimming pools. So if the sun isn’t so great and the water isn’t so great and hygiene is so important, where is swimwear going to go? It could be a whole other thing. I think we may be looking at clothes that protect us from our environment. And that to me is scary, but it’s an interesting thought, and it’s not one that you can just knock out of your head.”

ON a Sunday afternoon (windy, warmer, partly cloudy; high, 85), the parking lot at the beach in East



Hampton was full of BMWs and Mercedeses, and one of the shingle-style houses that loom in profile along the crests of the dunes was flying an American flag. In the foreground were men and women—most of them conspicuously thinner than the people at other beaches—dressed in khaki shorts or madras-plaid boxers or dark, solid-colored swimsuits in cotton-knit fabrics with a dull finish. The women wore wide stretch headbands that pulled their hair back from their foreheads; the men wore baseball caps, among them one that said “CBS News.” They had left their jewelry at home. Several women were turned out in J. Crew’s mix-and-match bikinis—the tops and bottoms different colors.

The best-dressed award at nearly every beach this summer goes to the surfers, in their wetsuits—the amphibious equivalent of the getups that Manhattan bike messengers wear. The new wetsuits are a big improvement on the old ones, the shiny, rubbery frogman kind. They’re mostly black, contoured with insets of colors like royal blue or fluorescent green or acid yellow, and made of a foamy fabric that’s absolutely matte. The best of them, cut to just above the knee, like bikers’ shorts, zip up the back instead of the front. There are boards to match. At the beach in East Hampton, there were surfers attached to their boards by a cord and a Velcro band at the ankle—like fugitives from a chain gang in search of the perfect wave.

The beach bags were faded canvas totes from L. L. Bean. Scattered around the edges of the towels spread on the sand were binoculars, canvas espadrilles and Top-Siders and Keds, bottles of seltzer water and of Snapple iced tea. A half-empty bottle of Italian white wine nestled in a brass ice bucket next to a young couple in striped-canvas beach chairs. Naked children were building sandcastles. Three Labrador retrievers, a Dalmatian, and a long-haired dachshund were chasing one another in the surf. An anorexic woman in a white crocheted bikini, her skin tanned to the color and consistency of rawhide, determinedly hiked the beach on unsteady legs. A little boy buried his brother in the sand. The snack bar was selling Hotlix—clear, tequila-flavored lollipops with quick-fried worms trapped in the middle—which a poster inside

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billed as the new California craze.

The surfers and a young mother in a mauve straw pith helmet and a man in sun-bleached ikat-printed boxers and two topless women paging through sections of the *Sunday Times* all looked up to read the banner of an airplane flying overhead: "YOUR MESSAGE HERE? ♥ AEROTAG (516) 288-1873."

THE sight of so many people in bathing suits brings to mind a friend's theory that most naked bodies are attractive and it's only when you start putting clothes on people—chopping up a sculptural form into shoulders, arms, midriff, hips, and legs, and exaggerating certain lines—that people begin to look awful. At a time when anything goes, on the beach as well as on the street, and in the absence of the advice that fashion magazines used to dispense about how to disguise "figure flaws," most women seem to choose swimsuits inappropriate to their bodies—suits they've seen featured in some picture or other, worn by a model they want to look like. "You want a course in psychology?" Norma Kamali says. "Sell swimsuits."

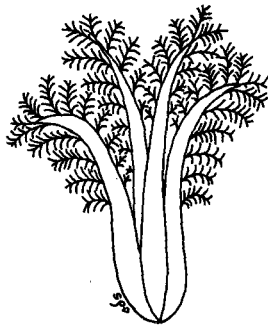
Some of the optical illusions that a bathing suit can create are unmysterious: ruffles on a bra top make a small-chested woman look bigger; ruffles on a bottom make big hips look even broader. In other cases, it helps to have a professional's eye and experience. Kamali refuses to make pronouncements about what kind of swimsuit is most compatible with what kind of figure, because bodies are so individual. "But these things I can tell you, and they're real," she says. "If the shoulder straps are set wide apart, the shoulders appear to be wider. If the shoulder straps are set in, the shoulders may appear to be smaller. If the straps are set all the way in, the shoulders appear to be wider again."

It is impossible to sit on a beach these days and not be struck by the overwhelming obesity of the American public. Granted, there are people who are conspicuously fit, who go to the gym, to aerobics class—who work on their bodies and, having invested so much time and energy in them, are willing, if not eager, to show them

off—and fashion now addresses itself to these people. And then there are the overweight by more than just a few pounds, the people neglected by designers and the editors of fashion magazines, who imagine that fashion can provide women with an incentive to lose weight. There are, apparently—astonishingly—very few people in between, few "normal" people, for whom eating and exercising are natural functions rather than conscious decisions.

We hear it said again and again what a crime it is that our society makes people who are overweight feel ashamed of their bodies, and yet, judging by the way the population on the beaches this summer was dressed, what's remarkable is how many fat people seem completely lacking in self-consciousness. Many fat women seem to think that simply by wearing a bikini they look sexy, the way that a man wearing a leather jacket looks tough. Clothes in this case cease being themselves and become signs of some personality trait that the wearer wants to advertise or acquire.

At Softwear Sportswear, a shop in Greenwich, Connecticut, Meg Felton advises women who need some camouflage to opt for prints in choosing a bathing suit, because they're more distracting than solid colors. "Solids show every bump and ripple," she explains, "whereas if you have a print, people look at the print." A twenty-seven-year-old alumna of Macy's Executive Training Program, Felton opened her own store last November to sell bathing suits custom-made with the aid of computer graphics—a licensed idea that originated in California. Hers is the only store on the



East Coast to offer the service. The advantage of doing custom work, she says, is that she can produce, for instance, a size-8 suit with extra length in the torso for a woman who is long-waisted, or a suit cut high on the leg but wide enough in the seat so that it won't ride up.

A customer comes in, tries on a few different styles from a range of prototypes, and models them for a video camera. Felton freezes the image on a computer screen, then begins to show

the customer what could be done to modify the suit: cutting the leg a little higher or carving away at the armholes or narrowing the straps; adding a band at the waist for a belt; adding slashes of contrasting color, which she calls splices, at the hips, to make a more slender line; splitting a V-neck tank down the middle to create a bicolored suit. She can play with stripes, making them go up and down or across or at an angle, meeting at the center seam in a chevron pattern. Her designs break no new ground; they are, depending on your point of view, either basic or classic. And her fabrics, all of them American, reflect the dearth of beautiful materials. Still, she has a good eye, and she knows how to make a suit fit a body's peculiarities. She will also do maternity suits, including one ingenious style gathered into a band of elastic down the center, which enables the suit to "grow."

THE people on the beach at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, one Saturday morning (hotter, periods of sun; high, 98) were neatly grouped in families, wearing bathing suits that were modest and athletic-looking, in routine colors and unremarkable prints. Founded in the summer of 1869 by ten Methodist families that had come together for rest and fellowship, Ocean Grove was for years so devoutly religious that until 1977 no cars were permitted on the streets on Sundays. Today, the peaked roofs of its Victorian houses, with their lacy woodwork trim, are visible from the water's edge.

One woman wading out into the surf was dressed in a blue-and-white striped tank suit that might have been left over from her high-school swim team. The men wore boxer-style suits with a tiny pocket, for change, or with a webbed belt. Two women wearing one-piece suits straight out of the Land's End catalogue—full cut, the neck scooped not too low—sat playing gin rummy with a little girl and drinking diet Sprite, which they poured from cans into paper cups. Among the beach bags were a few straw totes embroidered with raffia flowers—souvenirs, perhaps, of vacations in the Caribbean. An occasional pair of earrings—small studs or gold hoops—was the only jewelry. There were teen-age girls in bikini tops and cutoffs that were

turned up and sewn instead of frayed.

On a bulletin board beside the boardwalk, handbills had been posted: a notice of a kite contest, the schedule of concerts at the Ocean Grove Auditorium (Patti Page, the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, the Drifters and the Coasters), open invitations to a Surfside Song & Testimony Service and to sermons ("Learning to Love All Over Again" and "Giving Away What You Cannot Keep") by Dr. Anthony Campolo. One flyer announced the appearance of the gospel magician Dave Siefert—"Presenting Jesus Christ Through Magic"—and featured a picture of a man pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

ON a Tuesday afternoon (sunny skies, humid, chance of showers toward evening; high, 88) on the beach at Coney Island, there were strollers and bicycles parked in the sand. Just behind the boardwalk, where the corrugated-metal fronts of boarded-up stores are covered with graffiti, the Wonder Wheel turned listlessly; the rattle of the Cyclone could be heard down by the water. The people on the beach turned their backs on the high-rise housing projects towering over the shoreline and stared out to sea. An airplane flew into their field of vision: "TRY TEEN SPIRIT ANTIPERSPIRANT."

Not far from a white-haired man who looked like a Giacometti sculpture with a bath towel for a base and a woman in a purple lamé bikini reading a discount-mail-order catalogue, six elderly women and two elderly men had gathered. The backs and seats of their beach chairs were made of plastic webbing, basketwoven. Wet swimsuits had been hung to dry from the spokes of their two beach umbrellas. A young mother in a white bikini, with a little boy on a telephone-cord leash attached to his wrist, was saying her goodbyes. "Who loves you? Who loves you?" one woman called after them insistently as they started across the sand toward the boardwalk, looking back over their shoulders and waving. A thickset woman in a skirted bathing suit printed with lilacs and a matching purple bathing cap returned from a swim, dripping wet. Her shoulder straps were tied together in back with a shoelace to keep them from slipping. Another woman, wearing a full-cut bathing

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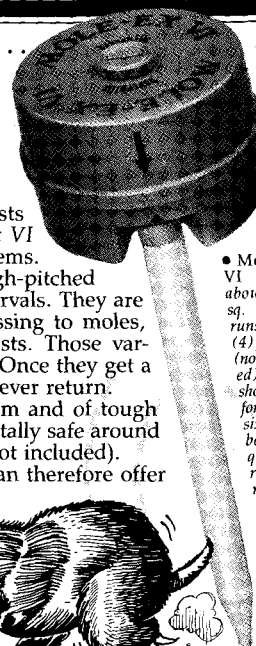
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suit printed with palm fronds and orchids, asked her neighbor, a gray-haired man with a concave chest, a question that began in Sicilian dialect and ended "and how would you know?" A collapsible luggage cart stood off to one side of their beach towels.

Three women speaking Russian, one of them wearing a turquoise Lycra bikini with silver Lurex trim, sat watching a little boy molding the turrets of a sandcastle with a Dixie cup. The landscape was scattered with cans of Sunkist orange soda and gallon bottles of diet Pepsi and packages of Dipsy Doodles. The beach bags were from Key Food and Payless. "Cold beer! *Cerveza!*" a bare-chested man with tattoos on his arms called, weaving through the crowd and pulling behind him a cart that held a battered plastic-foam ice chest. A woman in a T-shirt and shorts knelt in the sand beside a cooler and shouted through a battery-powered megaphone, "Ice cream! Two for a dollar!" Radios were tuned to stations playing salsa music.

A father, dressed in a gray-and-white striped shirt, stiff jeans, and Adidas, held on tight to the hands of his two little girls as they cut a straight path from the boardwalk to the water. His daughters, their hair in neat cornrows, wore black-and-white gingham sundresses with fluorescent pink and green piping. At the water's edge, each little girl removed her white sandals with one hand, never letting go of her father with the other. At the point where the waves played themselves out, he lifted his toes and rocked back on his heels at their approach. The girls, their sandals dangling from their hands, solemnly stamped their feet, making little slapping noises.

A woman dressed in a black cotton shirt and shorts, Birkenstock sandals, and a big straw sun hat sat in the lotus position with her eyes closed. Six children buried a friend in the sand, shovelling furiously. A man and a woman in matching Tarzan-and-Jane leopard-patterned bikinis lay face down on a sheet printed with the "Star Wars" logo. The woman with the megaphone planted herself in the sand nearby and shouted "Ice cream! Half price! Two for a dollar!" in a belligerent tone. A man with a ponytail and a gold earring, wearing black Bermuda-length boxers with the Spalding logo

across the seat, stood talking to a friend in Spanish. The woman who had been meditating opened her eyes, reached into an embroidered cotton bag, and pulled out an eyedropper, which she used to put a few drops of something on her tongue. A man in a fluorescent-green toy scuba mask snorkelled around one of the rock jetties, seemingly looking for something he'd lost. Two small girls etched a hopscotch game in the wet sand. A photographer in a yellow baseball cap strolled the beach, offering to take people's pictures with his sidekick, a green plush Ninja Turtle whose costume looked homemade.

ON the racks at Sunsation, a swimsuit boutique in Belmar, New Jersey, there were bikinis of all descriptions, including one with two gilded lavender plastic scallop shells held on by a nylon cord, for a bra, and a skimpy gauze diaper bottom; a black Lycra flapper style, with matching fringed elbow-length mitts; a skimpy Pebbles Flintstone model, in Ultrasuede, with jagged edges. Sherry Michaels, the store's owner, says that at the height of the season Sunsation sells an average of a hundred and fifty bikinis a weekend. By the beginning of August, the men's department, just beyond the tanning machine, was all out of G-strings with detachable loin-cloths.

A few towns farther down the coast, at Point Pleasant, on a Saturday (hazy sun, sultry, turning windy; high, 96), the parking area for the beach looked like a Chevrolet dealer's used-car lot, full of Camaros. "Wanted, Dead or Alive," by Bon Jovi—a local hero—came blasting from one of a row of weathered houses fronting directly onto the boardwalk, their decks, like grandstands, crowded with rowdy, beer-drinking young men who were already, by five in the afternoon, well on their way to getting really ripped. After

sundown, the beach at Point Pleasant is for smooching, and is only slightly less crowded than it is by day.

Men with tattoos and women with long striped fingernails roamed the boardwalk, two by two, holding hands, buying ice-cream cones, playing shooting-gallery games for Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble dolls. The Frog Bog, where contestants catapult green rubber frogs onto rotating lily pads, was doing a brisk business. There were no more seats on the little train running on rails set in the sand. An inflated statue of Bud Man presided over the pier.

The women were aggressively tanned, wearing tiny bikinis in colors with the volume turned up all the way. With their drop earrings, their gold ankle bracelets, their eyeshadow and lip gloss, their full hairdos with lots of body, they looked as painstakingly turned out as socialites in evening gowns. The men wore fluorescent Bermuda-length boxers, with religious medallions and pendants that said "100%" (proclaiming their purebred Italian bloodlines) hanging from gold chains around their necks.

A doubles volleyball tournament was in progress: two Amazonian women, one of them in a royal-blue maillot and the other in a minuscule bikini, versus two slightly smaller women, in slightly larger bikinis. A crowd of spectators had gathered at the boardwalk railing. A woman with decals on her fingernails, which were lacquered fluorescent orange, tapped another woman, a blonde with long hair in spiral waves, on the shoulder. "Excuse me," she said. "Is that a perm or is that your natural?" It was a perm. The first woman had tried something similar, she said, but it hadn't worked. In a voice that drifted upward at the end of every statement, the blonde told her what to ask for at the beauty salon: "Tell them to use the white-on-black rods? Because if you get them a little too big? Because of the length of the hair? It'll pull it out."

The roar of an airplane engine diverted the attention of the crowd from the volleyball tournament (3-0, Amazons) to the sky. The message moved across the field of blue from right to left and continued on up the coast, toward the beaches in Belmar and Ocean Grove and Deal: "JERSEY SHORE THIS BUD'S FOR YOU."

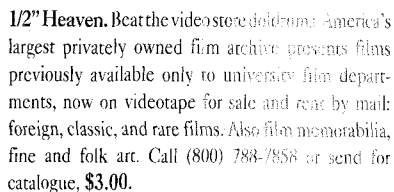
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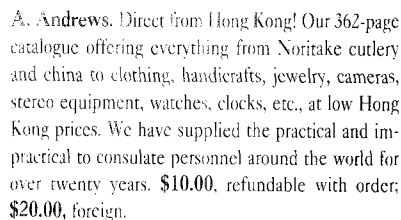


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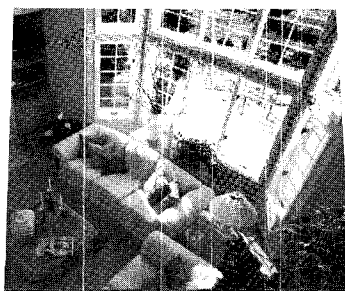


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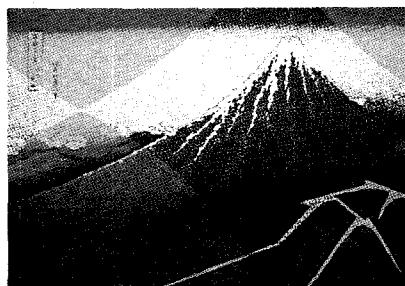
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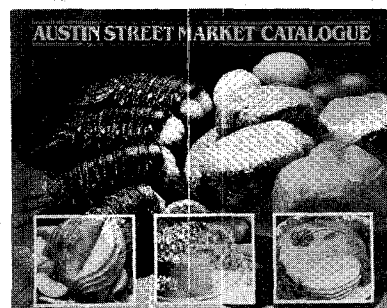
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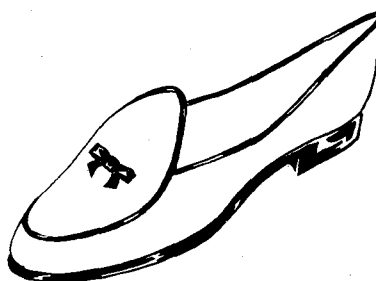
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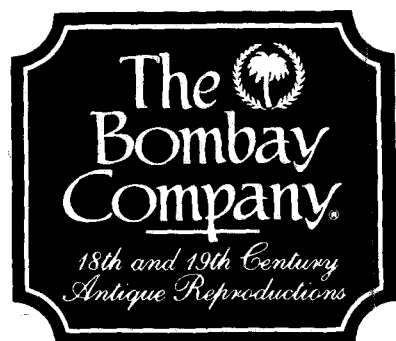


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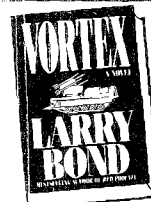
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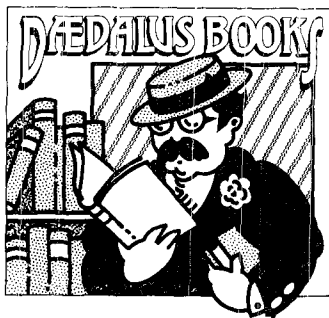
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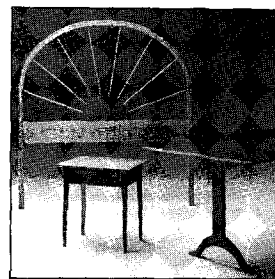
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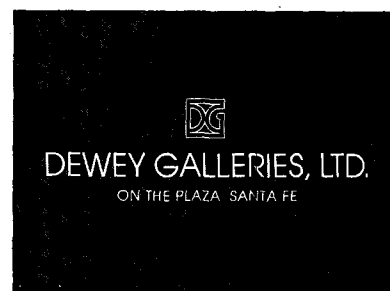
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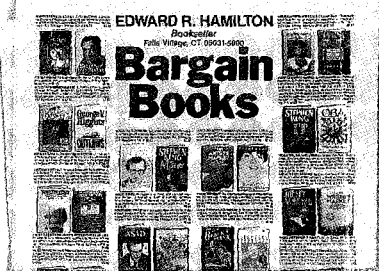
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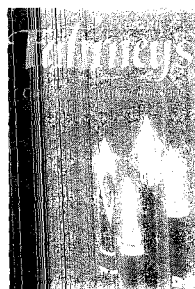
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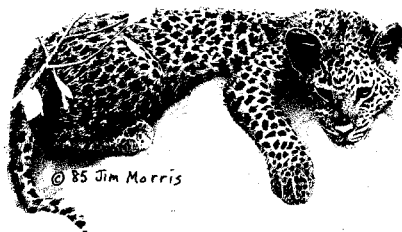


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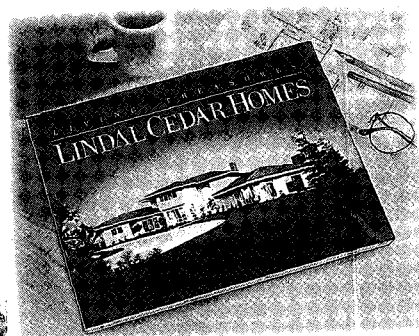
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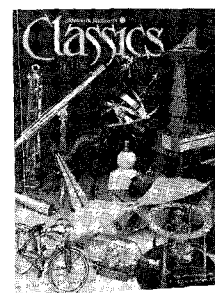
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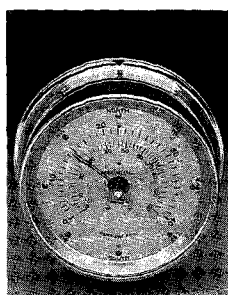
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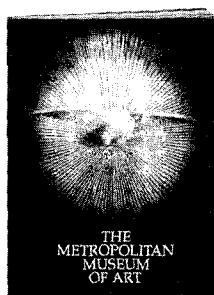
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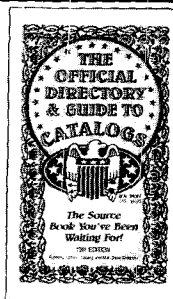
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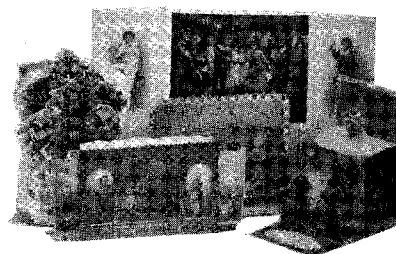
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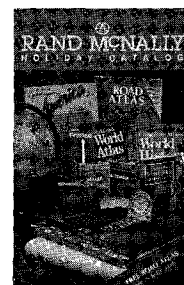
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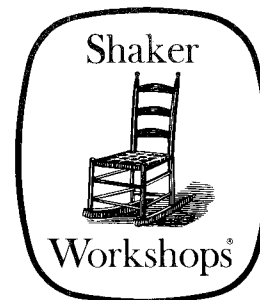
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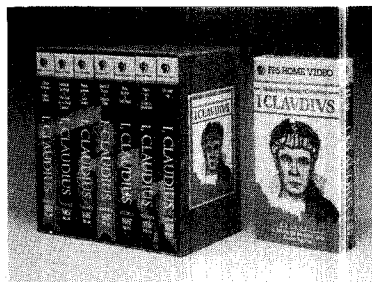
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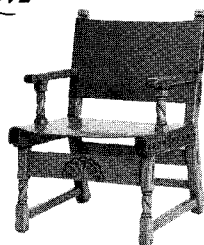
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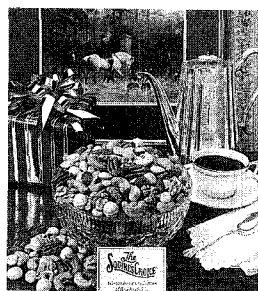
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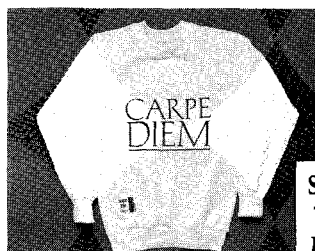
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THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

A COLLECTIVE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

BEYOND expressing a wistful determination to shove things back into the old bottle, the eight gray men who seized power from Mikhail Gorbachev early on August 19th revealed themselves as having no sense of direction, let alone new ideas. Even nominal Communists might have been put off by the preposterous rhetoric that accompanied the deed; only a studious avoidance of the term "Communism" itself showed some forethought. Perhaps because Gorbachev's neck had been out so far for so long, most leaders in the West, and most diplomats, had begun to take his survival for granted—or at least the survival of the liberalizing tendencies that he had set in motion. Another reason that such people were betting on his survival was that there seemed to be no viable alternative; who, after all, would have wanted to take on his job? And none of the parties, including the Army, were seen as willing to risk a civil war. The moment of greatest danger had seemed to arise late last year: rumors of a putsch were rampant then, and Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze flagged the menace in his dramatic resignation speech.

The uncertainty now is how matters are sorted out between Gorbachev and Boris Yeltsin, the duly elected President of the Russian Republic. With the Communist right shattered, it may be possible to move the reform programs along with dispatch, or at least to avoid the maddening slowness and delay that characterized Gorbachev's recent style, as he plied a zigzag course between reformers and the Old Guard and thus failed to develop a serious constituency on any side. Diplomats who specialize in Soviet affairs reckoned that, whatever happened, nobody would see Gorbachev as helmsman for much longer. The more likely outcome of the drama, they felt, would bring Yeltsin forward as the dominant force in Soviet affairs. He has the popular mandate that Gorbachev would not risk seeking. Also, Gorbachev bears the blame for having given most of the conspirators their jobs. Yeltsin showed courage during the crisis, and public opinion rallied to him. Still,

although he and Gorbachev loathe each other, each has had a need of the other, and in telephone conversations with George Bush at the worst of the brief crisis Yeltsin repeatedly declared his support for Gorbachev. The irony is that while the moment is perhaps the most exhilarating in Russian history, Gorbachev nearly missed it. His post-coup appointments, abruptly rescinded, and his comments indicated that he hadn't grasped the significance of an event that threatened to leave him in its wake. It still could if he remains unwilling to join Yeltsin in burying socialism once and for all.

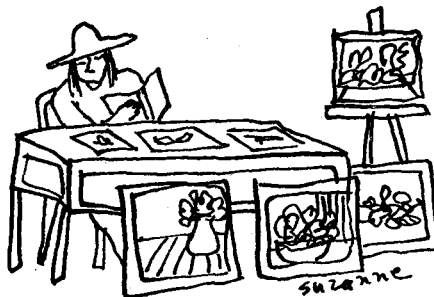
For a couple of days, the crisis in Moscow was reminiscent of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait last summer. It caught leaders like Bush and Germany's Helmut Kohl on vacation, and foreign ministries keeping the usual drowsy August watch. Bush and Kohl, whose countries have special, though different, roles in East-West affairs, would have been the ones most affected by a successful coup in Moscow. The importance to each of his relationship with Gorbachev is hard to exaggerate. Kohl invested more than anyone else in Gorbachev's survival and the success of his policies. And, while gratitude is rare in world affairs, Gorbachev bestowed historic favors on Germany; making unification possible was, of course, the most important of his services, and Kohl was the political beneficiary.

A successful coup, or a kind of stalemate with the Soviet Union teetering on the edge of violence and chaos, would have piled new uncertainties onto an unusually jumbled world scene. Diplomats and their betters—as many of them refer to their leaders—had already found the going in the early nineteen-nineties much harder than they had expected; literally none of them had anticipated the Soviet

Union's retreat from Eastern Europe, German unification, or a war with Iraq. The moorings of foreign policy in many capitals were badly shaken, not by any one of these events but by all of them, and others, and their confusing ripple effects. America, for example, won a battle in the Persian Gulf but is losing the struggle to turn the victory to its advantage; despite the prospect of a peace conference, the region is becoming more unstable. President Bush's efforts last summer to build a coalition against Iraq went very well, but Saddam Hussein is still there—an unchastened troublemaker—and the war left appalling problems. Most of the supposed lessons of the brief conflict that are busily being learned are probably non-lessons. Many Third World countries saw its larger meaning as proof of their own need for state-of-the-art "smart" weaponry and for weapons of mass destruction. The war also put serious stress on relations between America and the financially strongest of its allies and trading partners—Germany and Japan, who stood accused in Washington of contributing too little to it, too late.

European leaders and diplomats were in most cases gratified or relieved that the war went so well, partly because its quick end squashed the recently fashionable notion that America's overseas commitments had become too heavy and were edging the only superpower around into a decline. Also, in a one-superpower world, the Soviet Union—as led by Gorbachev, at least—must tread the straight and narrow: defer to American pressure to be constructive so as to gain Western help and acceptance. Without Soviet coöperation, building the coalition that opposed Saddam Hussein would not have been possible. If that is one lesson, however, another for many Europeans is that the end of the Cold War has not, after all, diminished America's long shadow over their affairs and that the European Community must not slow down the process of building strength through unity.

The coup, although aborted, pointed up the fragile nature of reform in the Soviet Union and the insecurity of its former client states in Eastern Eu-



rope. E.C. governments are expected to draw closer to them politically and to provide more aid. Whether the process also pushes E.C. members to develop a more cohesive foreign policy, or even a start toward a common defense entity, is less likely. Probably they will not, according to the diplomatic consensus at this admittedly early stage. The E.C. already has its hands full—and may be over its head—in trying to settle the conflict in Yugoslavia. Early in July, Germany broke ranks with its E.C. partners by declaring support for Croatia and Slovenia in their efforts to break away from Yugoslavia. There arose suspicions of a plan to create a corridor of German influence through Austria into Slovenia and Croatia. Similarly, efforts by France and some other members to help preserve Yugoslavia's unity invited suspicions that they were supporting Serbia—acquiescing in its campaign to seize larger chunks of the federation. (The events of 1914 were recalled, and not just by pessimists, although Croatia and Slovenia were drawing away from Austria then, not toward it.) Washington's position was—and is—in effect, "This is a bona-fide European problem, so you, the E.C., fix it yourselves." One British diplomat says, "There is a sense of the Americans' waiting to see us fall flat on our face. They are saying aloud, 'Where do the Europeans think they are going?'"

It's true that this Administration, like its predecessors, doesn't like to see the E.C. playing at joint foreign policy. And Yugoslavia is an unfair test for the E.C.; the role of peacekeeper isn't available, because there is no peace to keep. Nor is there even a way of insinuating a peacekeeping force into Yugoslavia. The Soviet Union has seemed to regard efforts by the Western powers, or by anyone, to mediate and repartition the country as wholly unacceptable. Today Croatia, tomorrow the Ukraine is the likely scenario, as Moscow envisions it. The Soviets are seen as likely to veto any move within the United Nations Security Council to create a peacekeeping force. Still, as the timeless tragedy of Yugoslavia—and the Balkans—edges closer to outright disaster, the great powers may have to swallow their reservations and at least try to do something. There probably isn't much that they can do. Most diplomats feel

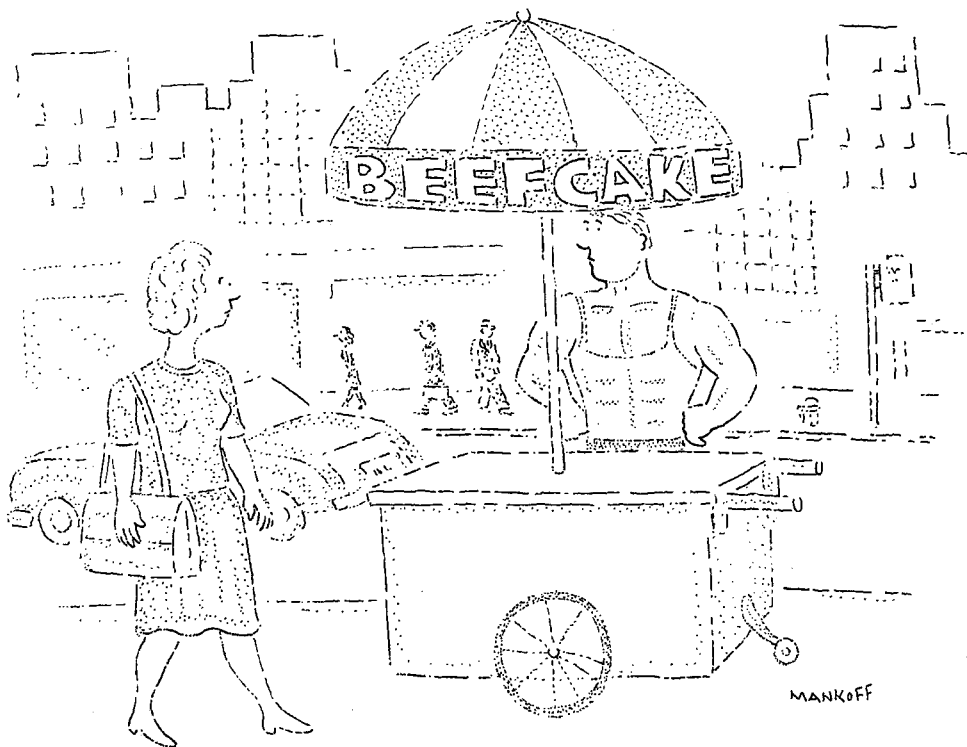
that Slovenia will succeed in leaving the federation and becoming an independent state. Croatia is a different matter. "Croatia is the wounded pigeon that the other pigeons—the Serbs—will be encouraged to peck to death," says a senior British diplomat who knows Yugoslavia well.

A LIKELY casualty of a successful coup in Moscow would have been the Middle East peace conference that is supposed to begin in October. Washington's preoccupation with the Soviet problem would almost certainly have crowded out preparation of a strategy for the conference. And Bush might have had trouble deciding whether to cosponsor the conference with those who had seized power from his great confederate.

The war in the Persian Gulf aroused expectations among Arabs and E.C. governments that solutions to the Palestine problem and other stressful issues would be agreed to by the disputing parties, or would be imposed on them. A failure to gratify these expectations, Europeans say, will be exploited by extremist movements, which are now gathering force from the deadly combination of explosive population growth and widespread unemployment. Sixty to seventy per cent of the population in Arab states is under twenty, according to some estimates. Extremism feeds on rootless, impoverished

youth. The E.C. Commission reckons that by the year 2000 the Mediterranean Arab countries will have a hundred million people more than they may be able to sustain. The answer for many of these people is migration to E.C. countries, most of which are having at best mixed success in keeping them out, despite stiffer border controls. "The Middle East starts in Paris," say the frankly worried French, who point to the more than four million Muslims in France and the sixty million or so directly across the Mediterranean in North Africa.

E.C. capitals consider Israel the chief obstacle to settling the Palestine problem, and they refuse to believe that Washington can't push Israel into a trade of occupied land for peace, as called for by various United Nations resolutions. President Bush and Secretary of State James Baker are seen as trying to maneuver Israeli public opinion against the regime of Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, so as to be able to press the land-for-peace trade with a less immoderate successor. While Europeans are no less keen to see the end of Shamir's government, they say that something truly constructive must be done before the window of opportunity that the war was presumed to have opened is shut. American officials and diplomats doubt whether pressure, even from Washington, will force Israel to make concessions. The strategy,



they say, not unreasonably, is to create a new dynamic—a conference that becomes a process whose momentum will sweep all the parties along, including even Shamir's Israel; the argument is gathering support. But skeptics believe that Israel risks little in taking part in a conference—that neither the Americans nor the Arab parties are willing or able to push Shamir into the land-for-peace trade.

Bush and Baker are clearly hostile to Israel's current leaders, and are believed in some circles to be willing to squeeze them if the stalemate continues. "The pressure points are obvious," a senior diplomat says. "Baker could come back from a trip to the area and tell it like it is. Also, under the guise of reassessing our policy, we could put everything, including financial support, into a giant freeze. In the light of all our effort and no movement, we could also say we won't be bound to veto every Security Council resolution that comes along—especially those which are consistent with our policies and interests. We have to avoid the danger of having too much substance or too little." The idea, he said, has been to get a freeze on Israeli settlements in return for an agreement by the Arabs to drop the boycott of companies doing business with Israel. But Israel rejects that idea out of hand. It has launched a huge housing program in the occupied territories; the goal is twelve thousand new units over the next two years. Until recently, American and European diplomats hoped that Bush would link this program to Shamir's request for ten billion dollars in loan guarantees to be used mainly for settling Soviet Jewish immigrants. All sides now doubt that any such linkage will be made. Israel is expected to get the money, which will be spread out over a number of years. It is most unlikely, diplomats say, that Bush and Baker will manage to influence Israeli opinion, if indeed that is their goal, because Shamir is playing his cards shrewdly; like Bush, he will confront elections in the fall of 1992 (unless he calls them sooner), and he is expected to improve his mandate, with or without the peace conference.

Shamir pushed hard for the war that finished off Saddam Hussein as a military threat to Israel, and the Gulf states have cut off support for Yasir Arafat, the odious chief of the Pales-

tine Liberation Organization and another key figure in Israeli demonology; Arafat had a bad war, to put it mildly. It follows, Europeans say, that Israel should feel more comfortable and secure, and so more amenable to serious negotiations. It ought to follow, but doesn't, say the Americans who deal with Shamir.

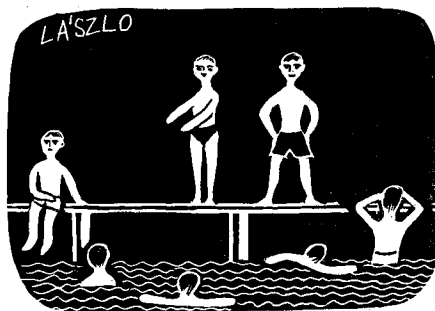
Syria's President, Hafez al-Assad, is willing to take part in a conference because his former patron, the Soviet Union, is no longer much help, and he feels a strong need to improve relations with the remaining superpower. As for the Palestinian cause, Assad and most other Arab leaders may not worry much about it. A peace conference would allow them and, above all, Shamir to claim credit for holding face-to-face talks—a step never before taken. Bush, in turn, could take credit for having made the introductions. The cynical view, which is also gathering strength, is that the Palestinians—around whose plight the argument has raged—would, as usual, be the losers. A peace conference that was supposed to address the land-for-peace trade could end by establishing them as the Armenians of the twenty-first century.

Another view among European diplomats is that, whatever happens with the peace conference, Bush and Baker would like to play hardball with Shamir, but not until after the elections next year. By then, however, the opportunity created by the Gulf War will have faded, the Europeans say, and Israel will have expanded the number and size of its settlements on the West Bank and in Gaza—unless, that is, Israel decides to give Gaza back to the Palestinians. Unlike the West Bank, Gaza isn't considered sacred—as part of the homeland—by Israel, and Shamir's government may just have concluded that Gaza is more trouble than it is worth, that any precedential effect is manageable. If so, this is a card that Israel could

play to great advantage at a peace conference.

Europe's anger toward Shamir and other Israeli leaders has been deepened by Israel's resistance to European participation in the conference that Baker has proposed. Britain and France feel that their military participation in the war earned them stage-center roles in the *après-guerre*. They also feel that Bush and Baker should have made a stronger effort in their behalf; so far, the Israelis have agreed, grudgingly, only to allow a representative of the E.C. itself to sit in on the conference, if there is one.

ALTHOUGH the volatile Arab world is a real and present danger to Europe, what preoccupies E.C. governments is their relations with one another, their relations with Washington, and how to respond to the quest by Eastern Europeans to affix themselves to Western Europe—a matter that will acquire a sharper edge because of the attempted coup in Moscow. Relations among the E.C. capitals turn largely on Community issues. The twelve members have striven with some success to create the kind of closely integrated structure envisioned in the Treaty of Rome, the E.C. charter. The current buzzwords are "deepening" and "widening." Some members want to deepen—to foster more integration. Others would prefer to enlarge the Community. Around the obvious questions—how much deepening or widening, and at what pace—swirl strong and at times unruly differences. Members that, like France, want to deepen but not widen the Community favor changing the rules; that is, integrating the structure in a way that would make it hard for most aspirant members to become eligible for entry. Britain has come to accept the idea that widening, its preference, probably won't prevent some deepening, and the French are becoming aware that the reverse is also true. The Germans sound as if they are equally keen on extensive deepening and extensive widening—a notion that may be far-fetched but does nonetheless reflect the painful reality of the Germans' position: a need to prove themselves "good Europeans" and so have a political license from their partners to concentrate most of their energies on absorbing seventeen million new citizens while also helping most of Eastern Europe



move toward market economies and some form of democracy. The Germans reject the idea that their goals—a lot more enlargement of the E.C. and a lot more integration—are mutually exclusive. They argue that countries that now aspire to E.C. membership—neutrals like Austria and Sweden, and newly minted East European democracies—will not, as the French and others claim, be happier in some half-way house, such as an associate-member status that is on offer and doesn't impose obligations to accept the full rigor of the E.C.'s rules, not to mention cessions of sovereignty. Austrians and Swedes now sound as if they are ready to swallow all the rules, old and new.

A snapshot taken in mid-1989 of relations between America and its chief European allies, and of the allies' relations with one another, looks dated now, even quaint. At that time, the Bush Administration, possibly reflecting the President's caution, refused to accept what struck allied capitals (and most of the world) as obvious: that President Gorbachev was an asset—that deals could be made on his watch that might not be possible when and if he left the scene. Within a few months, however, the Administration's Gorbaphobia was transmuted into a fixed Gorbamania. Yet a mid-1990 snapshot of these various relationships looks about as dated as the earlier one. Washington is shown helping to broker a deal between Gorbachev and Helmut Kohl—who was Chancellor of just West Germany then—that would provide for the withdrawal of Soviet forces from East Germany and for East Germany's union with Kohl's Federal Republic. London and Paris, unlike Washington, distanced themselves from German unification, and even tried, unavailingly, to derail the process. Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher made her displeasure more obvious, but François Mitterrand, France's President, tried still harder than she to block Kohl's historic project. Germany, it seemed, would become an instant colossus, probably superseding Britain as America's special ally. At the same time, Europeans, Germans among them, were also saying that in the light of all the extraordinary events America's anomalous role



in Europe's defense arrangements was fast becoming anachronistic. A community of three hundred and forty million that was surging toward economic and monetary union—including a single currency—could surely start planning to take charge of all its needs. America would continue to have a role in Europe's affairs, but a smaller one, whose outline was unclear. This new and beguiling prospect was dimmed almost at the moment it appeared, first by Saddam Hussein. The crisis in the

Gulf obliged the United States to do what only it could do, and reminded the European nations of their dependence on that special role and of the limits on what the E.C.'s strongest member—Germany—could do politically. Second, the Soviet Union's chaotic and worsening problems threatened Gorbachev, thereby causing Germans to

worry about whether in the end he would be able to deliver on the deal that had been struck.

Although the deal should hold up, especially in the light of what has just occurred in Moscow, Germany's finest hour has been postponed, perhaps indefinitely. The Germans have deep pockets, but their commitments in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe are enormous, and they are being bled by the more exigent needs of the straitened citizens of their five new *Länder*, or states, who, unlike other Eastern Europeans, possess German currency, German expectations, German unions, and German suffrage. The Deutsche mark, which has dominated Europe's monetary affairs, is less robust than it was before unification, and last April the world's leading export nation recorded its first trade deficit in ten years. More serious, German relations with Washington and Paris have lately resembled a movie that has been run backward thirty years—to a time when Bonn was constantly being pressed to choose between Paris and Washington. The choice couldn't be made. The Germans relied on the United States for their security and on Paris for acceptance into the European Community—the instrument designed to put an end to Europe's civil wars and create a whole greater than its parts. Now the sharp edge of the German dilemma is back, with Washington and Paris trying to push the Germans

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in different directions. Washington is tense and confused about what is going on in both Bonn and Paris, and a visitor to Europe finds even more tension and confusion in each of those places. The French are still overreacting to German unification, even though it is a done deal, and that for now France is a beneficiary of unification's heavy costs: inflation in France is below the German level—for the first time in eighteen years—and France has just recorded an unprecedented trade surplus with Germany. The French anxiety, which isn't clearly expressed, is that Germany will supersede America—sooner rather than later—as Europe's dominant influence.

As in the past, defense is the source of much of the tension among the three capitals. The French have been trying to create a distinctly European "defense identity" at the expense of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and, hence, of American influence. Washington has resisted strenuously, and Bonn was put in the middle. Bonn has dealt with its dilemma in recent months by reverting to the practice of telling Washington and Paris what each wants to hear, even if the messages are contradictory.

The Germans want to speed up the process of integrating the E.C., mainly, according to a senior British diplomat who knows both sides well, "to prevent the French saying, 'There you go, you Germans, no sooner unified than you are wandering yet again between two worlds'"—Western and Eastern Europe—and he added, "This mortifying reproach from Paris must be avoided." He meant that Bonn sees France as the vital partner in creating the kind of E.C. that will bury once and for all the fear of a united Germany and will also anchor German prosperity as the country invests heavily in the equally compelling cause of stabilizing Eastern Europe. The French, too, want to push ahead with integration, but their differences with the Germans—not least on how to do it—have drained momentum from the process.

European integration is not an issue—not openly, at least—between the E.C. capitals and Washington. Since the nineteen-fifties, successive American Administrations have acclaimed the idea. "We extoll it rhetorically and complain about its effects when we see them," an American diplomat says. "It is a pain in the ass. Dealing with them

bilaterally is much easier." (Europeans, of course, feel that the attitude reflected in those words provides much of the rationale for what they are doing.) Differences over defense that flared up recently tend to dramatize, if not exaggerate, the transatlantic tension. The discussion, or debate, began last summer, with various E.C. countries, France most notably, saying that since the Soviet threat had all but disappeared America's historic mission was over. Still, all concerned, including the French, also felt that some American military presence would be needed in Europe—that it was a matter of rearranging the defense burden. Shortly before Christmas last year, Britain took an initiative, proposing that a loosely strung defense group called the Western European Union, or W.E.U., be upgraded and allowed to become the so-called European pillar within NATO. Washington has never fancied the W.E.U.—a strictly European organization, with nine members, all of which belong to NATO—even though the idea of a European pillar inside NATO has always had the rhetorical blessing of America's leadership. Upgrading the W.E.U. suited the French, but making it an appendage of NATO didn't suit them at all. France sees the W.E.U. as a European instrument that should be mainly a creature of the E.C. and the servant of a European defense policy.

Although Washington was not attracted to the British proposal, it knew that some change in the status quo was inevitable. What Britain, supported by the Dutch, the Danes, and the Portuguese, proposed was less threatening to the status quo than other notions that were floating around, and certainly less so than France's. But Italy, Spain, Belgium, and Greece took France's side in the argument. And, alas, so did Germany. Two European blocs formed. In early February, Roland Dumas and Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the Foreign Ministers of France and Germany, sent around a joint paper that seemed to commit their countries to a W.E.U.

that would be linked to the E.C., and possibly subordinate to it. A meeting of the W.E.U., with France in the chair, was scheduled for February 22nd. The British feared a major move by France then, and they warned Washington that it had better make its views known, since the French-led bloc was saying that America hadn't weighed in and clearly didn't care about what became of the W.E.U.

Washington reacted, or overreacted, to the advice with a force that surprised everyone, including the British. A telegram drawn up in the State Department gathered strength and heft as it was passed around to the Pentagon and the National Security Council staff for clearance. The emphasis lay on the threat to NATO; that is, a "European security identity . . . would duplicate NATO's functions." Responding to the idea of a revamped W.E.U.'s assuming responsibility for "military actions in Eastern Europe outside the NATO context," the message said, "This strikes Washington as unrealistic in practice, corrosive to the concept of alliance solidarity in theory, and a potentially dangerous signal to the USSR." And the message also said, "Developing a European security component solely within the E.C. . . . could lead to NATO's marginalization."

Washington's reproof, arriving on the eve of the W.E.U. meeting, was an unintended coup de theatre. "The French reaction was splenetic," an American diplomat recalls soberly. Even the British, although they were sympathetic to the American line, used terms like "indiscreet" and "heavy-handed." A few months later, when I was in Europe, bruised feelings were still on display. "Hysterical" was a senior German diplomat's characterization of the infamous message. "Americans are just opposed to the integration of Europe" was the common complaint. The Americans weren't apologetic, but did nonetheless realize that they had indeed been heavy-handed. In Washington, the message became known as "the phantom demarche," because "no one wanted his fingerprints on it," one American diplomat says. "People would say, 'I never saw the final version,' or, 'I always did oppose this or that section.'"

The Americans were at least as annoyed at the Germans as at the French. An American diplomat says, "After unification, the Germans made



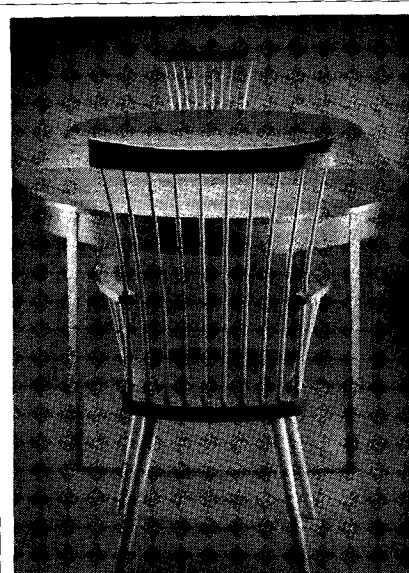
the following calculation: The U.S. connection is solid. The U.S. never questioned unification and helped us every step of the way. But our neighbors were nervous about unification, so we said to ourselves, 'We will be good Europeans. Our partners need priority attention.' So the Germans failed the test in the Gulf, and went further to accommodate the French on Euro-defense than they had to do or should have done."

The Pentagon took a tough, uncompromising line, saying, in effect, "Everyone is scaling back military spending. We have to ask the Europeans whether they are going to spend their money on NATO exercises or on W.F.U. exercises." Many Europeans, for their part, saw the Americans as unwilling to accept the consequences of the ending of the Cold War. NATO was compared with the March of Dimes, an institution in need of a cause. "NATO now resembles the Church in the era of Galileo," an experienced British politician said. And a few members of Congress complicated matters by suggesting that American forces should remain in Europe because it was a good place to park them, as the war in the Gulf had shown.

Debates about Europe's security don't go very far, since the contesting arguments hold up intellectually and tend to cancel out one another. Someday, American forces will be withdrawn from Europe, thereby vindicating France's argument. And who can deny that a steadily more cohesive community of twelve countries should begin preparing to manage its own defenses? But the debates do have a circular quality, and always end with recognition of Europe's need for America's military presence into the foreseeable future. Whatever the current degree of tension, in every E.C. capital there are officials and diplomats who accept the inner logic of Washington's argument: a Soviet Union that has been drifting toward chaos and disintegration while still deploying thirty thousand nuclear weapons and a huge Army could be a serious threat to more than itself, even though the Communist Party is a spent force. East Europeans are especially sensitive to NATO's role, seeing it mainly as a reassuring American presence—as an insurance policy they wish they held. And suggestions that a large American role in Europe's security is no longer required might become a

self-fulfilling prophecy. "They may talk themselves into a defense entity that Washington will decide wrongly is real but won't be, and that will be the end of NATO," an astute and widely respected American diplomat says. A separate defense component within the E.C. would inevitably rely on American intelligence and logistical support, and would be unable by itself to deal with a Soviet threat; that point is not in dispute. "This is a non-debate, because there is no issue, really—nothing to debate," another of the Americans says. The comment has a hard logic, but is too dismissive. There is and will continue to be debate. The confusion in Europe that was wrought by all the recent change is deep and pervasive, as is shown by, inter alia, the serious argument among key capitals over whether to deepen or widen the E.C. And, whatever plans may be cobbled together for the E.C.'s next phase, any forecast of Europe's direction in the years ahead would be nothing less than reckless.

IN Bonn, the first stop of a recent swing through various E.C. capitals, diplomats and politicians made no bones about Eastern Europe's being Germany's overwhelming priority interest. And Germans were still equating the prospects for stability and progress in the East with the policies and the person of Mikhail Gorbachev. Any of the apparent alternatives, they feared, would be accompanied by chaos that would quickly spread beyond Soviet borders and provoke mass migration from East to West, with a major part of the exodus halting in Germany. The speedy collapse of the August coup will reassure the Germans, but not enough to affect policy. In any case, Bonn needs Washington as much as it needs Paris, because Bush, too, has a Gorbachev-based foreign policy, and because America and Germany are, in turn, the two countries on which Gorbachev has relied. "German foreign policy is dictated by avoidance of steps that will provoke or irritate the Soviet Union," an experienced foreign diplomat in Bonn said. "You don't do it if it bothers the Russians, and you are allowed to do it if it doesn't." Germans see Eastern Europe as constituting a shared Western responsibility, and feel that they are carrying too large a part of the financial burden. "It is in everyone's



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interest to get Soviet troops out of Central Europe," says a German diplomat who reflects the consensus. "If someone"—France—"says we are inward-looking, I would answer, 'We are overburdened and have been left alone. Look at how little America, France, and Britain are doing for Eastern Europe. And Italy, a flourishing country, does little even though northern Italy is one of Europe's richest regions, maybe the richest.'"

The Germans' need for harmony in their relations with Washington, Paris, and Moscow is making them more indecisive than usual, diplomats say. They describe German policy-makers as having become deeply confused and distressed by the coincidence of threats to Gorbachev's survival and the outbreak of the crisis in the Gulf—an event that Germans tried at first to ignore, thereby angering Washington. "They were asleep at the switch," says one American diplomat in more charitable language than his betters have used. Germans who are being honest with themselves as well as candid would agree. "The U.S. expected a clear political statement from us and it took a full week to get it," one German diplomat said. He meant that Kohl and Genscher should have joined other Western leaders in immediately deploring Iraq's seizure of Kuwait. That delay aside, most German officials and diplomats are not apologetic, and, if they are pressed, return some of the anger that their conduct during the Gulf crisis aroused in Washington. Few people there, they feel, understood the constraints on them or appreciated the scale of the contribution to the war effort that they actually made. A composite of the comments that I heard in Bonn would go like this: "The war caught us unprepared. We were exhausted by unification. The crisis began on August 2nd, but the date for signing our agreement with the Soviets that provided unification and the withdrawal of their troops was set for September 12th. We were wholly preoccupied with that and unwilling to put at risk this gift from Heaven—to give the Soviets a reason to derail it. Remember, there was opposition in Moscow then to Gorbachev on the

deal that he had made with us. By involving ourselves in the Gulf War, we ran the risk of undermining Gorbachev by helping Moscow's hardliners. Remember, too, there are still three hundred thousand Soviet soldiers in Germany. We want them to go. So do you. We feared that military action by us would injure the profile that we have sought to define. We had elections coming up in December, and

there would have been this awful issue of German soldiers in the Gulf and whether putting them there was constitutional. But we nevertheless did a lot. We paid ten per cent of the cost of the war. We contributed eleven and a half billion dollars—almost as much as the Japanese, even though their economy is two and a half

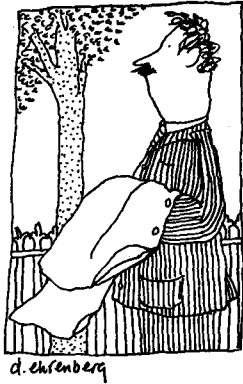
times as large as ours, and we have the added heavy costs of unification and Eastern Europe."

If it had not been for the Germans' truly virtuoso performance in moving the Seventh Army (a hundred and fifty thousand people) and a large part of Britain's Army on the Rhine to ports of embarkation, the buildup in the Gulf could not have proceeded as rapidly or as well as it did. An American diplomat who observed the process describes it as unbelievable, and says, "They cleared the Bundesbahn"—the rail system—"for a week." They also rearranged the barge traffic on the Rhine, giving Desert Storm top priority. Expressing frustration, a few German diplomats told me they had "tried to get their story out" with fact sheets that illustrated the scope of their country's logistical support. But others in Bonn dismissed the effort to tell Germany's story as unserious, adding that the government had been fearful of the public's reaction, and had thus actually concealed the German role in Desert Storm. If so, the government made a grave mistake. After a brief flareup of anti-American feeling, the Germans by and large endorsed Bush's position, according to polls. Many Germans wanted to contribute directly, and sent thousands of Deutsche marks to the American Embassy in Bonn and to regional American consulates.

Bonn's relations with its key allies have of late been largely taken up by

the debate over defense and by another debate within the E.C. over how best to push ahead with European monetary union (or E.M.U.) and political union. The debates overlap in various ways. For example, the twelve E.C. countries are committed to agreeing by this December on how to update and strengthen the Treaty of Rome. Their dilemma is how to reach a consensus on political union that doesn't include a common defense component but, if it does include one, will not undermine NATO and cause the Americans to go home. And there is also strong disagreement within the E.C. over which of its institutions should be granted broad new authority at the expense of member governments. The Germans strongly favor bolstering the Community's legislative arm—the European Parliament—but France and Britain don't like that idea. However, Germany's first priority is monetary union. There is already wide agreement on the centerpiece of monetary union—a central bank, or "Euro Fed," as some call it, for which the Germans see their own Bundesbank as the model. The Bundesbank, like the American Federal Reserve System, operates independently of government control, and Bonn is determined to make certain that an E.C. central bank will lie outside the control of member governments.

There is no give in Germany's stand on this proposition: Kohl's government cannot put at risk the low rate of inflation and the economic stability for which the policies of the Bundesbank are given most of the credit. The French feel differently; the notion of a central bank that government cannot manipulate to its own ends is alien to them and without appeal. Foreign diplomats in Bonn see within this cat's cradle of contesting views and interests at least a partial explanation of why Bonn seemed to take France's side in the defense debate. In return for France's acquiescence in the independence of the E.C. central bank, Kohl was willing to move some distance toward the French position on defense and also, as it turns out, on the issue of enlarging the powers of the European Parliament. Politically, though, Bonn is caught between the upper and the nether millstones. "Young Germans will never be drawn to NATO," one foreign diplomat says. "They want a European structure. The polls show



that. The younger the Germans, the higher the proportion of them that says, 'Russia is the most important country and we cannot conceive of war with anyone.' " (This sentiment should become even stronger with the defeat of Gorbachev's right-wing opposition.) And a member of the Bundestag who is close to Kohl says, "My government doesn't want to have to choose between the U.S. and France. But our position is closer to the French—for special reasons. Kohl is deeply aware that the challenge for us is building a European political union. America's position in Europe will decline whether there is or is not a European pillar. Also, we had no influence on U.S. decisions in the Gulf."

Comments like these are probably clearer than the truth, which is that at present Germany has an Eastern policy but does not have a defense policy. American diplomats complain that Germans "are making life impossible in NATO now," to quote one of them. "They will do nothing to offend the Russians," he says. "The word 'threat' cannot be used. 'Risk' is O.K." Bonn negotiates between the French and the American positions, trying alternately to reassure each, and managing to irritate both. Of late, the German position has moved toward America's. "Stay tuned," experienced Germany-watchers say.

The Middle East is another sharp reminder for Germans of the limits on their field of maneuver, especially compared with the freedom enjoyed by France and Britain. The Gulf crisis added to their frustration, and Israel, they feel, continues to exploit the German past. For example, when Israel put pressure on Bonn to refuse entry to Jewish emigrants from the Soviet Union whom Israel wanted for itself, Bonn felt that it had no choice but to accede. "The Israelis feel they can still take us for granted, and they do," a veteran German official says. "Unlike others, we have had no contact with the P.L.O. No one here has ever seen Arafat. But young Germans are no longer tolerant of Israel's position. They feel no responsibility for the past. It is not anti-Semitism but, rather, a matter of how you react to a country with which you have

better than average relations but from which you expect behavior that conforms with the behavior of other countries. Our feelings stem from our position on human rights and international law. But we are most reluctant to use aid and other pressure against Israel." (Germany gave Israel eight hundred and forty-five million dollars during the Gulf crisis.) This same official, echoing a Foreign Ministry line, feels strongly that Israel should be pressured to permit both the United Nations and Europe to take part in a serious way in the American-sponsored conference that may or may not take place. "Arabs need an international framework," he says. "Once the thing starts, and breaks down into bilateral meetings, you cannot expose the Palestinians to Israel alone—to the pressure of dealing with it bilaterally."

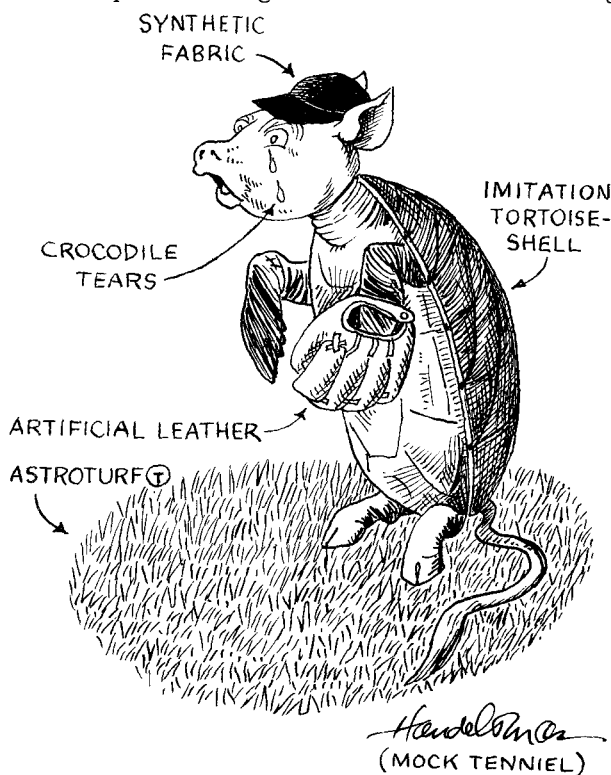
Bonn occasionally surprises allies and partners by venting its frustration. More often than not, the source of the surprise is Genscher, the architect of Germany's Eastern policy and a man who will be remembered as a bold player—one who always used the entire field of play and then some. Last April, for example, he sent eyebrows shooting up by telling fellow E.C. foreign ministers, during a discussion in Luxembourg of deepening and widening, that Germany was making a "European offer." It was offering, he said, to pool its strength and resources with

those of its partners. Do please take up our offer, he warned, while there remains in Bonn a leadership that you can work with. The reaction to this warning wasn't good. "It was a disreputable argument," a senior British diplomat says. "He was saying, 'Either move at our pace or we become unreliable.' That was arm-twisting." But it was probably meaningless. A wise and experienced German diplomat says, "There is little emotional feeling here for the problems of the Eastern *Länder*. This proves that nationalism is dead. But there is no resistance to paying higher taxes [for them]. The mood here is both negative and acquiescent. Our energies are drained by this process. Every country has a reservoir of strength and resources. Ours are spent on the East."

Numerous European and some American diplomats feel that only Germany can impart stability to Europe. But Germany united is as confused as any of its E.C. partners, except for France, and more of an enigma than any of them.

A FEW days in Brussels provides a useful reminder of how much the E.C. members have accomplished, but also of how difficult it will be to maneuver the rest of the egg—the deepening process—into its shell, the Treaty of Rome. Deepening is hard enough in itself, since it means transferring authority from national capitals to Brussels. But trying to deepen while also widening—accepting new members—may or may not be possible. Opinion varies sharply, reflecting, for the most part, the attitudes of the key capitals. The Germans have sold themselves on the doubtful proposition that deepening and widening are mutually reinforcing. They argue that Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia are fully capable of living within the E.C.'s rules, provided that these countries are granted a transitional arrangement as liberal as that accorded to Portugal and Spain when they joined. It's too soon to speculate on whether recent events in Moscow have improved their prospects for membership.

In Prime Minister Margaret



Thatcher's day, widening was considered virtuous in London, because it would discourage—and perhaps altogether prevent—significant deepening. The position of John Major, her successor, is not yet clear. The French profess to want a federal Europe, seeing it as a match for the United States and any Japan-led Asian bloc that may eventually emerge. Some diplomats in Brussels see in France's position a calculation that Germany would be a smaller fish in a small structure than in a large one. A larger structure—one that included not just German-speaking Austria but countries like Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia—would accentuate the shift of the E.C.'s gravitational center eastward, from Paris to Berlin, capital-to-be of the new Germany. But some of these same diplomats also doubt the seriousness of France's interest in a federal structure, since it would constrain not just Germany but also France. The Germans calculate that France always saw the choice between ceding some of its sovereign authority to the E.C. and retaining full freedom of action as one that could be indefinitely postponed. Now, the Germans say, the choice is squarely before France and can no longer be put off.

Last September, President Mitterrand met with Václav Havel, the Czech President, in Prague, and discussed what he called a confederation. The idea was that Eastern European countries could enter the E.C., but not for some time. Meanwhile, there would be a new grouping, or confederation, comprising thirty-three of the thirty-five members of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (C.S.C.E.), with the United States and Canada omitted. Mitterrand further proposed that he and Havel cosponsor a conference in Prague to begin to set up the new group. Havel was flattered and briefly tempted by the idea, which from the French point of view had the dual merit of sidetracking Eastern Europe's E.C. aspirations and creating a body that would bring together the two halves of Europe and exclude America. These same considerations gave the Germans a dual reason to hate Mitterrand's

proposal, and they lobbied hard against it. Havel soon realized that he was about to be drawn into deep water, and abruptly distanced himself from the idea. Objectively, the confederation makes no sense to most European governments, since any functions that it might perform lie within the purview of the C.S.C.E., which already exists. France's problem with the C.S.C.E.—America's presence—isn't a problem for any of its other members. A senior French diplomat says, "We are saying to the East Europeans, 'One day you can come into the E.C., but you aren't ready now. Your economies are ruined. But, nevertheless, we should talk and have contacts.'" And what about the C.S.C.E. as a place to talk? "We think there are subjects like environment and culture that should be reserved for Europeans," he says. "The Germans think the C.S.C.E. is enough because the U.S. is there."

A German diplomat replies, "The French see the confederation as a framework for dealing with projects like cleaning up the Danube, which means involving half a dozen European countries. It's hard to imagine heads of government meeting once or twice a year to discuss that kind of thing."

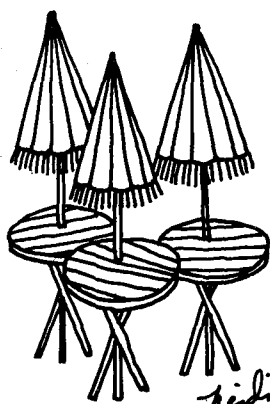
In mid-June, Mitterrand sought to increase pressure for a confederation by telling Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia that they might have to wait "tens and tens of years" before becoming eligible for entry into the E.C. His assertion polarized the French and German positions on enlargement, although he tried to soften the blow by denying that confederation was a ploy aimed at keeping Eastern Europe out of the E.C. The comment nevertheless provoked shock waves in Warsaw, Budapest, and Prague.

The French are aware that some aspirants, like Austria, are bound to slip through the net. And denying Sweden, which has just applied, will be difficult, as will be denying Norway and Finland if, as is expected, they follow suit. Turkey, Cyprus, and Malta have also applied. France will insist that applicants be ready to accept the E.C.'s entire *acquis*, including a defense element, if there

is one. The aspirant states are a mixed bag. Sweden and Austria are rich but neutral. Norway is rich and a NATO member. Turkey is poor and overpopulated but also a NATO member. It is unlikely that Turkey will ever be accepted, and that could mean trouble.

Whether in spite of or because of the various uncertainties about enlargement, special commissions of the twelve members are working feverishly in Brussels on the task of revising the Treaty of Rome in time for an E.C. summit in December. The result of their industry will probably be modest in scope, however—for many reasons, but mainly because of the differences and the hostility between Bonn and Paris; the E.C. normally moves on a French-German axis. Now even monetary union—an issue on which the Germans, the Spanish, and the French had seemed fairly close to agreement—has run into some difficulty. The French and the Italians felt that once the central bank was agreed to, monetary union would be put on a faster track. As for the Germans, French leaders felt that a trade had been tacitly agreed to: Bonn would give ground on its goal of transferring broad powers to the European Parliament, and Paris would bless Kohl's larger goal—the independence of the E.C.'s central bank. But, with apologies to no one, the Germans rejected the faster track for monetary union. They pressed to postpone the debut of the Euro Fed, which had been scheduled for 1994, to 1997, arguing that it would make no sense to create the institution until the policies of the various member states had been "harmonized." French-German clashes are mainly on economic issues now, Brussels-based diplomats say.

The Germans, building on their case for fusing economic policies, say, in effect, "Once you have economic union, a central bank, and a single currency, you have integration. Inflation and unemployment become community-wide problems then, and will have to be dealt with accordingly." A German diplomat says, "It just isn't conceivable that we'd get into all that without also having political union. How could we? By January of 1993"—the date when the E.C. becomes a single market—"borders between most members will have lost their meaning." He actually means borders be-



tween France, Germany, Italy, and the Benelux countries.

Whatever the logic, the pressure for serious steps leading to political union isn't great, and probably won't build between now and the December summit. Defense isn't the only obstacle, but it is a big one. The topic "is theological, but it is also crazy and frenetic," a British diplomat says. "There can be no political union without defense."

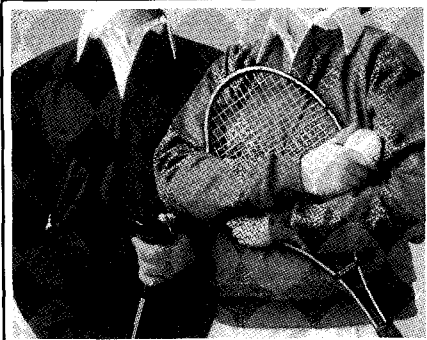
I asked him about France's idea of making a European pillar of the W.E.U.

"They say they haven't proposed detaching European forces from NATO," he replied. "But what else can their proposal mean? We say, 'We cannot sign unless you tell us what sort of thing you're talking about.' They say, 'All that is for the distant future. Don't muddy the waters with all these practical questions.' It's a collision of political cultures. We are boringly pragmatic. And this is what the French call an *idée mobilisatrice*—a seed from which an institution might sprout."

Last fall and winter, the British tried to sell the French on their idea of building a European pillar around the W.E.U.—placing it inside NATO but giving it authority to manage crises in areas like Africa and the Middle East. The arrangement would make NATO less top-heavily American, the British argued. Its European command would be "double-hatted," meaning that contingencies within Europe would be handled by NATO but various ones that might develop elsewhere would be handled by the W.E.U. forces. "What we were proposing was a device whereby you would take plans out of one drawer for one problem and out of another drawer for another problem," a senior British diplomat says. The French, who withdrew from NATO's integrated military command in 1966, correctly judged Britain's proposal to be a way of maneuvering them into that structure again, through a back door. The British know that a European pillar without France makes no sense. Equally, the French know that their own preference—a European pillar standing outside the American shadow—is not acceptable to the British, whose participation would be essential. There were a few signs when I was in Brussels that the French were

drawing back a bit from their proposal on Euro-defense. Some diplomats there saw them as having decided that the status quo, with all its problems, was preferable to any feasible alternative.

IN Paris, diplomats use words like "confused" and "scattered" to describe French attitudes toward defense and E.C. policy. "On any given day," a former French official says, "the Quai d'Orsay [the Foreign Ministry] and the Defense Ministry will give different answers to the same question, and the Élysée [Presidential headquarters] will come down on both sides of the issue." Not since the Algerian crisis, in the nineteen-fifties and early sixties, has official Paris seemed as chaotic and depressed as it does now. Then, there is Mitterrand himself, who is sometimes not as well briefed as he should be, is given to changing his mind, and may be showing his age. (He is now seventy-four.) "No one can say where things are in Paris, because Mitterrand's advisers often do not know where he is on an issue," one diplomat says. And in various official circles there is, one discovers, a degree of animosity toward allies that is reminiscent of the earliest days of the Fifth Republic. The animosity is centered on the Germans, but there is plenty left over for the Americans and the British. The shock of German unification has not begun to wear off, and the Germans are again described openly in these same circles as being unpredictable, potentially unstable, and lacking the political culture that might enable them to do what ought to be done. The Americans are judged unreliable. A French official may say that the Americans will remain in Europe because it suits their interests to be there, but may add, in the same comment, that sooner, not later, they will leave Europe. The British are again described as competing with the Germans for being *les meilleurs élèves transatlantiques* (the best transatlantic pupils). "On defense, there is a fundamental illogic of the French," one diplomat says. "They want the Germans tied down, but won't be constrained themselves." Some French diplomats regard their government's continuing boycott of NATO's military structure as idiotic; when NATO's permanent representatives turn from po-



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litical to military topics, the French member leaves the room.

The French have often ignored the substance of power so as to keep faith with its shadow. During the nearly eleven years in which General Charles de Gaulle ruled, this self-denial was justified by public opinion, which shared his view that, as he sometimes put it, it was better to touch glasses all around but to drink from one's own. Still, public opinion in France has moved on with the times, and is today a good deal less inward-looking, or less anti-American, or even, as many believe, less anti-NATO.

Good personal relationships at the highest level do not necessarily soften differences. Bush and Mitterrand get on well, and when they meet they usually bridge differences. But misunderstandings can and do arise over what was agreed to—often because it occurred at a perilous level of generality—or over what was intended. And bureaucrats may speedily undo what their betters thought had been accomplished.

Last March, Bush met with Mitterrand in Martinique, and then with John Major in Bermuda. Defense arrangements, the Persian Gulf, and the Palestine issue headed the agenda. Bush, unlike his interlocutors, hadn't familiarized himself with his brief on defense, and in both meetings he relied on prepared talking points. In any case, the meetings were judged successful. The conversation in Martinique surprised the Quai d'Orsay, because no differences arose; Mitterrand is known to have decided in advance against provoking the American side. "He wanted mainly to give the Americans their chance to make progress in the Middle East," one diplomat says. The American side was cheered by Mitterrand's emollient approach to the supposed differences over defense: according to a French diplomat, he described them as a *fausse querelle*. As for an independent European pillar, he told Bush that neither of them would see it, nor would their successors. It was twenty or thirty years away, he guessed. Nonetheless, a serious misunderstanding did arise. Mitterrand understood Bush to have approved the idea of giving whatever European defense element that might emerge the authority to operate within Europe, not just in areas lying beyond. That was not and is not the American position.

DAYTIME MOON

Wax moon in a blue sky,
do you hear night calling?
You hope to get there
tomorrow? Thursday? Never?
Poor traveller, breathless, alone—
no planet aunt, no bodyguard Mars.
Day-blinded, your night eyes straining.
Take heart! The calendar is going to
put carrots in your cheeks,
and you'll unpack
all your little light's-blood stars.

—ELEANOR ROSS TAYLOR

The good meeting in Martinique owed much to the Gulf War, during which an exceptional rapport developed between Paris and Washington. Putting French units under American command was an unusual but successful step—one that caused some in Paris to suppose that the time had come to "normalize" France's relations with NATO. At that point, according to one diplomat, "Mitterrand looked at how far the step would require him to jump politically." The upshot was a speech that he delivered on April 11th—less than a month after the meeting in Martinique—at the École de Guerre, in Paris. "Western European defense cannot be conceived outside the Atlantic alliance at this time, or for many years to come," he said. An American diplomat—a close France-watcher—read the speech as concluding that "if forced to choose on defense, Mitterrand would choose NATO over the E.C." A French diplomat described him as "the best Atlanticist in France."

Just after the speech, Hubert Vedrine, the chief of staff at the Élysée, told foreign diplomats that Mitterrand had decided to push his bureaucracy—that he found the Quai d'Orsay, which had been surprised by the speech, "too conservative." But Mitterrand's putative Atlanticism was about to be tested by a British plan to create within NATO a Rapid Reaction Corps composed almost entirely of European military elements. The corps would be commanded by British officers and based mainly in Germany. Its operations would be restricted to the NATO area. The French favored creating such an instrument outside NATO, and they loathed the British plan. The Germans, at first, did not like it much better. "They blew hot and cold," a British diplomat says. In late May, a

divided German government did approve the plan, but Mitterrand, for whatever reason, had believed that Kohl would reject it and come down on his side of the issue. Why Mitterrand felt this way remains a mystery. His advisers were closely briefed by the British, a few of whom surmise that these same French advisers may have also talked to the Germans when they were blowing cold, and briefed Mitterrand then and only then. Mitterrand and Kohl were scheduled to meet in Lille on May 29th, the day after NATO governments, meeting in Brussels, approved the Rapid Reaction Corps. Mitterrand felt that Kohl had let him down badly, and, by all accounts, was furious when they met in Lille. "It was a very unpleasant meeting," a German diplomat says. "Mitterrand insisted on putting his guest in front of a TV screen and forcing him to watch France play a soccer game for two hours." (Many diplomats were surprised to learn that Mitterrand, a bibliophile and lifelong literary buff, had any interest in sporting events.) Kohl was then lectured harshly and at length about how the new NATO plan cut directly across the "European"—that is, French—alternative. Kohl left Lille muttering to his aides that John Major would never have spoken to him that way.

The French had attached great importance to the meeting that became a fiasco. "The real problems on essential issues are between us and the Germans," a senior French diplomat told me two days before the meeting. "The summit in Lille will be crucial. Political union is the most important, and we are ready to go very far toward a federal Europe. But we doubt German intentions—first, because they are preoccupied with Eastern Europe, and,

second, because we are not sure of their willingness to create an integrated Europe. On monetary union we do not speak the same language."

Mitterrand is known to have felt twice betrayed—once by Bush in Martinique and then by Kohl. Agreement on the Rapid Reaction Corps shocked French policy circles. Havel shocked them further by telling Mitterrand that he couldn't imagine a confederation that lacked an American presence. And Kohl's E.C. policy deeply troubles the French. Before Mrs. Thatcher departed, the French and the British flirted briefly with the idea of creating a French-British military instrument that would contain the Germans. The notion quickly fell apart when the Thatcher government insisted on a role for America.

Some British diplomats expect France to come around eventually to accepting their proposal for attaching a W.E.U. defense force to NATO. Their idea, the British think, is really the only game in town, and the French do seem to have walked back their own plan. "They are hunkering down, because the going is a little too rough now," a British diplomat says. Still, it may be, as others believe, that the French have switched to a waiting game. The probable failure of the E.C.'s treaty-revision commissions to move the federal ball very far down the field by December's summit will be a major disappointment in Europe. The French may feel that the time for a bold and strictly European initiative will be precisely then. And they may be right.

The Middle East is yet another serious source of tension between Paris and Washington. In Martinique, it held first priority for Mitterrand, according to French diplomats, and they say he left convinced that Bush would push hard on the main problem, and would, if necessary, appeal directly to the people of Israel, over the heads of their leaders, on the Palestine issue. But the French did try to give the Americans a deadline; a failure to show significant progress in six months would be "insupportable," they said. "The growth of Arab frustration is fantastic," a French diplomat says. "Five hundred thousand soldiers were used to crush Iraq just for Kuwait, and all the resolutions of the U.N. remain dead."

In July, Prime Minister Edith Cresson took a curious step for a left-

of-center Socialist by hardening her government's stand on illegal immigration. New and more restrictive measures were proposed just two days after she announced plans to deport illegal immigrants in chartered aircraft. The French say that part of their problem with Washington is the relationship between Secretary Baker and Foreign Minister Dumas. "They cannot stand each other, even though they are very much alike," one French diplomat says. He meant that both are highly skilled lawyers and resourceful dealmakers who have minimal interest in foreign policy per se but do have the closest possible relations with their principals—Bush and Mitterrand. Baker, one French diplomat says, "has accused France in the person of Dumas of practicing feel-good diplomacy." Baker apparently meant that France's line on Israel—applying heavy pressure—is simplistic and is aimed at winning favor with Arab states. French contacts with Arafat and the P.L.O. are *mal vu* in Washington. Late in April, Dumas paid a call on Arafat, an event that provoked a furious private letter from Baker to Dumas. Foreign diplomats who specialize in the Middle East see France's high-level contacts with the P.L.O. as a means of discouraging its incitement of anti-French activity in North Africa. "The French have been miles ahead on the P.L.O.," a British diplomat says. "Mitterrand has been seeing Arafat for years. He and the P.L.O. cannot be left out, because no one has yet produced an alternative."

BRITAIN's relations with France are not as bad as Germany's or as tense as America's. But they aren't good, either. "Britain's first priority is approval from America on everything," a French diplomat says. A former French official demurs, saying, "The British have finally decided they are part of Europe, but the French are suspending judgment." According to the British, some of the difficulty, curiously, is attributable to Mrs. Thatcher's fall. She and Helmut Kohl loathed each other, and Anglo-German relations suffered accordingly. John Major speedily set about cultivating Kohl, and the relationship blossomed. "That changed the atmosphere with the French," one Foreign Office figure says. "The French got jumpy when they saw Kohl and Major getting on

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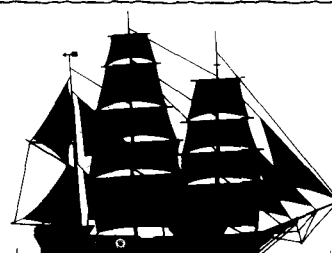
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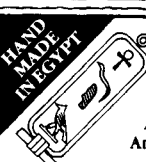
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well. They liked it better when Britain, too, was openly hostile to unification. Also, the French insist on having an exclusive tie with the Germans, and don't want to see that exclusivity threatened."

British diplomats are comfortable with their government's European and defense policies. Whitehall doesn't seem to harbor the uneasiness and the tension that are so visible in Paris and Bonn. "Our policies, unlike the French and the German, are internally consistent," a senior British diplomat says. The tension and, indeed, conflict in London lie elsewhere—within the Conservative Party, actually—and Mrs. Thatcher contributes substantially to it from the sidelines, making clear her distress. She left behind in the House of Commons a bloc of over a hundred Tories for whom she is the polestar, and who fully share her strong bias against the E.C. and its works. Her successor's fondest wishes are some good economic news and a united Party as he heads into a general election, to be held either in the fall or in the spring. But Mrs. Thatcher and her crowd may split the Party; she is attacking plans for monetary union, and has even criticized a key British decision in that regard that was taken on her own watch. Edward Heath, another former Tory Prime Minister and a passionate European, has replied by describing her comments as "full of falsehoods—in ordinary English, lies." At that point, the *Daily Mirror*, a London tabloid, called Major "the first British leader in history to be stabbed in the back by two former prime ministers from his own side." No one would admit to wanting a row before the election, but some part of the anti-E.C. bloc, including Mrs. Thatcher, is suspected of caring more about being "right" than about being elected. Agreeing to proposals for more unity, she said on June 26th, would be "the greatest abdication of national and parliamentary sovereignty in our history." She expressed hope that most deputies shared her aversion to a federal Europe. "Otherwise, what is the point of standing as candidates in the next general election?" she asked.

Major's apparent lack of a secure political base partly explains why the French are currently "suspending judgment" on Britain's E.C. commitments. The Gulf War helped Major establish

himself; for a brief moment, he was the most popular Prime Minister since Winston Churchill at his peak. But the war didn't affect party standings. The society seems to be telling the poll-takers that it likes Major a lot but is sick of the Tories, and that in any case it may be time to give Neil Kinnock, the leader of the Labour Party, a chance to see what he can do.

To Tory hard-liners, the most outrageous of the E.C.'s projects, partly because it is agreed to and is imminent, is monetary union. The second stage of monetary union, which includes aligning exchange rates and is a long step from Stage One, is scheduled to begin in 1994. British diplomats doubt whether the Thatcher group could force Major to exercise his right to veto Stage Two. "The veto idea is idiotic," one of them points out, "because the eleven other members would just go off and write a separate agreement."

Whitehall is aware that most of the E.C., as one diplomat puts it, "will not allow the pace of progress" toward integration "to be set by the slowest ship in the convoy." British experts feel, however, that when push comes to shove their government will stay whatever course the others agree to—at least, in most areas. On monetary union, for example, a senior British diplomat says, "Britain can accept a totally independent central bank—one that is every bit as independent as the Germans describe it." He adds, "And Stage Three"—which is a single currency—"is fifteen years off." He seems to think that between now and then British opinion will evolve to the point of being able to accept the whole package, including a single currency.

The British and the French, although they are divided on some of the touchy issues, are close together on a few of the others. "We have the same architectural preferences," a British official says. "We both want to

strengthen the Council of Ministers"—the country representatives—"and the Commission but not the Parliament." And a British diplomat enlarges on the point: "Kohl wants to give the European Parliament co-decision-making authority. Britain sees that as transferring power from Westminster—mother of parliaments—to something that amounts to even less than France's Assemblée Nationale, a body that isn't normally up to much. The French come out to the same point as we, but for a different reason: they are not attracted to strong parliaments."

The British and the French also sound very much alike when they are talking about the Arab-Israeli quarrel. Major and Mitterrand, according to British diplomats, put Bush on notice in their meetings with him last March that he would have a free hand in dealing with the Palestine issue for a time—but not for long.

I asked what they would do if Bush and Baker failed.

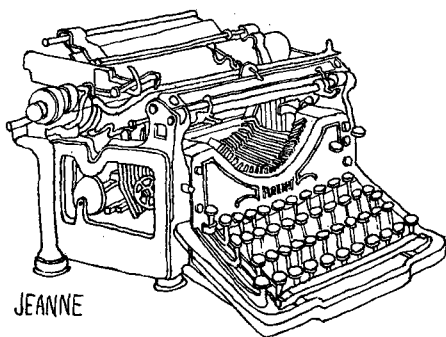
"We'll scramble around," one Whitehall official said. "We cannot go on having our peace shattered every ten years."

"This issue will rise up and bite us," another official said. "It must be dealt with now."

"The Americans were told that we and the French would have to be involved," still another official said. "The problems of the Palestinians and other Arab players are on our doorstep. There is a systematic failure of the Bush Administration to understand the current and historic European stake in the Middle East. We earned a right to have a role in the *après-guerre*."

Defense is, of course, the hard-edged issue that divides Paris and London, and the French say that it bears out their view of Britain as unwilling to put its role in Europe ahead of a special relationship with Washington. The British concede that European union without a common defense policy isn't possible. But NATO, they say, remains essential. "The problem is trying to reconcile these crashing generalities," one diplomat says. "The Devil comes out in the details."

Because Whitehall's plan for reconciling such generalities strikes its authors as so balanced and sensible, they have not given up on the prospect of French acquiescence. Besides, key elements in the French military are



adjudged keen to become involved with American hardware and overhead intelligence, not to mention other special intelligence arrangements of the sort that Britain has. Signing on to Britain's plan could allow all or most of that to happen. When I asked an American diplomat what the British were saying to him about defense, he replied, "They are telling us, 'We will try to shape the consensus in Europe, but we won't get everything we want, and we will go along with the consensus.'"

A SNAPSHOT of relations among the key Western capitals in mid-1991 will probably look just as dated a year or so from now as last year's group picture looks today. The Cold War era has seemed all the more ahistorical as a familiar pattern came into better focus; the new world order thus far bears at least some resemblance to the years just before and just after the First World War. The I.C.—Europe's last best hope of containing its furies—offers cause for optimism. The enterprise now has momentum as well as logic. But the momentum, which is essential, is proving difficult to sustain. The pivotal relationship is between France and Germany, each of which currently doubts the other's willingness to build a united Europe. Similar language is used by each in describing its own intentions and disparaging the other's. "They are having a collective nervous breakdown," says one astute observer of Europe's affairs. Destiny could also intervene and disrupt the measured pace of progress toward integration. Diplomats see a trend in much of the Third World toward ethnic, tribal, and religious conflict. Instant states that were jerry-built on the debris of this century's World Wars may be broken up by internal spasm and conflict.

The Germans, like the Japanese, flounder as they try to develop policies that will give them a role in the world which corresponds to their influence on its economy. The problem for the French, the British, and the Americans is one that recalls an old commonplace about the Bourbon kings: Nothing learned, nothing forgotten. The French are ahead of the British and the Americans in being ready to adapt Europe's political order to a new situation; but they mainly talk about it, and are reluctant to accept aspects of

the change that they don't like and that collide with the French élite's traditional view of France's place. The British and the Americans rehearse all the persuasive arguments against serious change without accepting the fact that serious change lies in the offing—that old problems will victimize them unless they can agree on new ways to deal with them.

A major uncertainty for Europe is America. Washington-based European diplomats report a government that has an exceptionally wide focus on foreign affairs and a remarkable indifference to domestic problems. Wherever I went on my recent visit, I asked diplomats and officials whether America's budgetary and social problems were affecting the calculations of Europe's policymakers. Curiously, everyone said no, with the Germans merely noting America's obvious inability to help Eastern Europe in any serious way. Yet some of these people were openly apprehensive about the deteriorating quality of life in America. They would shake their heads—sympathetic but finding it hard to believe that America is going into a decline without even a protest. Those who express the greatest concern are usually those who know and like America, because they have studied there, or because they met their wives there, or because they have children living there. This concern is largely free of schadenfreude, but not of reproach. Germans point out that they accepted the equivalent of an additional forty-six-cent-a-gallon tax on gasoline to pay for their "new obligations," whereas Americans, they say, are reluctant to pay an additional nickel. A perceptive German friend who, although he is not involved with the defense debate, is well informed thinks that his government can avoid a decision on defense by letting America make the decision for everyone, as it finds itself too squeezed to sustain a serious military presence in Europe.

Some diplomats, though probably not many, saw the swift military victory in the Gulf crisis and what followed as a potentially serious setback for everyone. The lightning success, they note, renewed America's sense of being No. 1 and capable of great deeds, thereby further detaching the country from a clear sense of its real problems and their scope.

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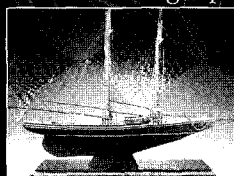
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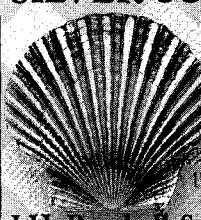
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BOOKS

Vagueness on Wheels, Dust on a Skirt

THE WHITE CASTLE" (translated from the Turkish by Victoria Holbrook; Braziller; \$17.50) is the first book by Orhan Pamuk to be published in the United States, but he is well known in Turkey and not unknown in Europe. An article in the *Times Literary Supplement* last fall ended by claiming, "For a writer not yet forty, Pamuk's is an astounding achievement." His achievement, as the admiring critic, Savkar Altinel, outlined it, has been to recapitulate, in his novels, the Western novel in Turkish. His first novel, "Cevdet Bey and Sons"—completed when the author, born in 1952, was twenty-six—is a spacious work of realism, a saga of three generations of an upper-class Istanbul family comparable to Thomas Mann's precocious "Buddenbrooks." Its successor, "The Silent House," takes a much smaller canvas and, Altinel says, "deals with a week spent by three frustrated and unhappy siblings in the home of their dying nonagenarian grandmother in a small town near Istanbul"; this novel, as it moves through the consciousness of five different narrators, suggests, rather than early Mann and the nineteenth-century realists, the circling multiple perspectives of Woolf and Faulkner. The modernist manner has yielded, in Pamuk's third novel, "The White Castle," to a postmodern atmosphere of fantasy and cleverness; the Borgesian, Calvinesque narrative (found in an old archive by, a preface establishes, one character from "The Silent House," and dedicated to another) tells of a seventeenth-century Christian slave from Italy and a Muslim

master who resemble each other as closely as twins and eventually swap identities. Pamuk's fourth novel, "The Dark Book," appeared last year and, from its description by Altinel, is his most complex and literary yet—post-postmodern, perhaps. Pamuk evidently knows all the tricks Western literature has to teach. He steeped his youthful self in classic French and Russian fiction, and studied the English classics at Istanbul's Robert College, an American secular school. Fluent in English, he spent part of 1985 as a Visiting Writer Fellow at the University of Iowa. Of books I have read, "The White Castle" most closely resembles, in its shimmering tone, effortless gymnastics, and confusingly doubled hero, "Arabesques," a novel by another Near Eastern visitor to Iowa, the Palestinian Israeli Anton Shammas. Can it be that literary historians of the future will have to speak of "the Iowa school" of global magic realism, and ponder the stylistic relation of Grant Wood's geometric landscapes to the exotic visions of Third World intellectuals?

The narrator of "The White Castle" is the Italian slave, a captive taken at sea. His narrative, spanning more than four decades, has a weightless buoyance that floats us over many implausibilities. The passion that steadily drives the tale is intellectual and philosophical, concerning the interplay of East and West—of fatalistic faith versus aggressive science—and, at a deeper level, the question of identity. The master, a bearded would-be inventor and scholar known only by the appellation of Hoja, meaning "teacher,"

keeps asking his unnamed Venetian look-alike, "Why am I what I am?" In quest of the answer, the two of them invent psychotherapy, first in the form of confessional writing, with an emphasis upon personal faults and sins, and next in the form of mirror encounter:

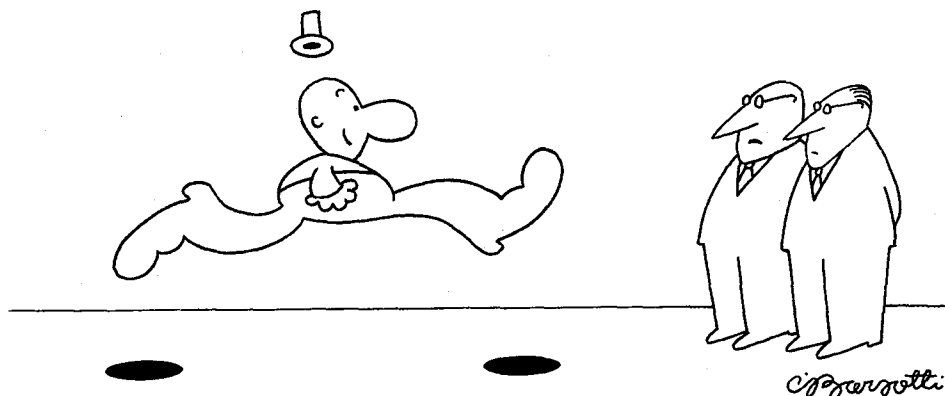
Squeezing the nape of my neck from both sides with his fingers, he pulled me towards him. "Come, let us look in the mirror together." I looked, and under the raw light of the lamp saw once more how much we resembled one another. . . . I made a movement to save myself, as if to verify that I was myself. I quickly ran my hands through my hair. But he imitated my gesture and did it perfectly, without disturbing the symmetry of the mirror image at all. He also imitated my look, the attitude of my head, he mimicked my terror I could not endure to see in the mirror but from which, transfixed by fear, I could not tear my eyes away; then he was gleeful like a child who teases a friend by mimicking his words and movements.

The feeling of being teased extends to the reader as this creepy duo grows into a trio, incorporating the playful young Sultan, and as Hoja's gradual conversion to the wisdom of the West leads him, with the Sultan's financial backing, to the obsessive creation of a superweapon more nebulous than anything the Pentagon has ever begged billions for:

He'd repeat once again that everything was connected with the unknown inner landscape of our minds, he'd based his whole project on this, he talked excitedly about the symmetry, or the chaos, of the cupboard full of junk we call the brain, but I could not understand how this might serve as a point of departure for designing the weapon on which he'd set all his hopes, all our hopes. . . . Then he would point out to me—moved as I was, without understanding—a bizarre, obscure, ambiguous shape on paper with the tips of his trembling fingers.

This shape, which I saw slightly more developed each time he showed it to me, seemed to remind me of something. . . . All during those four years I never clearly perceived this shape he scattered over pages, giving it a sharper definition as it developed a little more each time, and which, after consuming all that effort and money accumulated over the years, he was at last able to bring to life.

Small wonder that the weapon, when it is built to the size of "a grand mosque," gets stuck in the mud of battle and costs the Sultan his siege of the White Castle, in Poland. Whatever else this cloudy device symbolizes, it serves as a paradigm for the novel,



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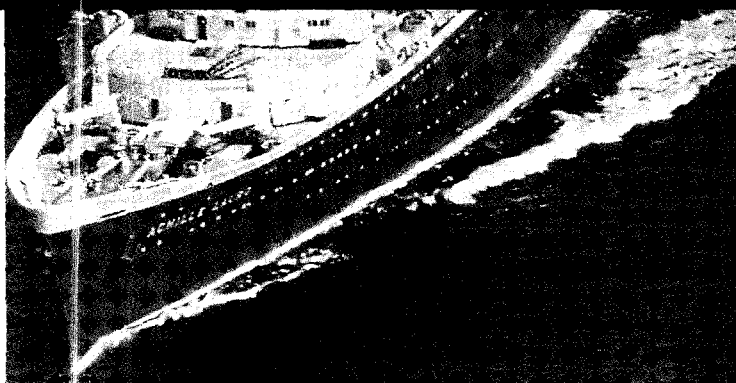
WHEN I PAID OFF THE TAXI,
I HAD NO MONEY LEFT,
AND, OF COURSE NO LUGGAGE.
MY EMPTY HANDS SHOULD
SIGNIFY THIS PASSION,
WHICH ITSELF REMEMBERS.



THOUGH WE HAVE PAID TO DRINK
OUR WATER, AND OUR WOOD
IS SOLD TO US, WE THANK
THE ONLY GOD.
LET THE SUPPLANTER LOOK

THE DEATH OF KLINGHOFFER

O DAUGHTERS OF ZION,
WHEN YOU LAY UPON MY BREAST,
I WAS LIST A SOLDIER,
WHO LIES BENEATH THE BATH,
OF HIS HOMELAND, RESCUED.
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UPON HIS WORK, OUR FAITH
WILL TAKE THE STONES HE BROKE
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which reminds us of many things but we know not exactly what, and mires itself ineffectively in the messy cupboard of our brain. A certain romance can be extracted from the meeting of innocence and technology—Wells and Jarry and Queneau do it, García Márquez did it with ice in “One Hundred Years of Solitude,” and José Saramago did it with an amber-driven flying machine in “Baltasar and Blimunda”—but Pamuk’s invention has no edge, no nuts and bolts; it is vagueness on wheels. Its plan, like his story, is a “dark and ambiguous stain on paper,” a kind of Rorschach test into which we read what we can. A veil of diffidence dulls most of the details of seraglio and battlefield that might sharpen this historical fable into lifelikeness. A veil of ambiguity softens the miraculous twinship that is the story’s premise: “The resemblance between myself and the man who entered the room was incredible! . . . But he did not seem surprised. Then I decided he didn’t resemble me all that much, he had a beard; and I seemed to have forgotten what my own face looked like.” The episode in front of the mirror has a certain oblique sexual heat, a flavor of homosexual tyranny and submission, but the hero’s forays to a perfumed brothel and his eventual marriage are mere notations, with no sense of real desire or energy. As in some of E. M. Forster’s novels, what energy there is hovers in an atmosphere of schoolboy debate and suppressed attraction; the identity switch that forms the plot’s carefully prepared climax is muffled by the two men’s seeming interchangeable all along. The novel, though it contains some violence, has no contending elements; everything blends and melts into the narrator’s misty self. “I loved Him,” he writes, the capital “H” metaphysically honoring not Jesus but Hoja, “with the stupid revulsion and stupid joy of knowing myself; my love for Him resembled the way I had become used to the futile insect-like movements of my hands and arms, the way I understood the thoughts which every day echoed against the walls of my mind and died away.” So the instability of selfhood, of reflection and memory, lies at the heart of this brilliant yet enervated novel. Pamuk in his dispassionate intelligence and arabesques of introspection suggests Proust; his narrator speaks of remembering “the

colours of my past as if recalling the cherished words of a book I had memorized with pleasure.” But, perhaps because the seventeenth century offers the writer’s imagination a past already bookish, the colors seem faded, within the graceful outlines of gold and silver thread.

ONE way to write a postmodern novel is to adopt the texture of fable, with, in Pamuk’s phrase, “hidden geometry”; another, and more common in the United States, is to seize upon the texture of autobiography, and write what amounts to a farraginous first-person essay, with occasional characters and conversation. This second tack is taken by the Czech writer Ivan Klíma, in his factually titled “Love and Garbage” (translated from the Czech by Ewald Osers; Knopf; \$20). First published in 1986 (in Sweden, though in Czech), Klíma’s novel seems to arrive from long ago, since it predates the fall of the Iron Curtain and originates within the weird and warped circumstances that Communist governments imposed upon would-be practitioners of the arts. An author esteemed enough to have his plays produced and his short stories published abroad, and to be visited by a glamorous French interviewer, our hero has taken a job with a street-sweeping crew, and finds therein a professional companionship and satisfaction denied him elsewhere. When the foreman thanks him for doing his job, he reflects, “It was a long time since any superior of mine had thanked me for my work.” But, except for his inner fulminations against the “jerkish” (i.e., official and propagandistic) language and ideas all around him, and a few hints of bureaucratic oppression from above, the hero might be a writer in the West, whose troubles are mostly nonpolitical. Indeed, one problem with “Love and Garbage” is its familiarity, as the stations of the middle-aged male pilgrim are faithfully visited: the dying parent, the dear good deceived wife,

the passionate but demanding mistress, the ever more distant children, the distracting daily tasks, the neglected creative work. To these inevitable stops on the circuit of quiet desperation Klíma’s narrator, a childhood survivor of the concentration camp at Terezín, adds a number of recurring pet topics: Kafka’s life and art, the larger meaning of rubbish, the Holocaust, Kam-puchea, the curious human will to invent mechanical things, the likelihood of an immortal soul, memories of an academic stay in the United States (not in Iowa but in Michigan), and a frustrated artist’s display window on a Prague side street. In working through his extended meditation upon an alter ego’s life, Klíma does not show the suavity and lightness of his countryman Milan Kundera or of the Pole Tadeusz Konwicki, whose rambling self-expositions veer charmingly into self-deprecating farce. Klíma in his rather relentless earnestness can be high-flown (“If a person does not glimpse or hear within himself something that surpasses him, that has cosmic depth, then language will not make him respond anyway”) or flat (“She makes love to me in a way that blots out my reason”) or turgid:

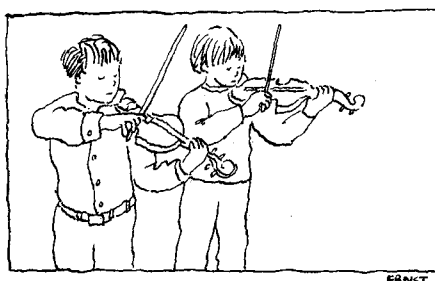
I don’t know how or when I’ll end my struggle, but at that moment my soul is still capable of rising up, of making one last flight to where it belongs, to the place of its longings, to the regions of blissful paralysis from the proximity of a loved being.

And the narrative voice can be sententious, in a Cold War liberal way. Of a young man who is trying to leave his job as a miner and study “aesthetics, art history or literature” we read:

He considers it more acceptable to have to listen, voluntarily and for no pay, to jerkish babbling than to destroy and pollute the landscape for good pay, to mine the ore from which others would produce an explosive device capable of turning everything into flames.

What stands at the beginning and what at the end? The word or fire, babbling or explosion?

Yet the narrative’s churning does have the effect of dredging up, slowly, the personalities of the wife, Lida, and the mistress, Daria. Daria is a sculptress, used to working with recalcitrant materials. Lida is a social worker, a psychotherapist, who for all her wish to help mankind has not noticed in twenty-five years that her husband doesn’t drink coffee, and who “was not endowed with directness. . . . In dealing with people she lacked natural-



ness." While our hero vacillates between them, year after year, his children leave home and make him a grandfather. His mistress, who dyes her gray hair, ages also—"She has aged at my side, in my arms, in her vain waiting, in bad dreams and in fits of crying." In one of his high-flown moods, the narrator reflects, "We mortals, here only for a single winking of the divine eye, have, in our longing fill our lives, in our longing for ecstasy, filled our brief moment with suffering." I was reminded of Theodore Roethke's couplet

What's the worst portion in this mortal life?
A pensive mistress, and a yelping wife.

In Klíma's novel, it is the wife who is pensive and the mistress who yelps. As the years go by, Daria becomes quite insulting of her uxorial rival, and so wild in her accusations of her lover ("Amidst the silent nocturnal landscape she screamed at me: I was a coward, a liar and a hypocrite. A reader in emotions. A dealer with no feelings") that she looks to him "like a witch, like a sorceress who'd emerged from some depth of the mountains."

These glimpses of independent personalities, of half-round bubbles allowed to materialize in the turbulent flow of the onrushing monologue, make one aware of how much the post-modern novel has lost in putting aside the objectives of old-fashioned third-person realism. Not that there was not always an authorial voice, and first-person narratives, from "Robinson Crusoe" on. But the triumph of the nineteenth-century novel, as exemplified by Jane Austen and George Eliot, Dickens and Tolstoy, was to create the illusion of human interaction viewed direct, without undue mediation and manipulation, from a standpoint elevated and detached. A stage was constructed that permitted us to imagine the actors as autonomous; now this stage has shrunk to frame the one man act, the dazzling solitary performance. Klíma performs virtually naked (except for his G-string of a disclaimer, "None of the characters in this book—

and that includes the narrator—is identical with any living person"), and Pamuk is garbed in many veils of contrivance; but the obliquity and ingenuity of the latter are basically as self-reflexive as the confessionism of the former. In one book we cannot forget that we are listening to a writer;

in the other we cannot forget that we are reading a book.

We end up not unimpressed or unentertained but disposed to argue, as if with a tract. Klíma's unnamed hero says, as his long enjoyment of his two-woman turmoil winds to its dénouement, "Perhaps there is within us still, above everything else, some ancient law, a law beyond logic, that forbids us to abandon those near and dear to us." This seems too simple, given the complexity of the case as his self-serving narrative allows us to perceive it. Later, mining his theme of garbage, he pronounces, "Paradise is, above all else, the state in which the soul feels clean." Well, we're not in paradise yet. Dirt prevails. In treasuring his memories of his dying father, Klíma's narrator recalls how once the father's hat fell off into a car of a coal train; in the course of "Love and Garbage," it emerges that somehow he retrieved the hat, "all black with soot and grime," and put it back on his head. At a late point in the novel, the hero and Daria, their affair having become a chain of desperate gestures, make love in an abandoned structure, an old stone-crushing mill. She takes off her leather skirt to do so, and, back in the hotel, after they quarrel, he notices that "on the other bed, near enough for me to touch it, lies her open suitcase. Immediately next to it lies her leather skirt, the stone dust is still clinging to it." Next morning, when he awakes, the suitcase and skirt are gone. This skirt, with its telltale smirch of stone dust, is worth a thousand assertions about love and paradise and the soul. "No ideas but in things," said William Carlos Williams, and though he was speaking of poetry it is true of fiction, too. Fiction's power to sway us comes about not through directed meditations and conclusions but through depicted realities to which meaning clings, and which transfer this meaning, unmediated and otherwise inexpressible, to our consciousness, dust to dust.

—JOHN UPDIKE

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[Photo caption in the Chicago Sun-Times]

Dr. Arthur Rubenstein (from left), Larry Pogofsky, Dr. Joseph Kirsner and Denise Rubenstein joined more than 600 guests at the Hyatt Regency Chicago, who enjoyed music tied to the party's theme: "Gastro-Intestinal Research Foundation Salutes American Music."

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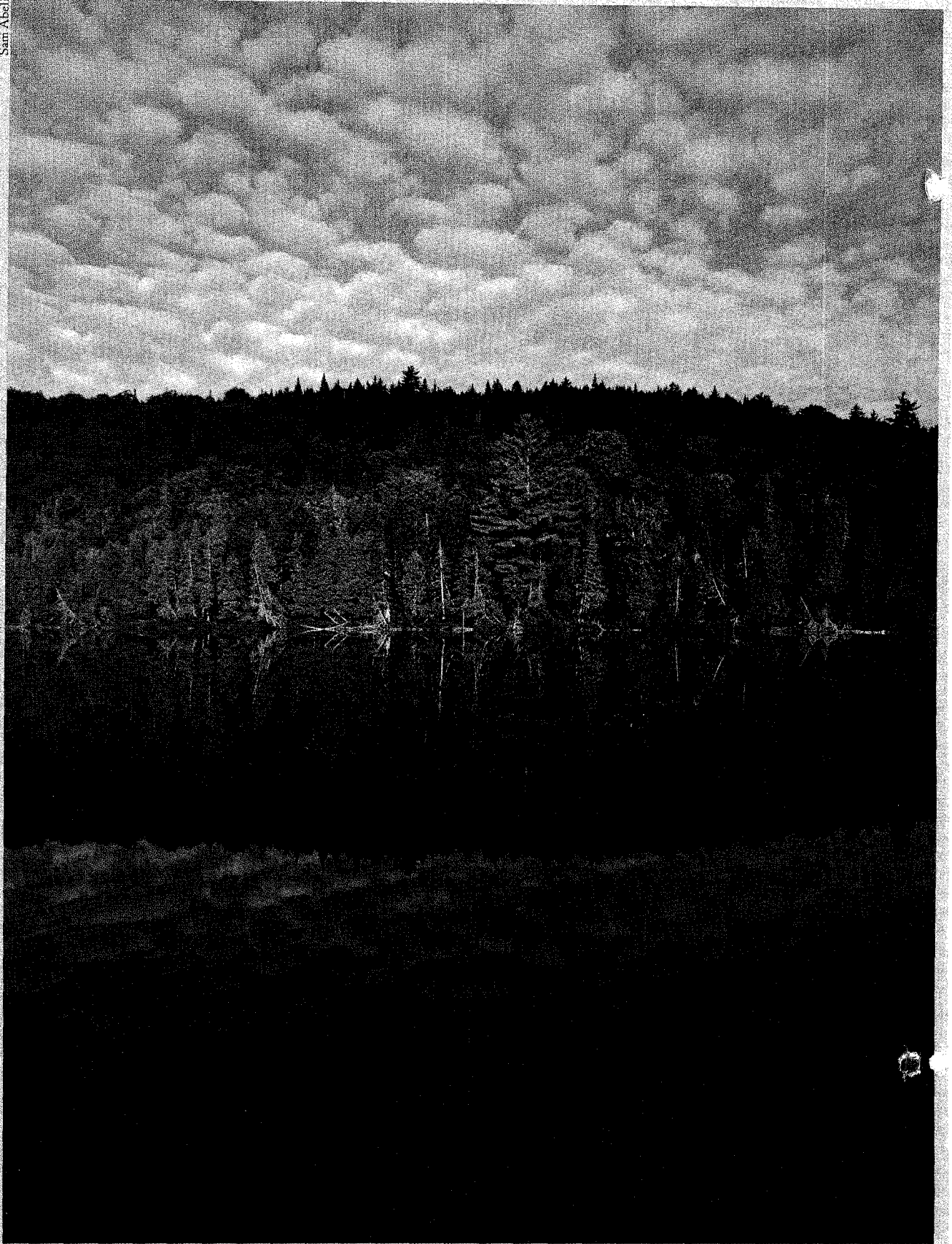


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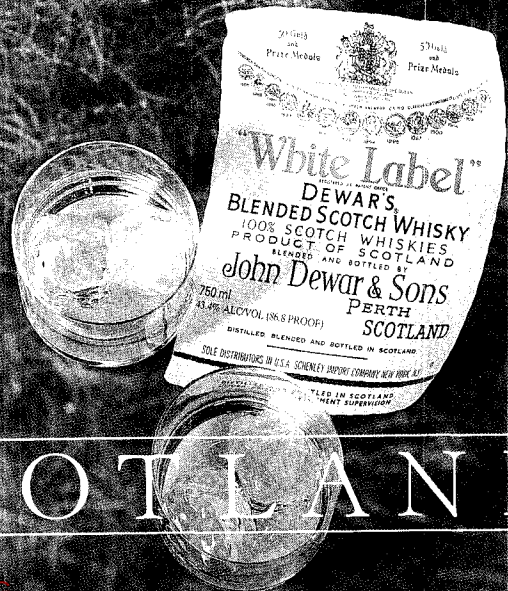
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